

SUPERMAN

Post-**CRISIS**
ON INFINITE EARTHS

Volume 13:

All Wars Must End



TWO MINUTES AGO, FLIGHT 325
TOOK OFF FROM METROPOLIS
INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. THERE
WERE 195 PASSENGERS ON BOARD.

ONE MINUTE AGO, A PAIR OF
EXPLOSIONS DESTROYED 325'S
ENGINES.

THIRTY SECONDS AGO,
THE PLANE LURCHED
DOWNWARD, RAPID
DESCENT TOWARDS
EARTH.

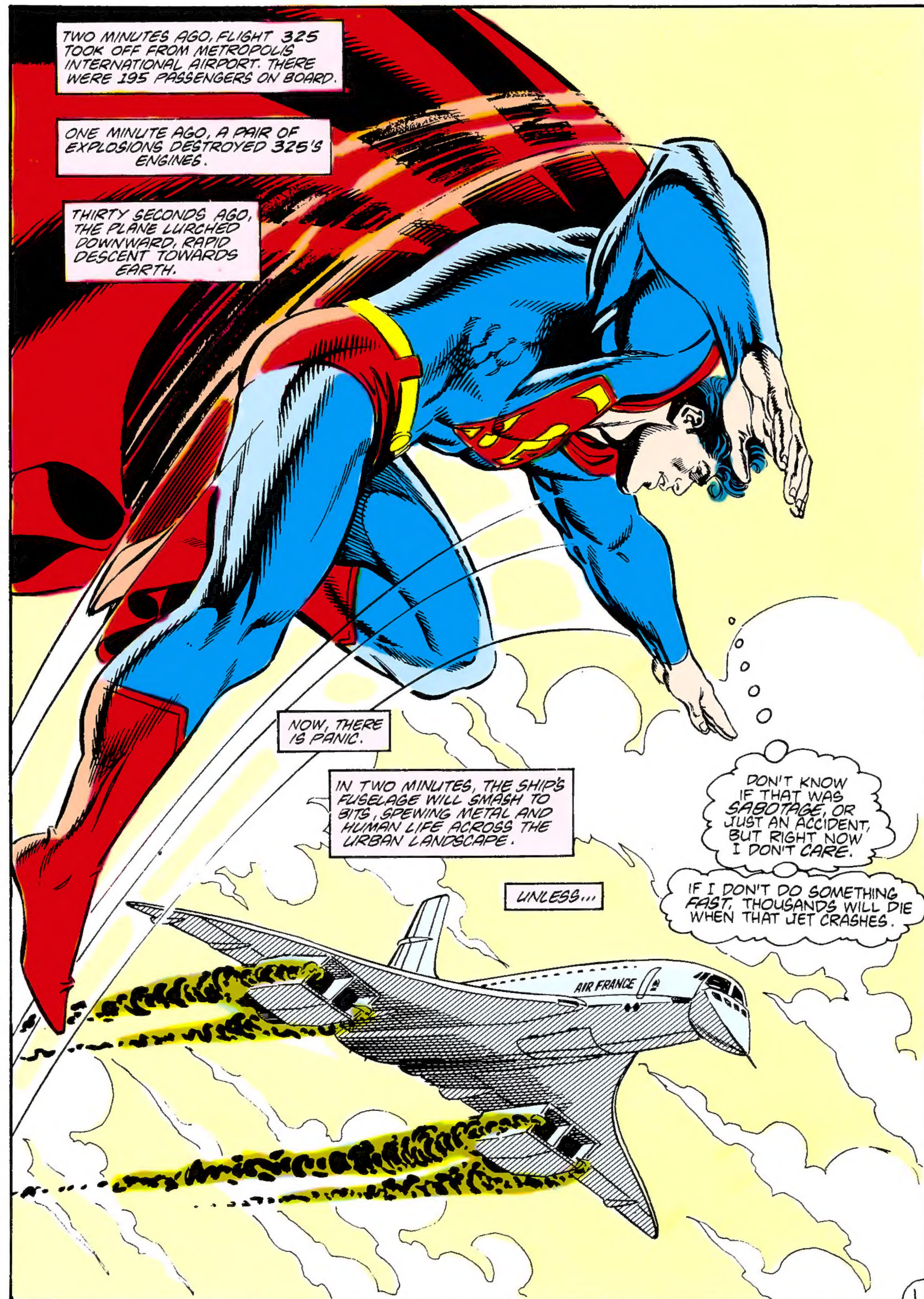
NOW, THERE
IS PANIC.

IN TWO MINUTES, THE SHIP'S
FUSELAGE WILL SMASH TO
BITS, SPEWING METAL AND
HUMAN LIFE ACROSS THE
URBAN LANDSCAPE.

UNLESS...

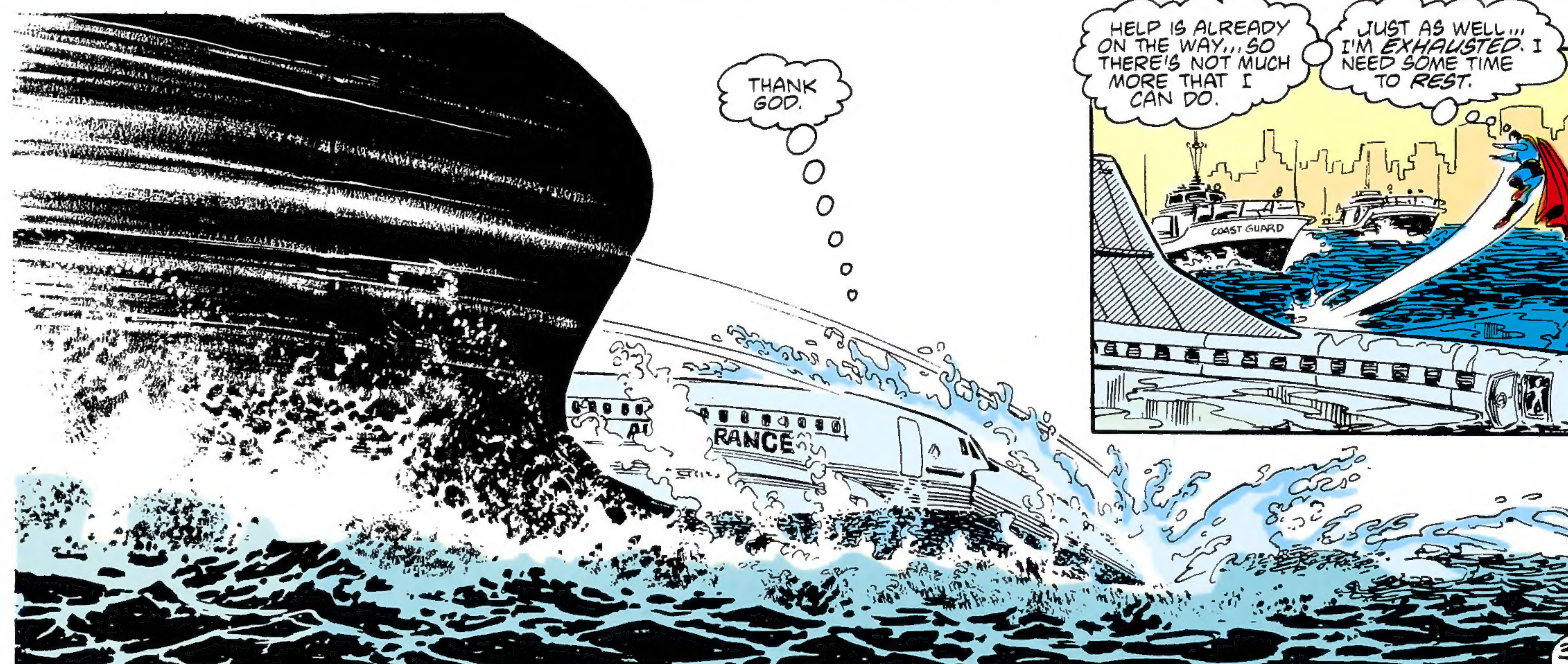
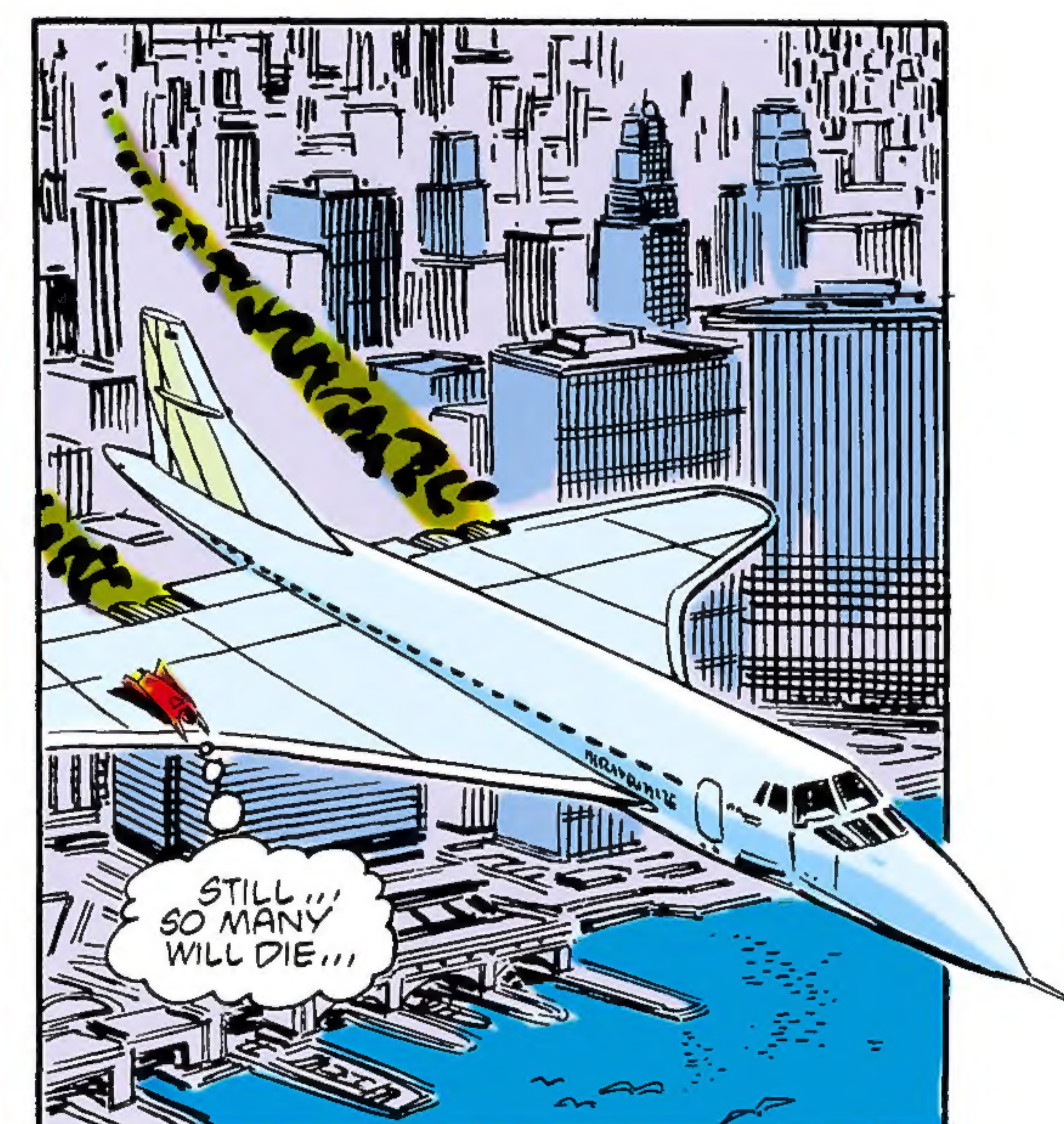
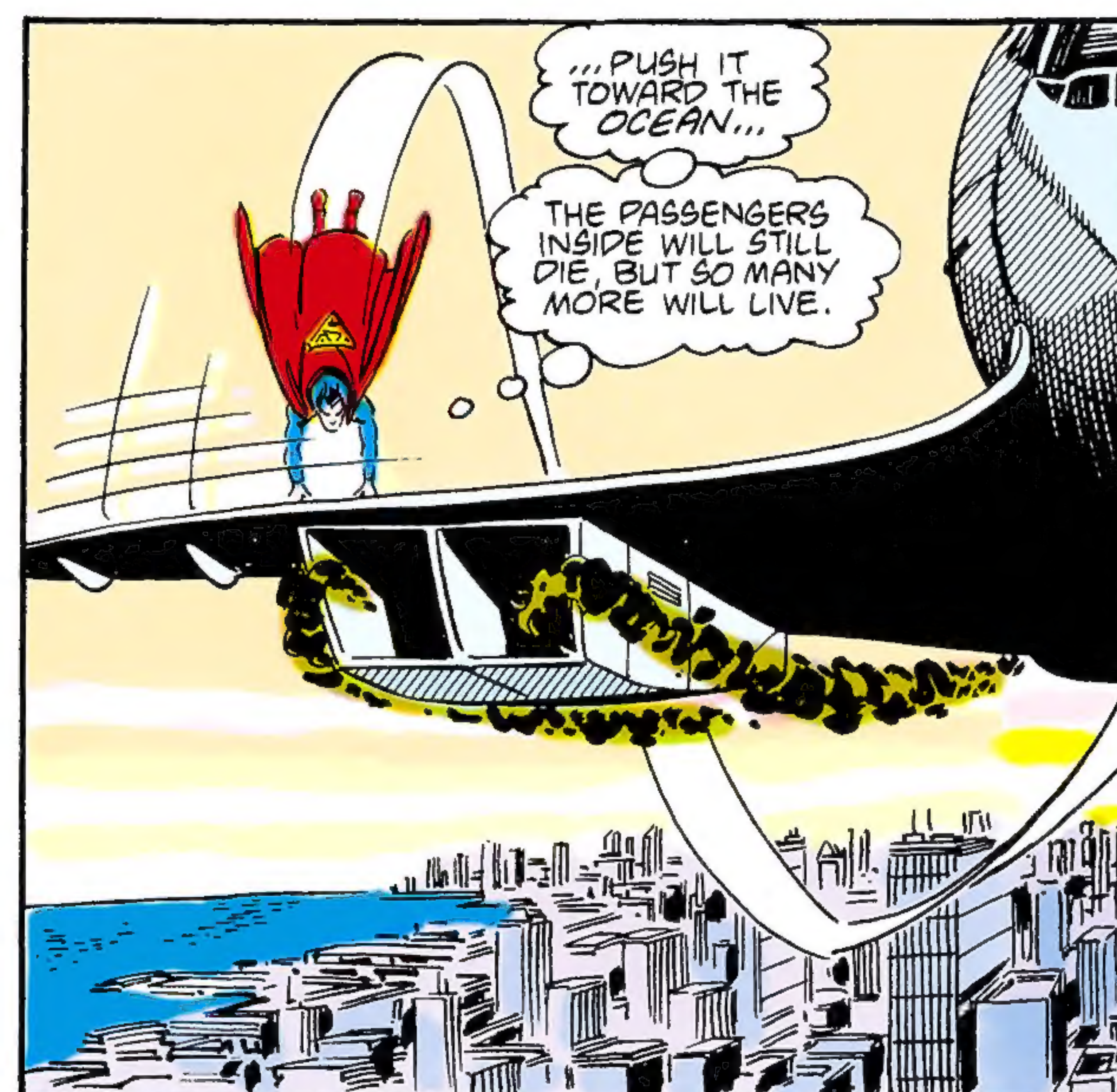
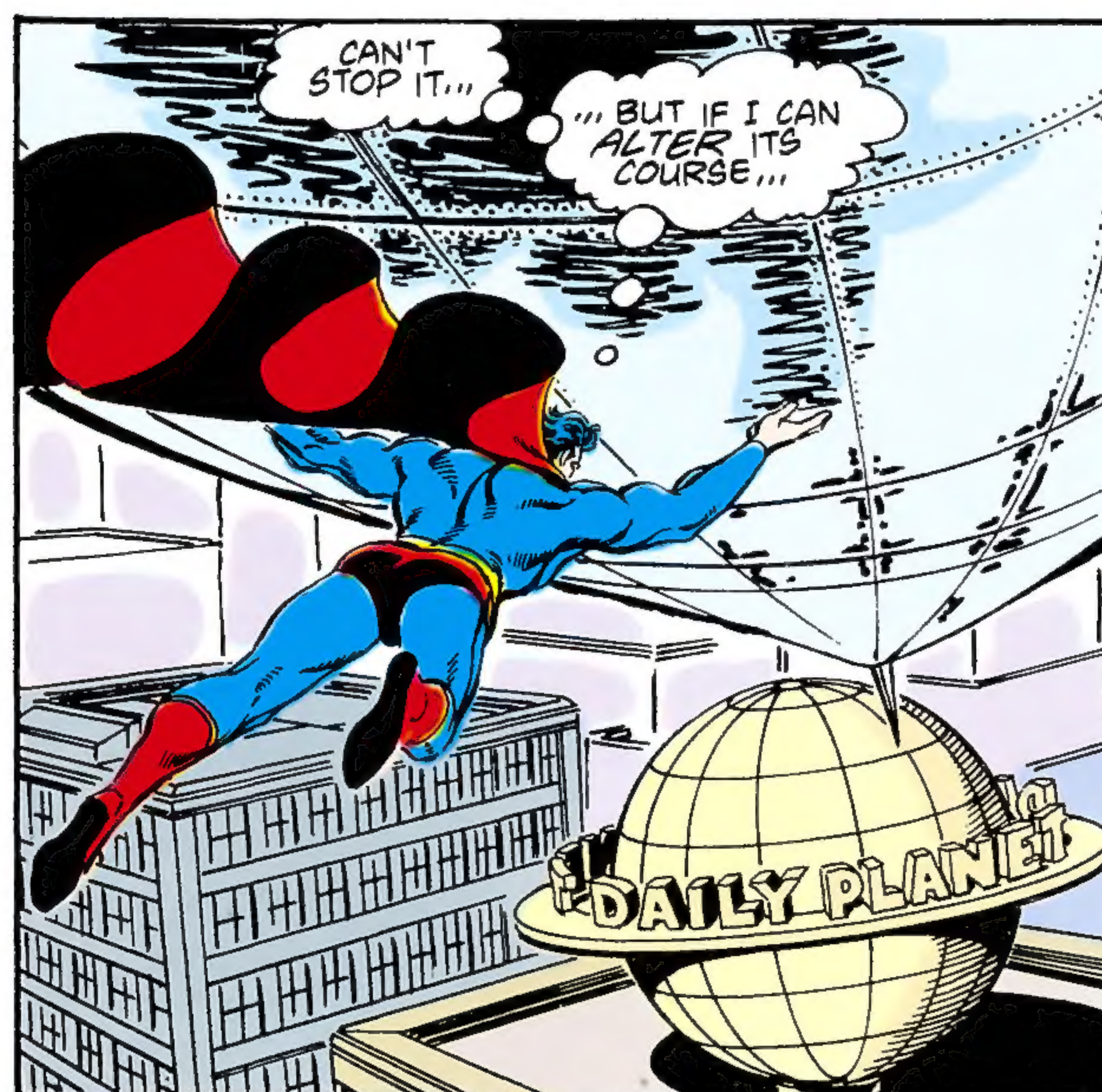
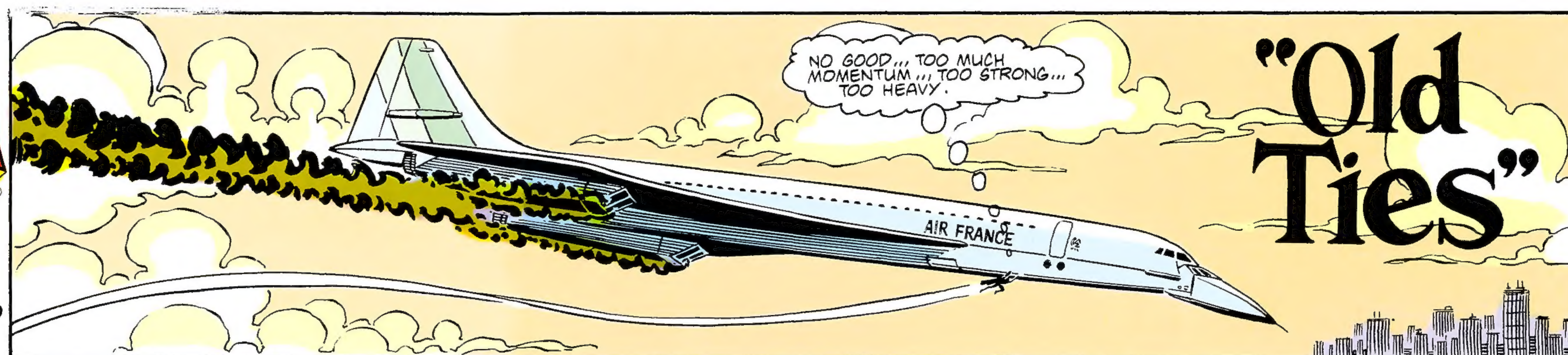
DON'T KNOW
IF THAT WAS
SABOTAGE, OR
JUST AN ACCIDENT,
BUT RIGHT NOW
I DON'T CARE.

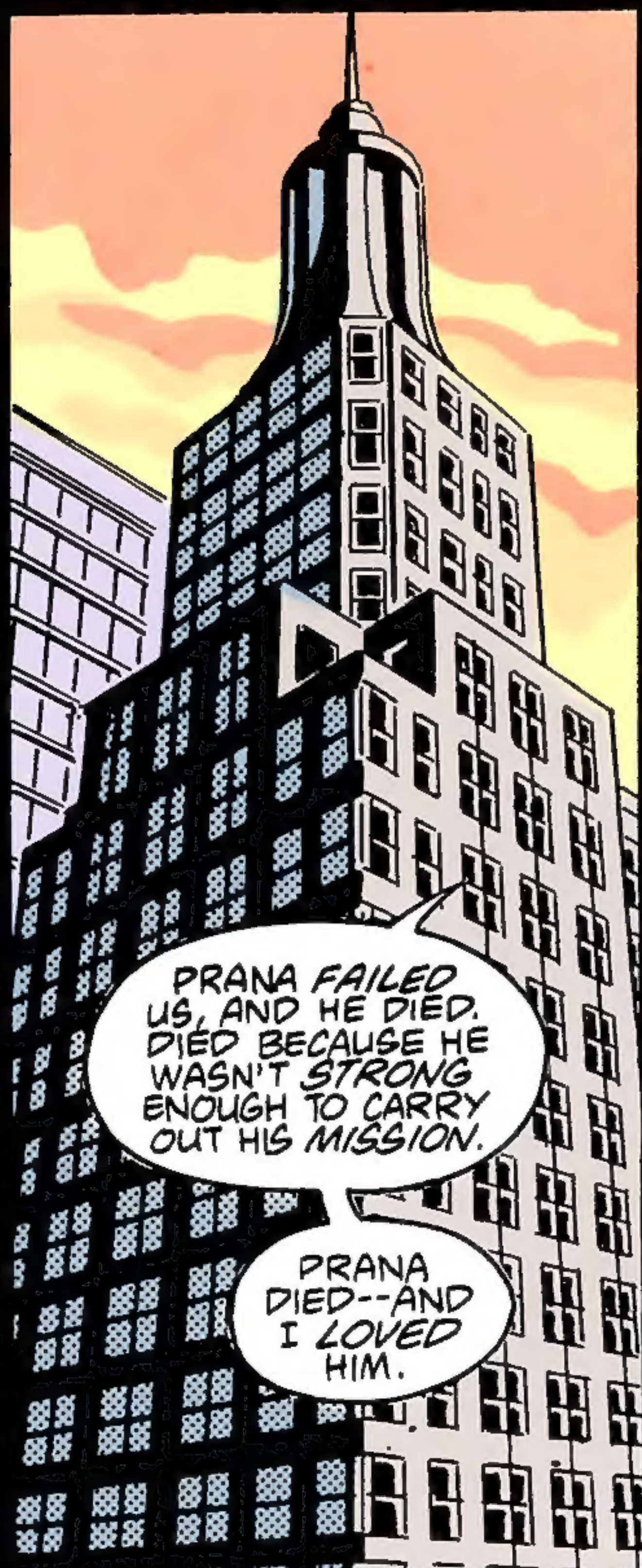
IF I DON'T DO SOMETHING
FAST, THOUSANDS WILL DIE
WHEN THAT JET CRASHES.



THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN

CREATED BY JERRY SIEGLE & SCHUSTER
WRITTEN & DRAWN BY
MARV WOLFMAN & JERRY ORDWAY
LETTERED BY ALBERT DE GUZMAN · COLORED BY TOM ZILUKO
EDITED BY ANDY HELFER & MIKE CARLIN





PRANA FAILED US, AND HE DIED. DIED BECAUSE HE WASN'T STRONG ENOUGH TO CARRY OUT HIS MISSION.

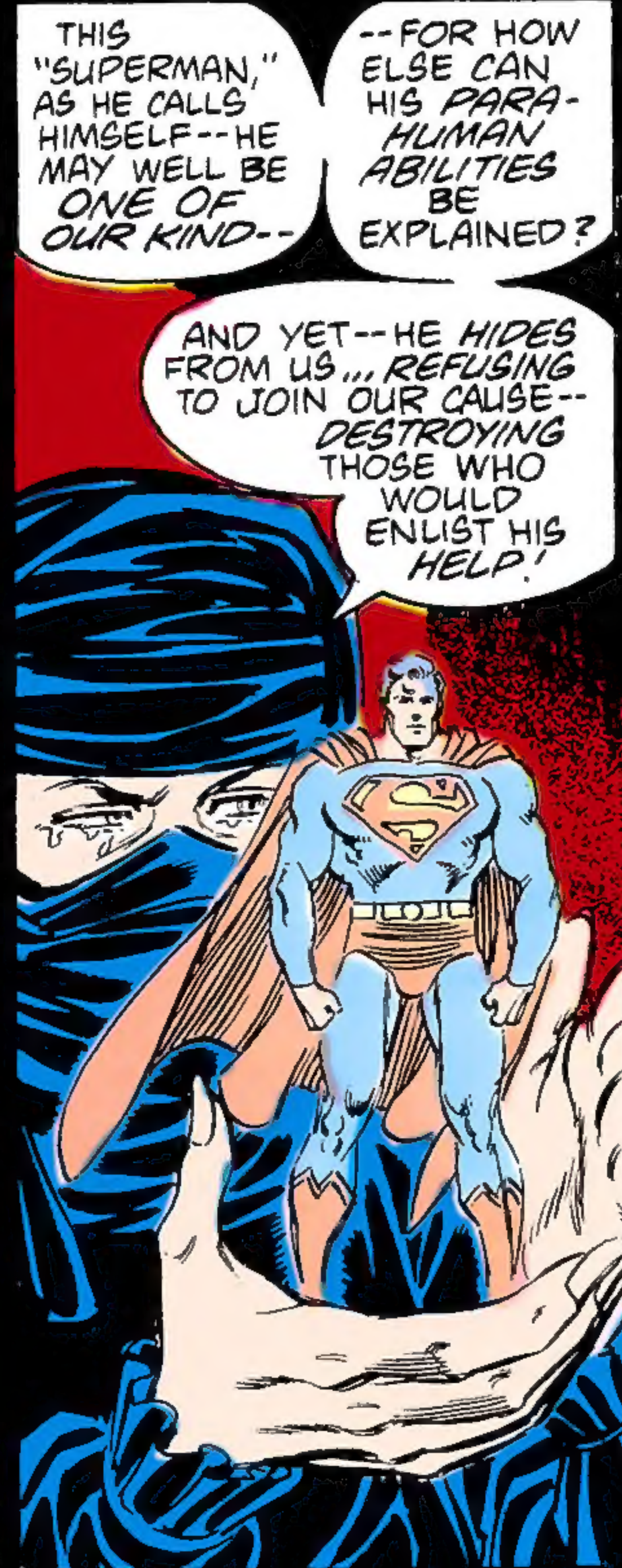
PRANA DIED--AND I LOVED HIM.



I LOVED HIM... WE ALL LOVED HIM. BUT HE IS STILL OUT THERE--HIS MURDERER...

...FOR SURELY, HE MURDERED MY HUSBAND. THERE IS NO DOUBT OF THAT.*

*AS SEEN IN ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN #427.



THIS "SUPERMAN," AS HE CALLS HIMSELF--HE MAY WELL BE ONE OF OUR KIND--

--FOR HOW ELSE CAN HIS PARA-HUMAN ABILITIES BE EXPLAINED?

AND YET--HE HIDES FROM US... REFUSING TO JOIN OUR CAUSE-- DESTROYING THOSE WHO WOULD ENLIST HIS HELP!



--SO NOW, THE CIRCLE NO LONGER CARES ABOUT HIS ORIGINS. HE IS A RENEGADE, AND HE IS TO BE ELIMINATED.

ONE OF US HAS VOLUNTEERED. ONE OF US WILL BREAK OUR SACRED VOW. ONE OF US WILL KILL NOW.



I MUST... THE CIRCLE DEPENDS ON ME AS IT DEPENDS ON US ALL.

WE HAVE REMAINED HIDDEN FROM THE SUSPICIOUS EYES OF MAN FOR TOO LONG.



THE TIME IS UPON US. OUR PRESENCE ON THIS WORLD OF OUR BIRTH MUST NOW BE REVEALED.

I WILL DO WHAT MUST BE DONE.

FROM THE
BEGINNING,
WE WERE
DIFFERENT.

A RACE APART
FOREVER HIDDEN
BENEATH THESE
SHAMEFUL ROBES!

WE ARE THE
SCORNE, BUT
WE ARE THE
SUPERIORS.

NOW--
WE CLAIM OUR
BIRTHRIGHT!

I WILL BE THE
FIRST--TO REVEAL
THE TRUE MEASURE
OF OUR STRENGTHS!

FOR HUMANKIND
I AM NO LONGER
STHULA--

I AM--

CONQUSSION!

THE CIRCLE
HAS AGREED.

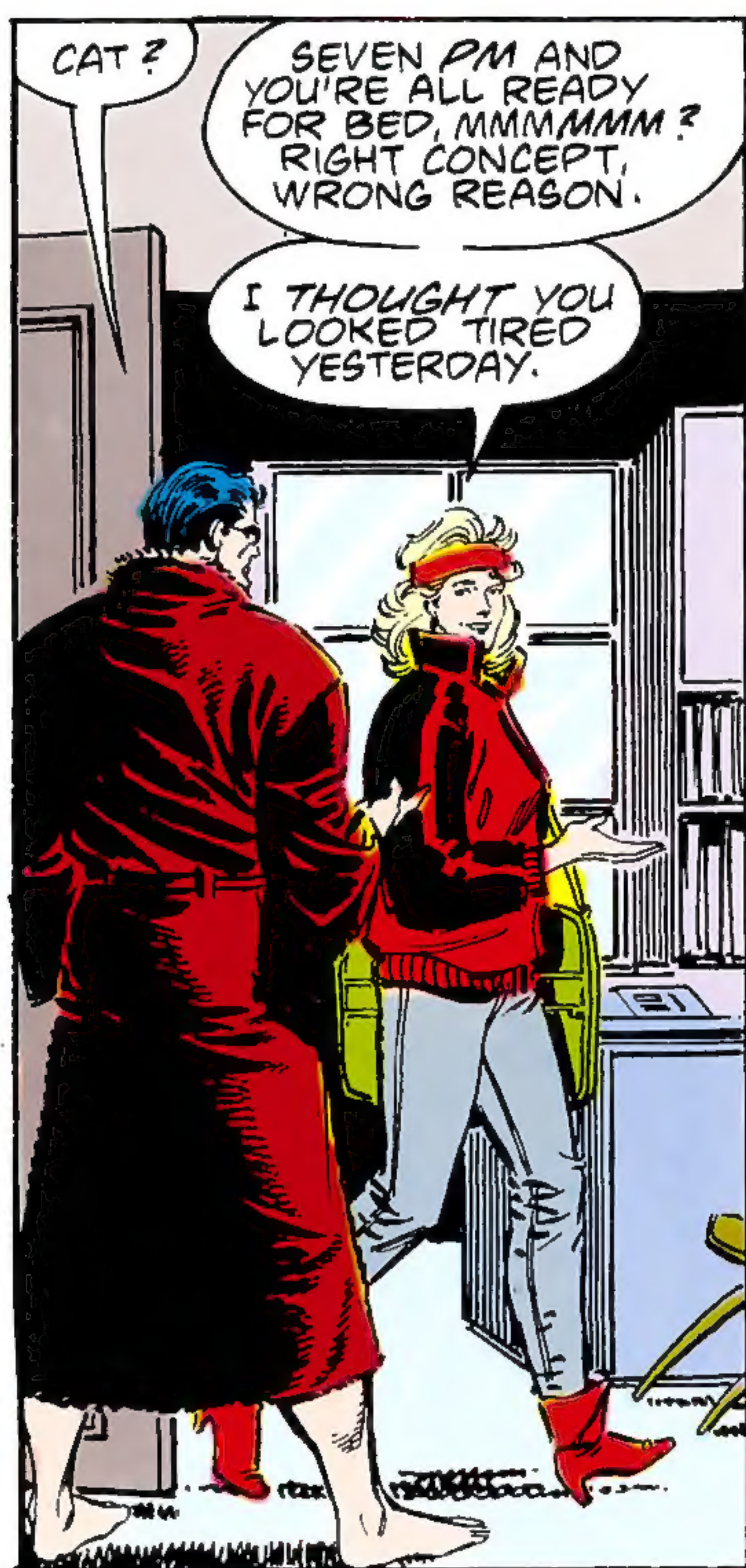
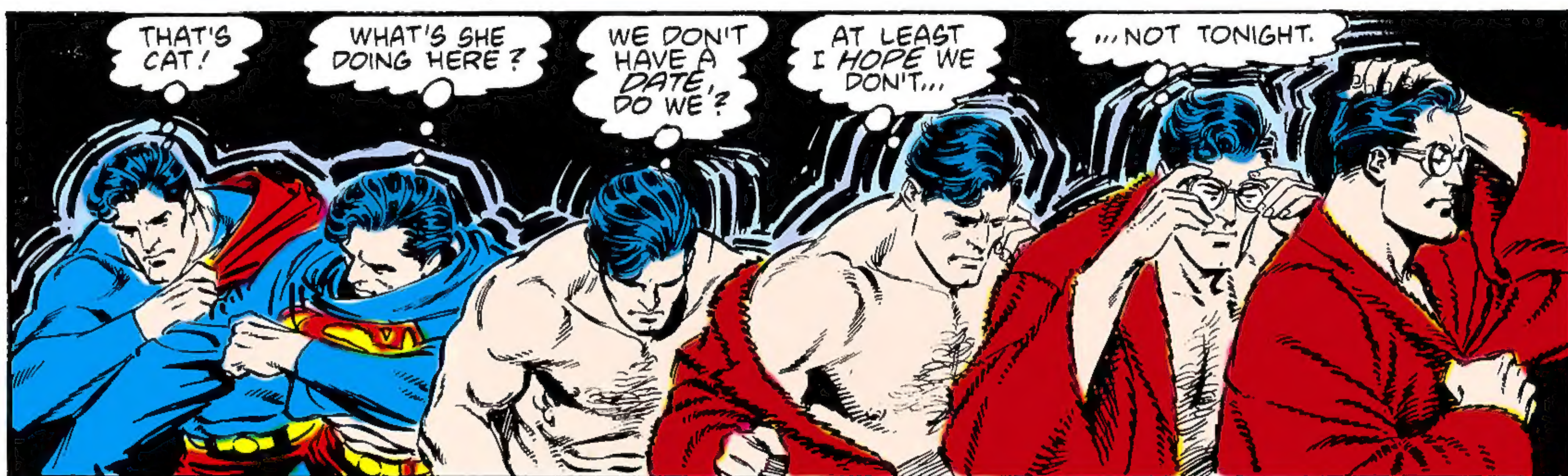
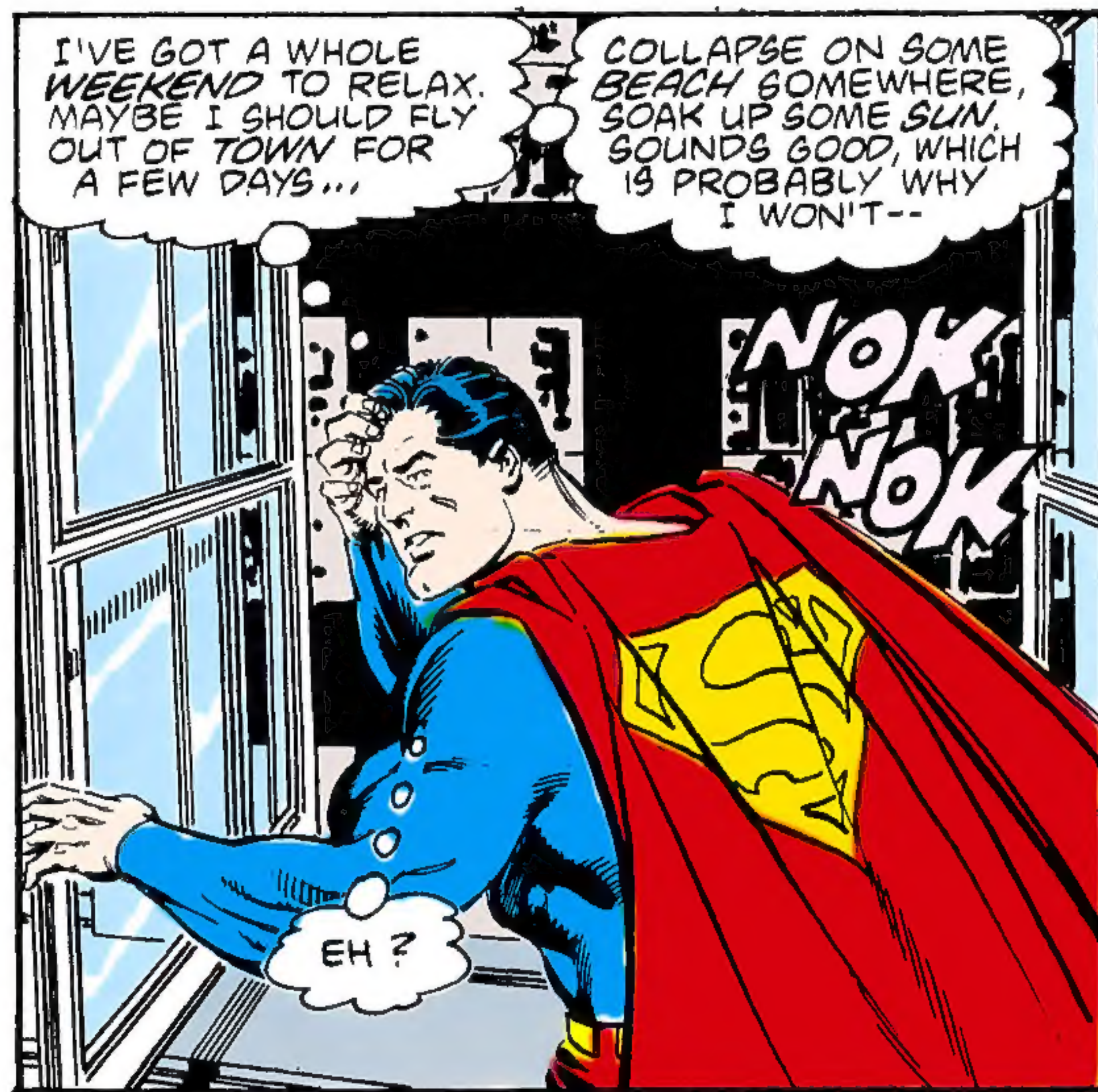
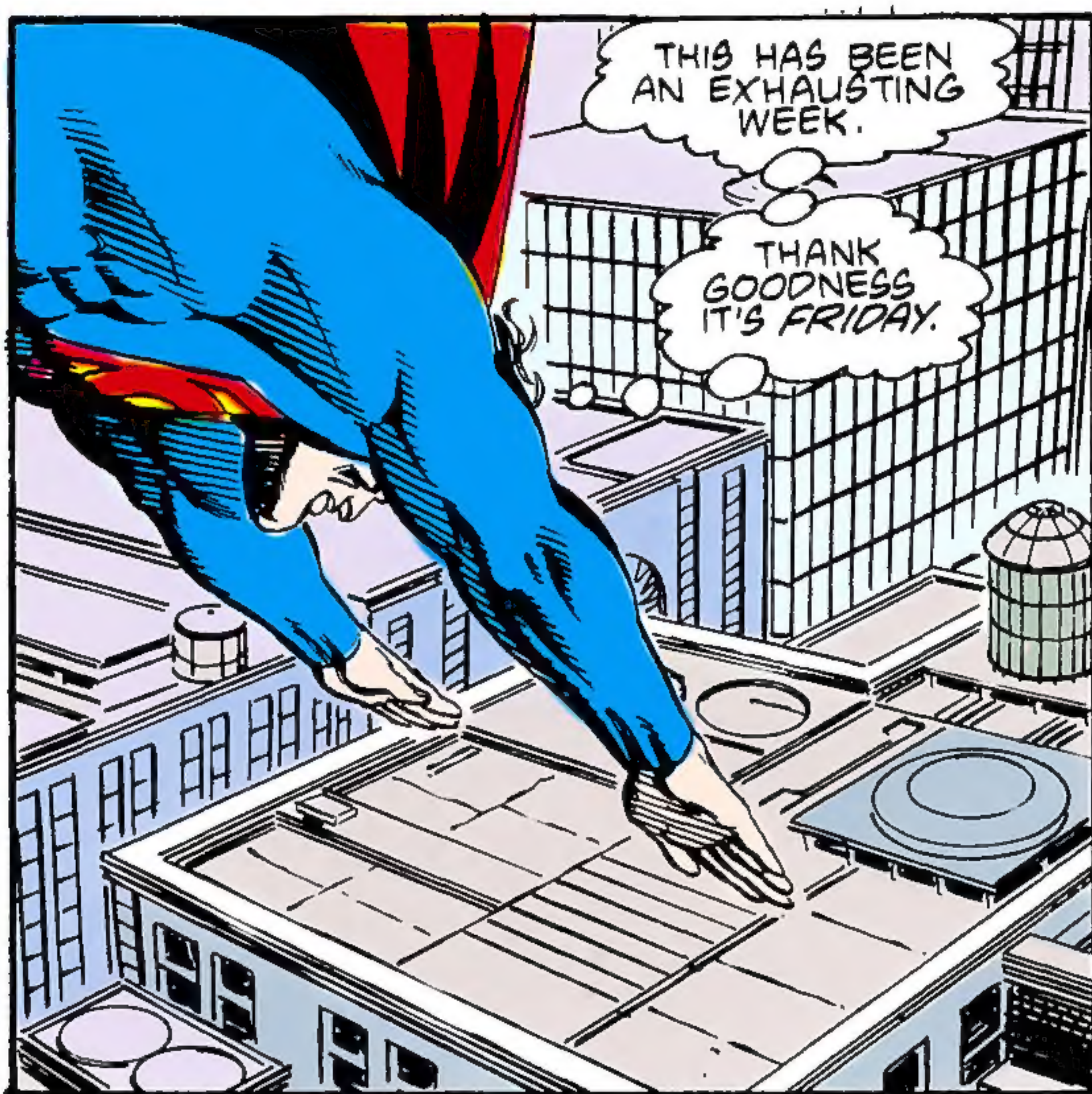
WE HAVE
LIVED IN
SECLUSION AND
PRETENDED
TO BE AT
PEACE WITH
MANKIND.

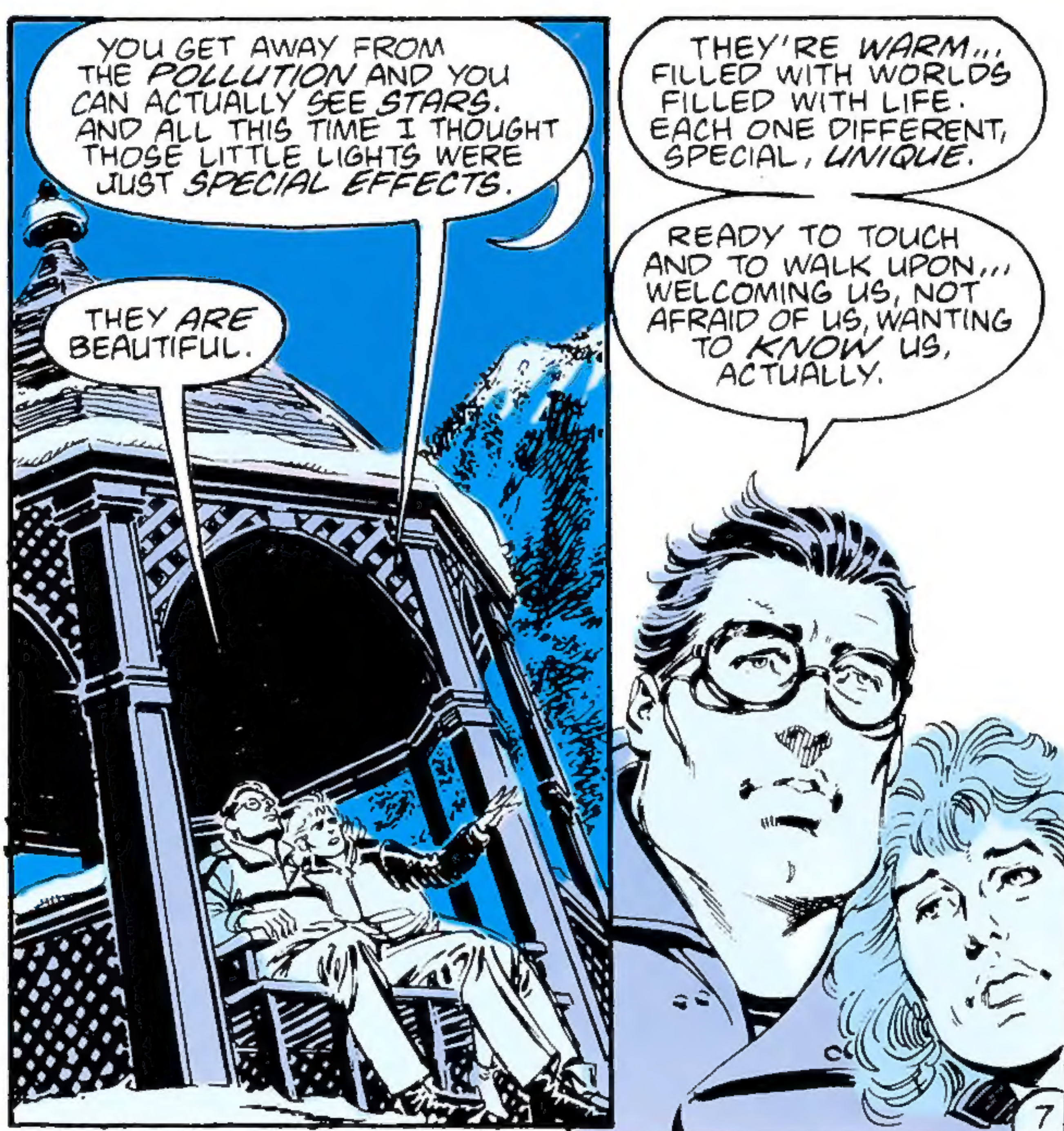
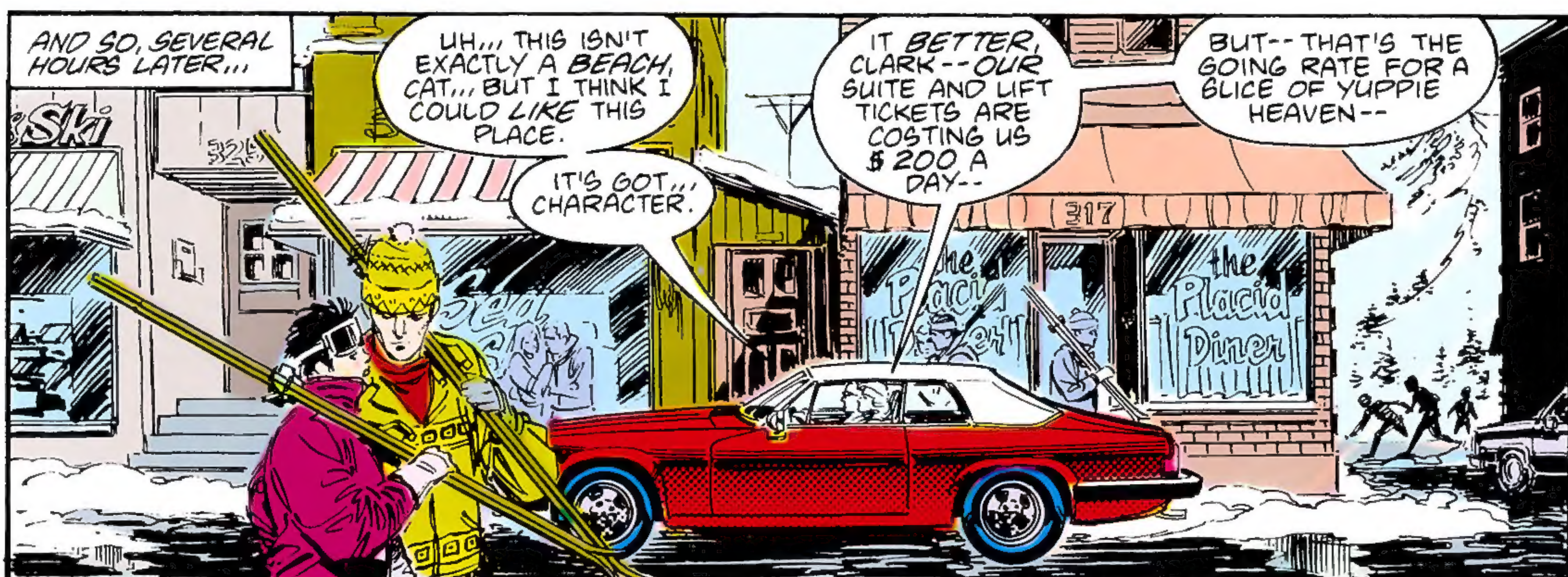
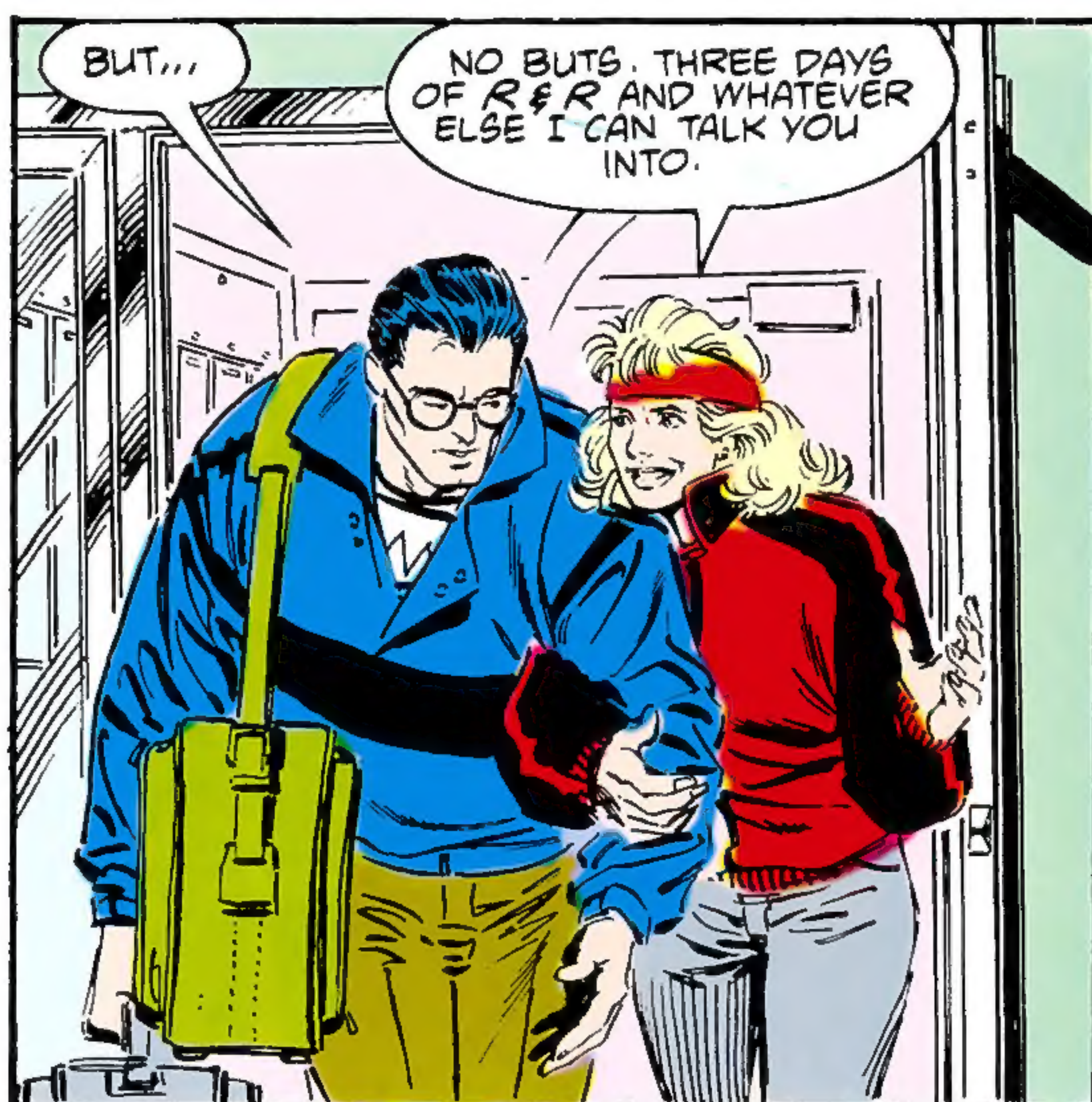
BUT
THOSE
DAYS WILL
SOON BE
GONE
FOREVER.

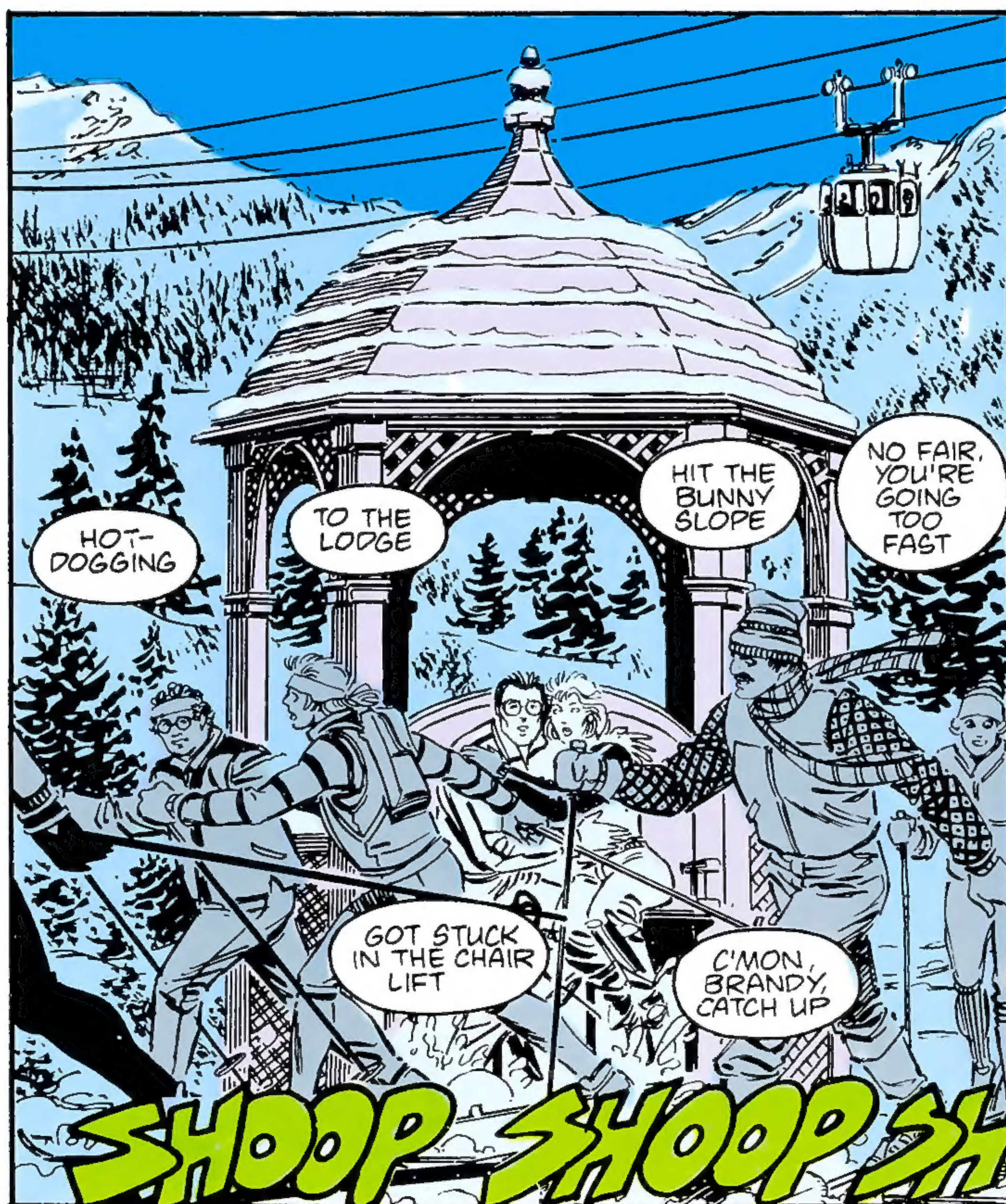
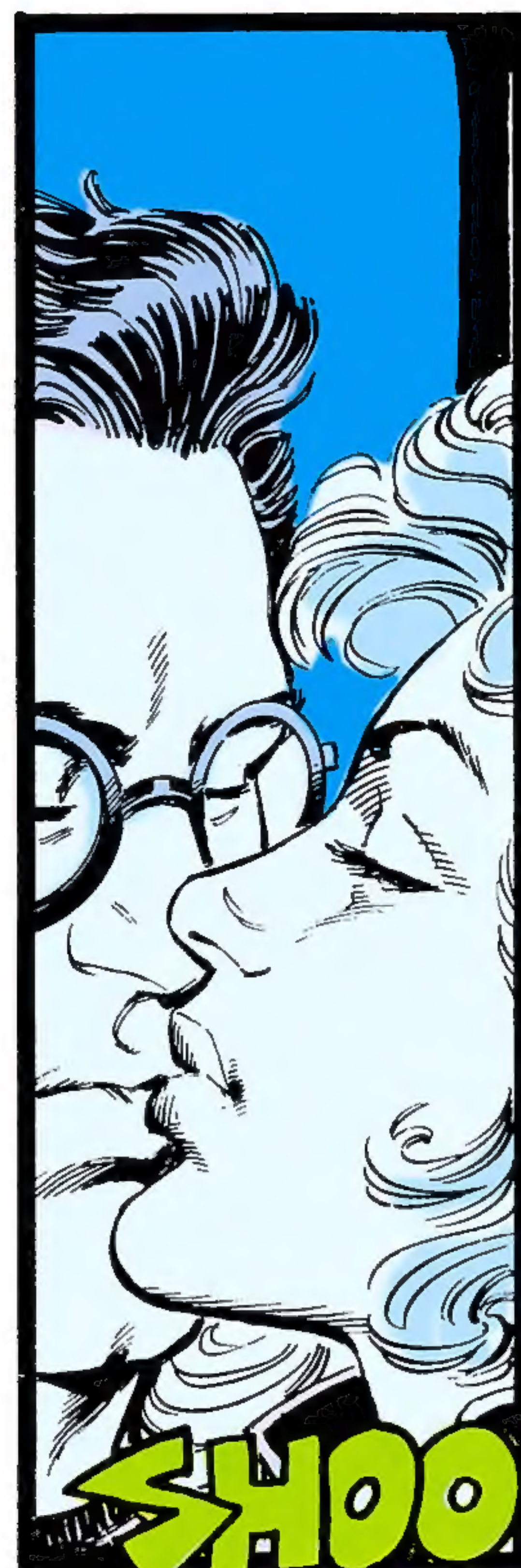
FROM THIS DAY
FORTH WE WILL
WALK AMONG
THEM.

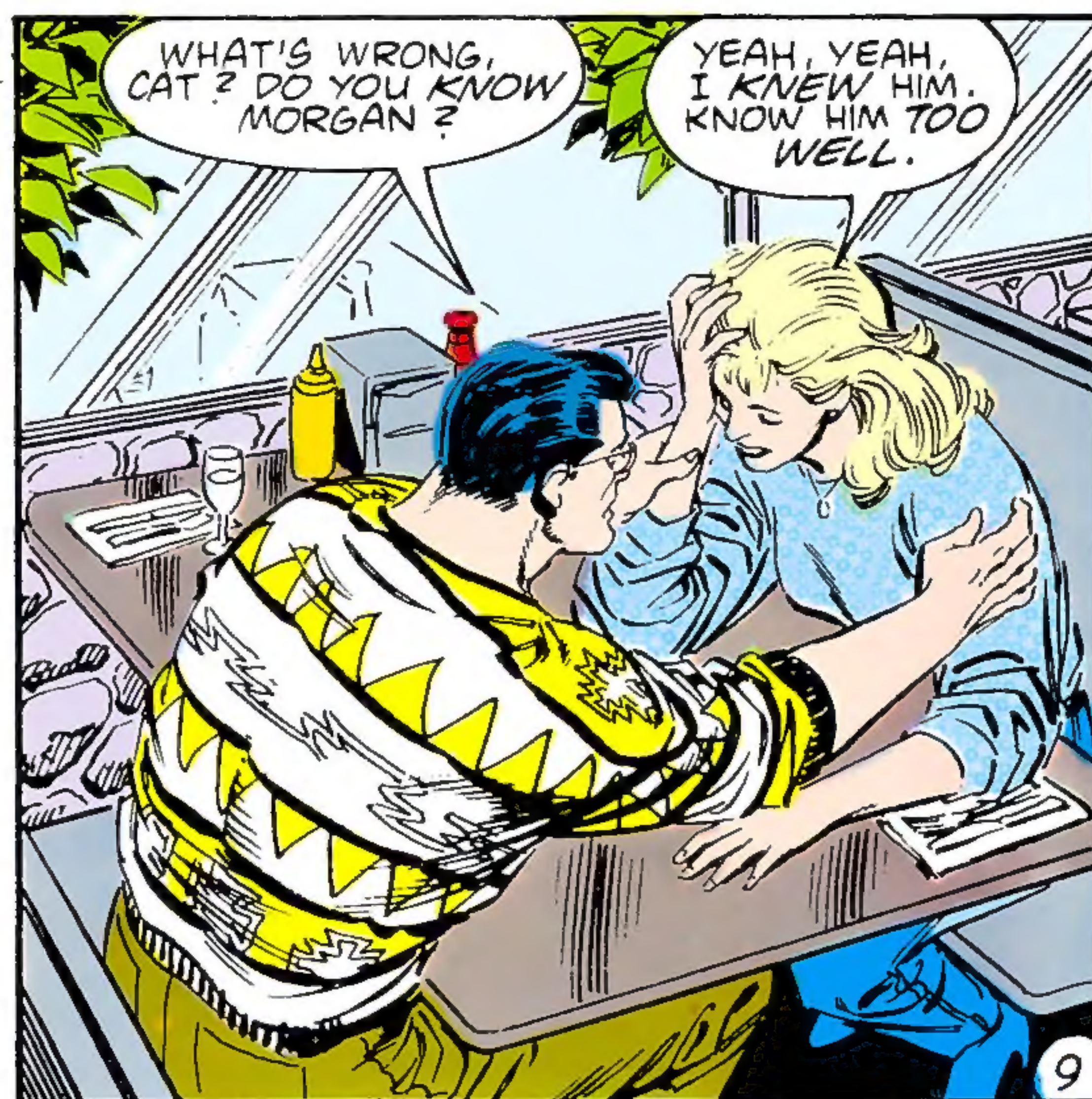
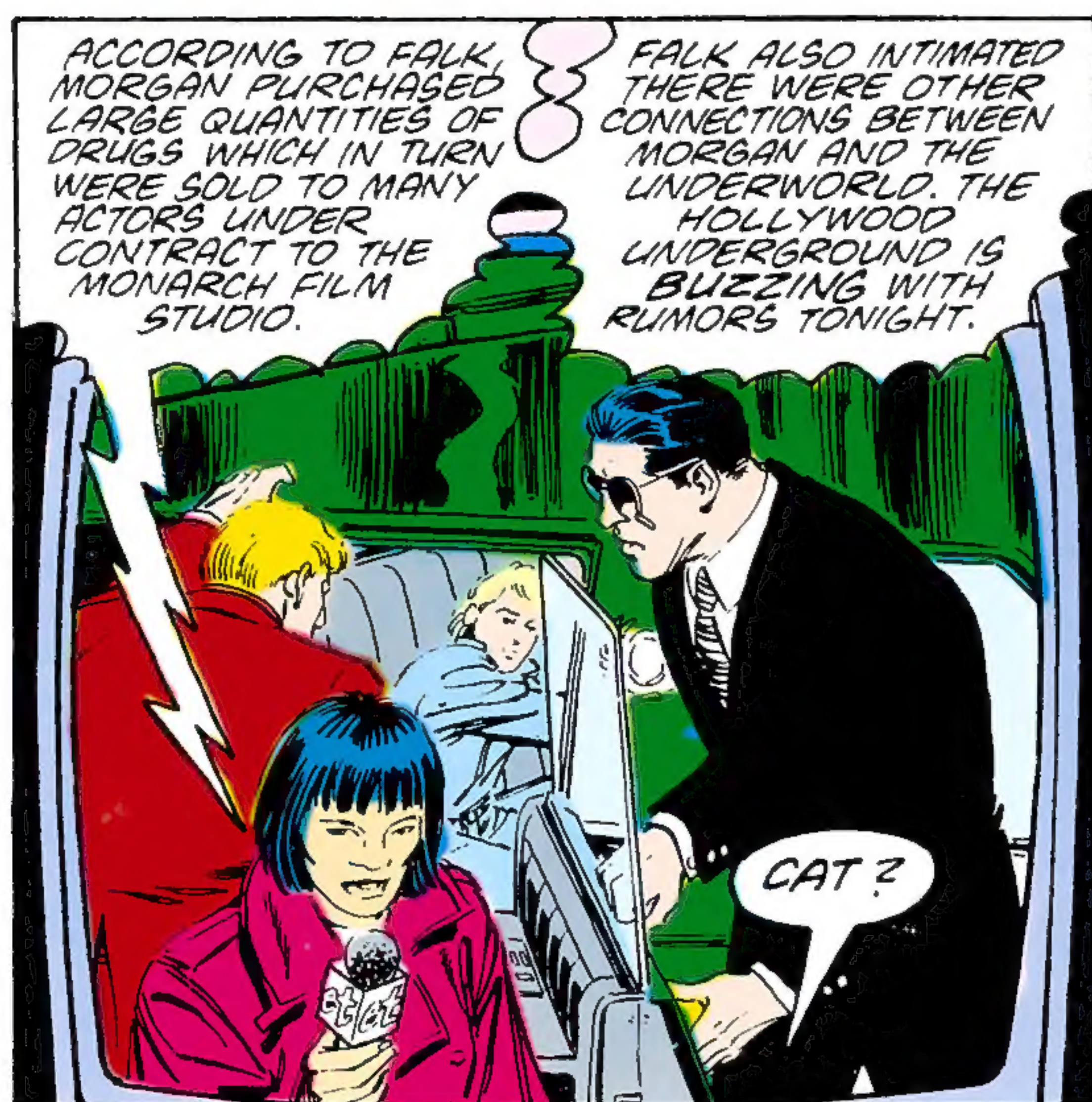
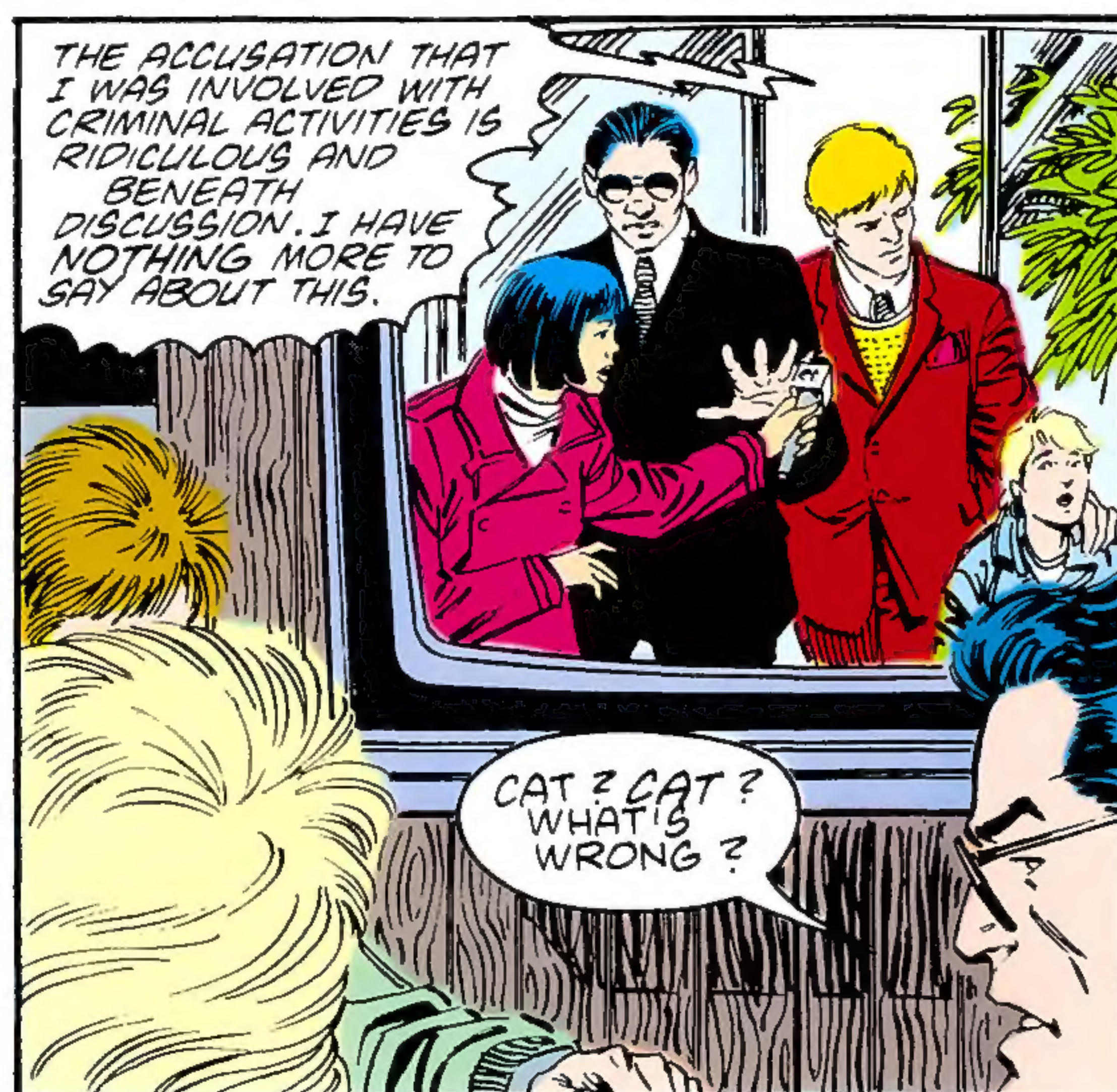
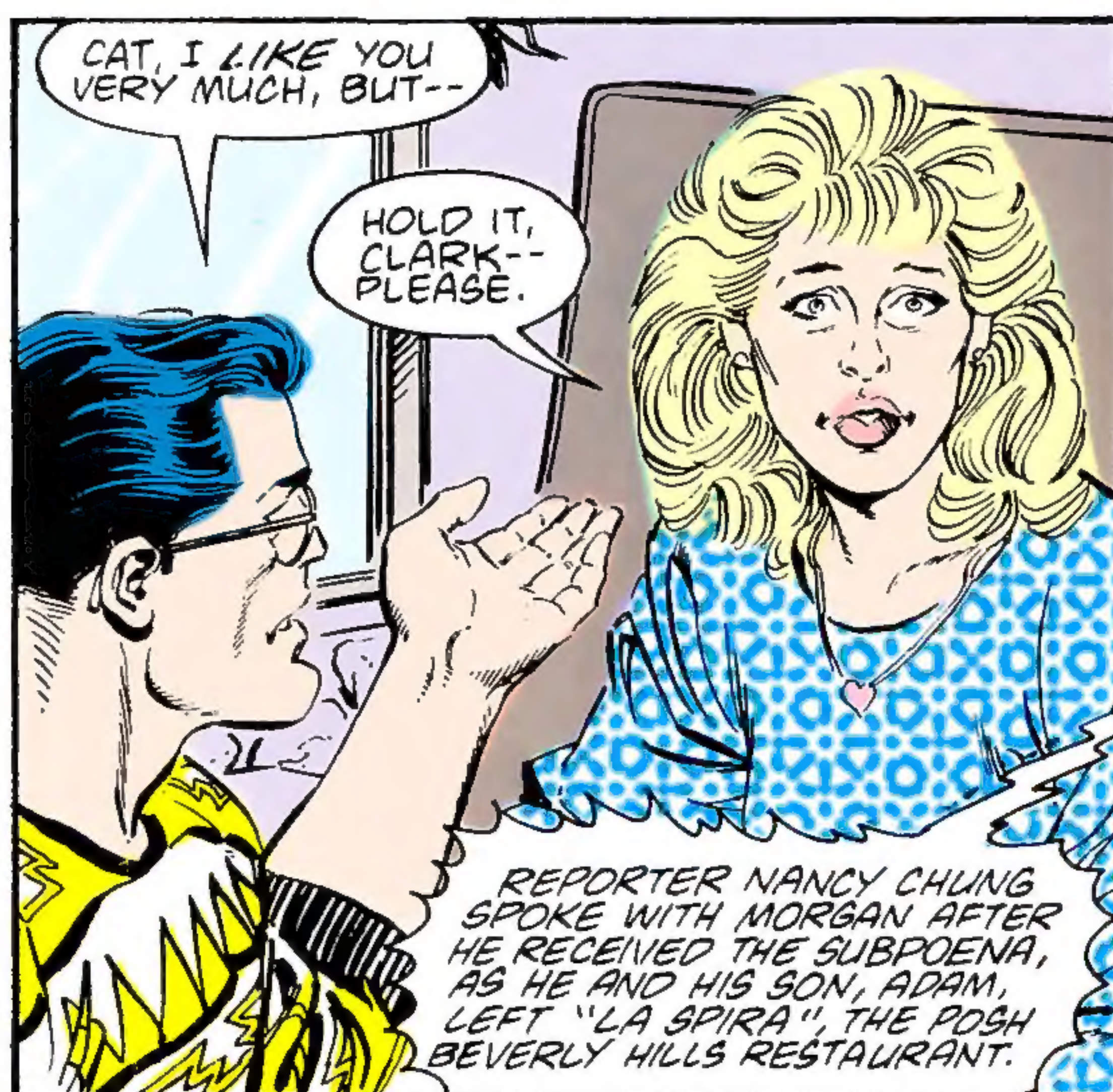
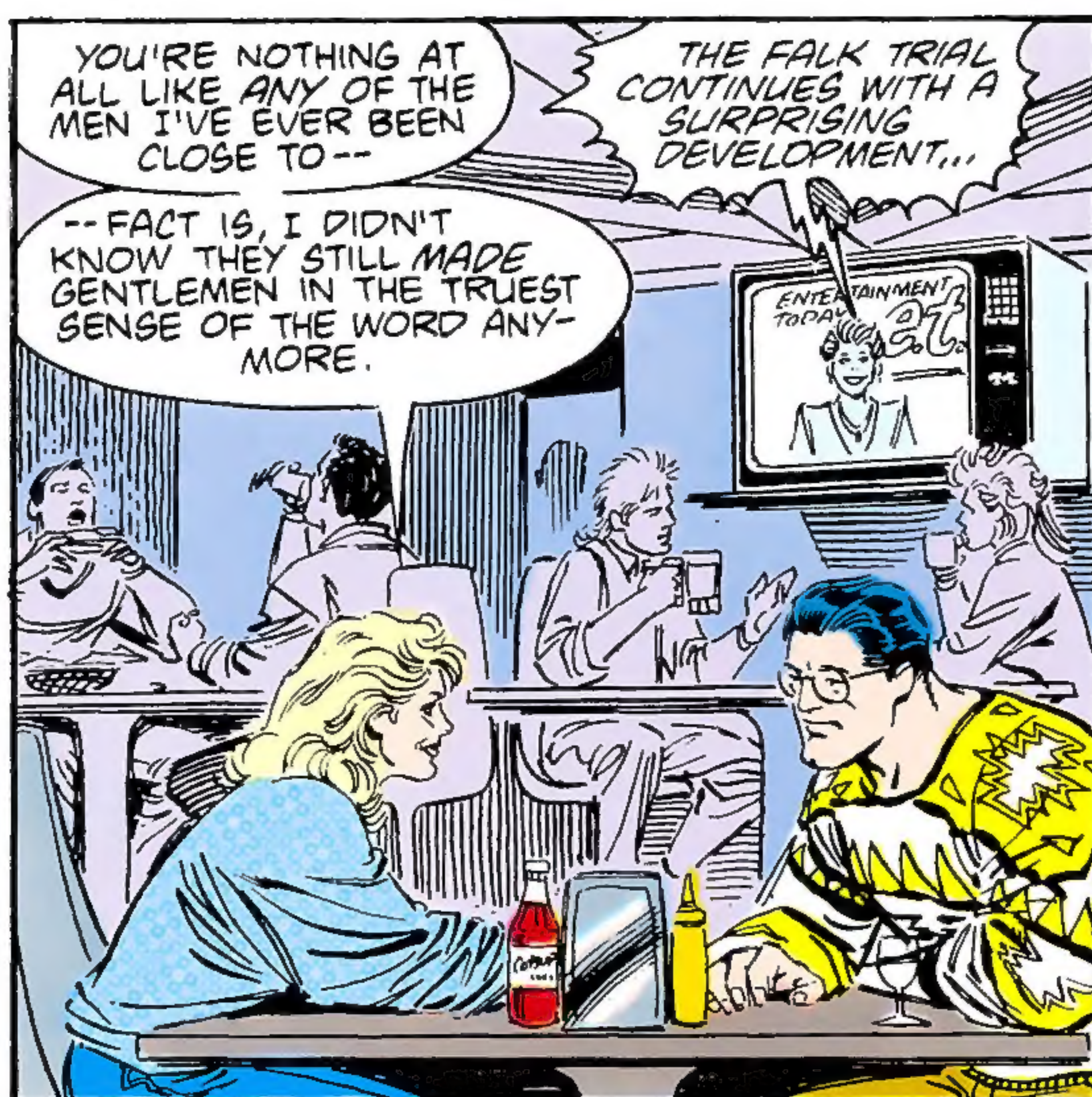
WE WILL
BE LIKE
THEM--

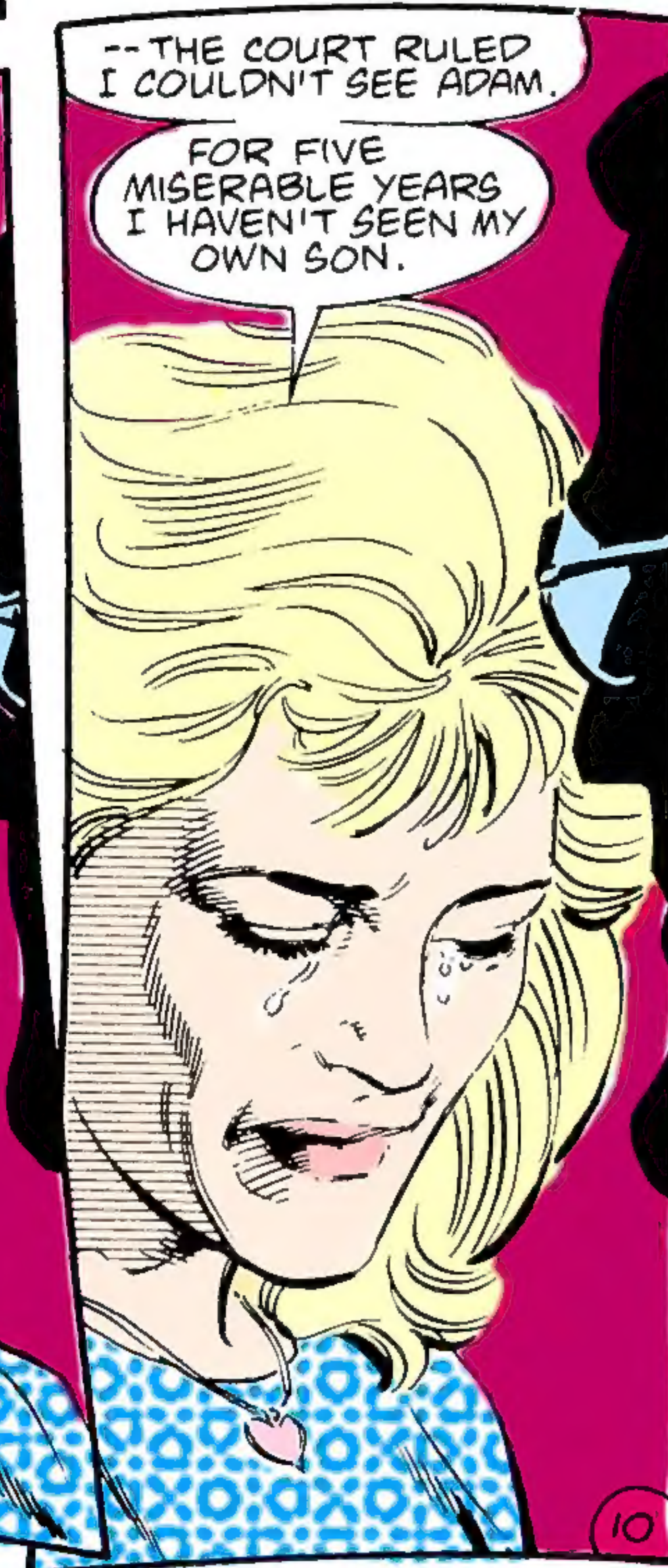
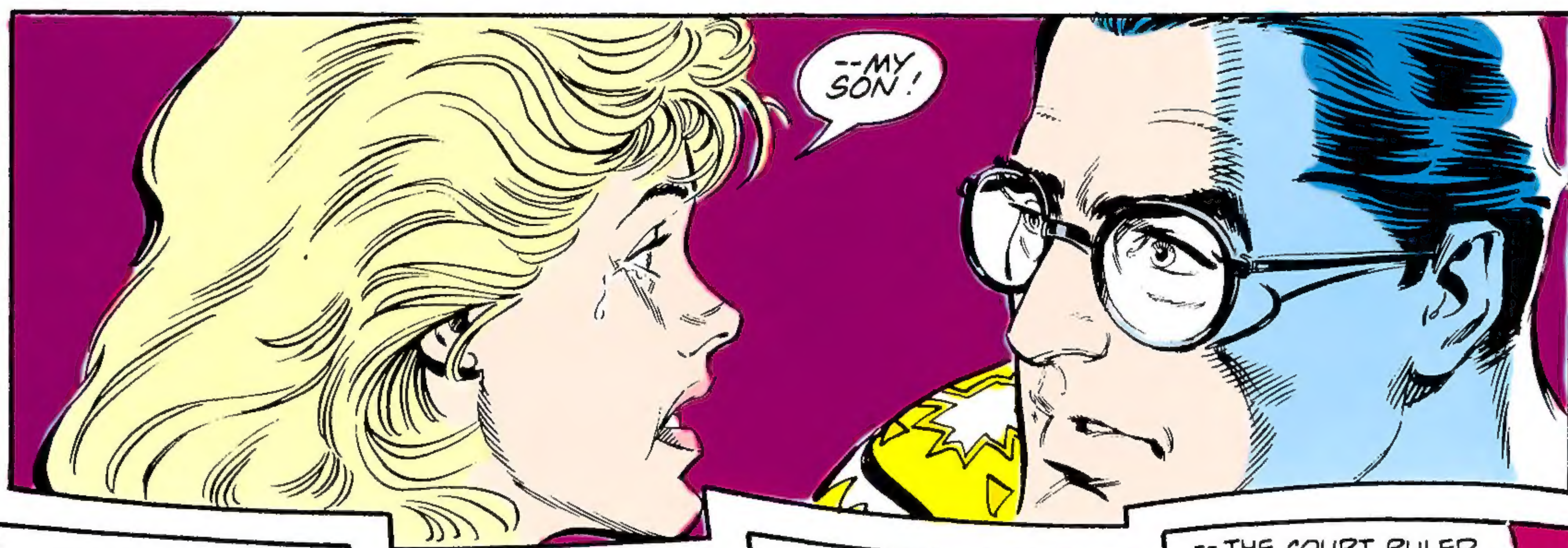
--AND
VICTORY
WILL BE
OURS!











I'VE GOT TO HELP.

SUPERMAN'S GOT TO HELP.



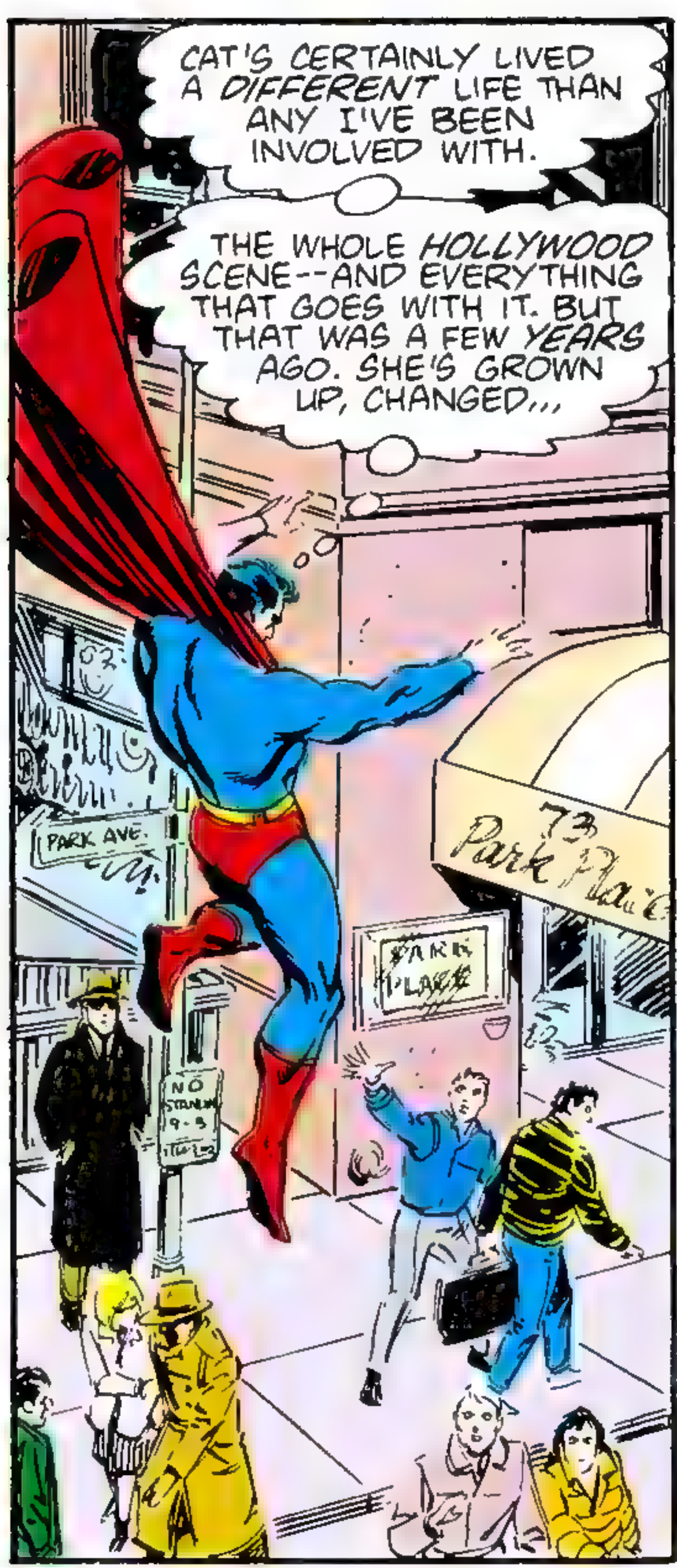
LATER...

CAT SAID MORGAN PROBABLY WASN'T INVOLVED WITH THE MOB WHILE THEY WERE TOGETHER.



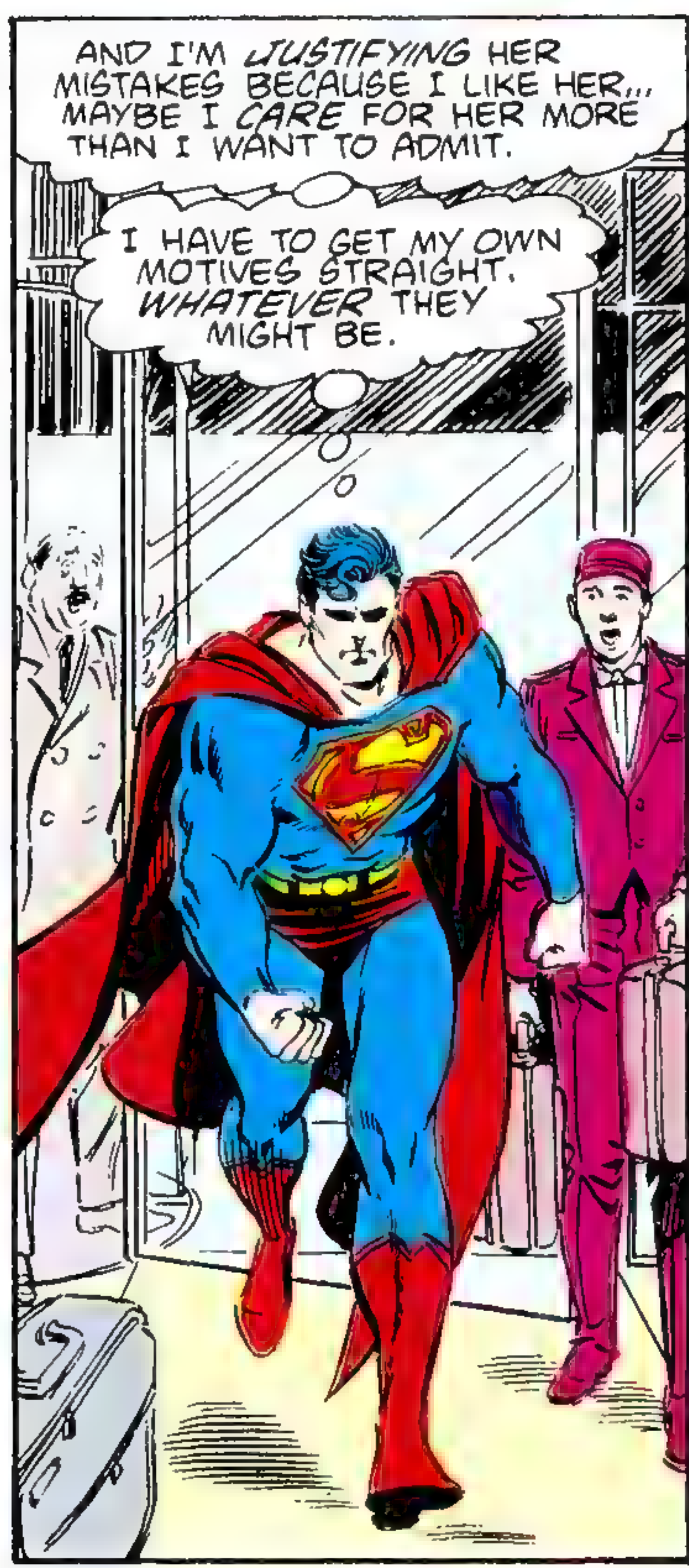
IF I CAN PROVE HIS CONNECTION WITH ORGANIZED CRIME, MAYBE... MAYBE WHAT, I DON'T KNOW.

I'M NOT CERTAIN WHAT WILL HAPPEN, OR EVEN IF CAT WILL BE HELPED.



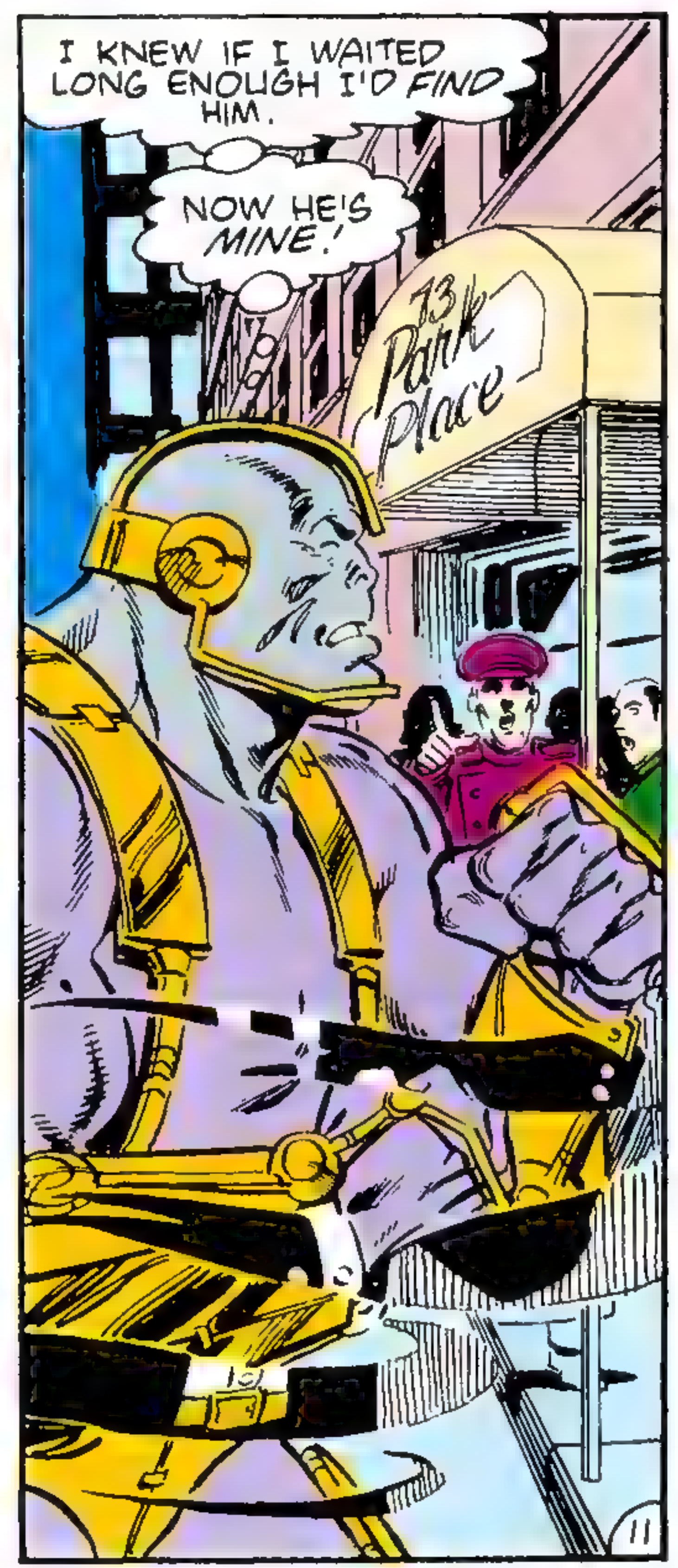
CAT'S CERTAINLY LIVED A DIFFERENT LIFE THAN ANY I'VE BEEN INVOLVED WITH.

THE WHOLE HOLLYWOOD SCENE--AND EVERYTHING THAT GOES WITH IT. BUT THAT WAS A FEW YEARS AGO. SHE'S GROWN UP, CHANGED...



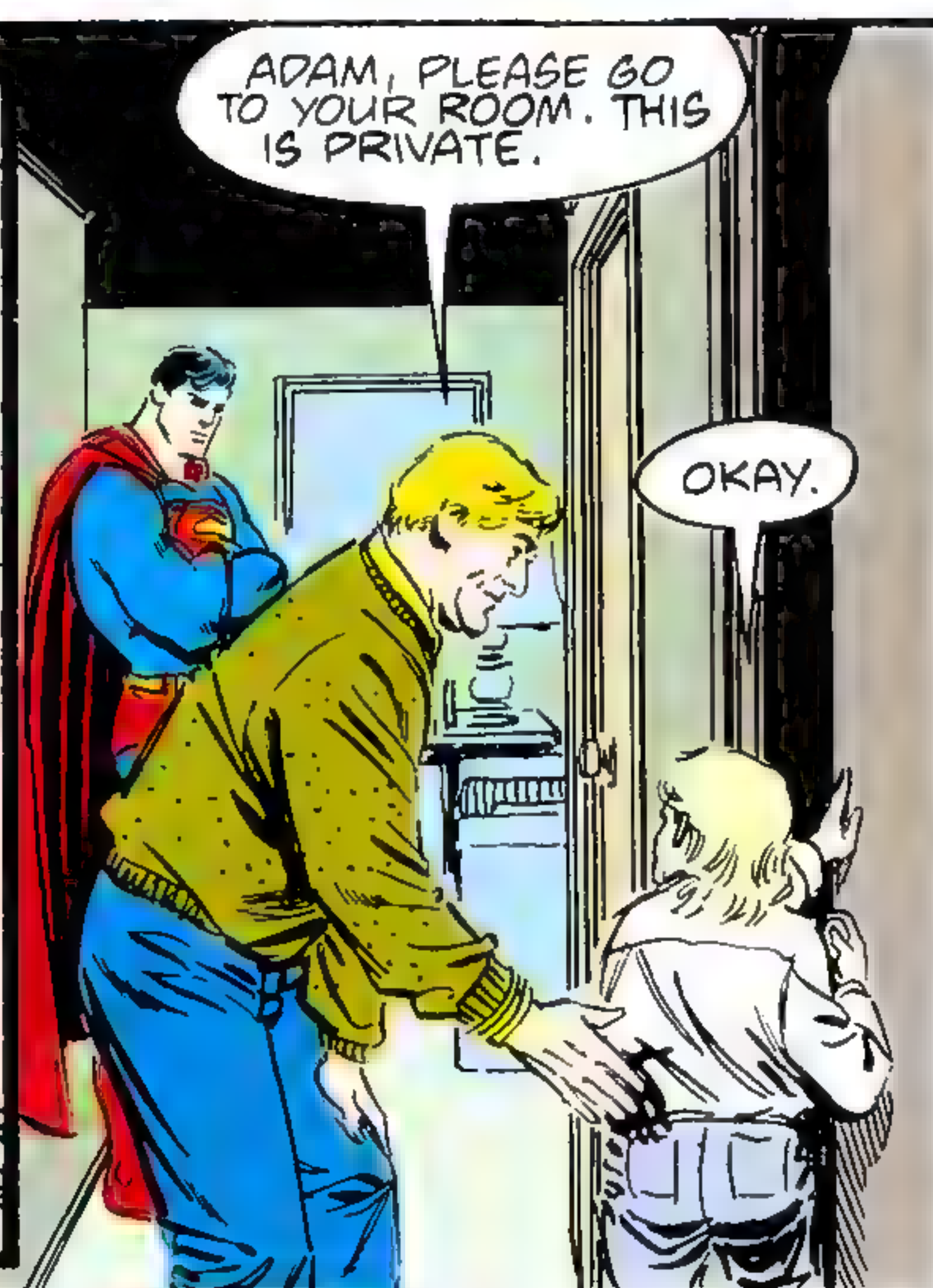
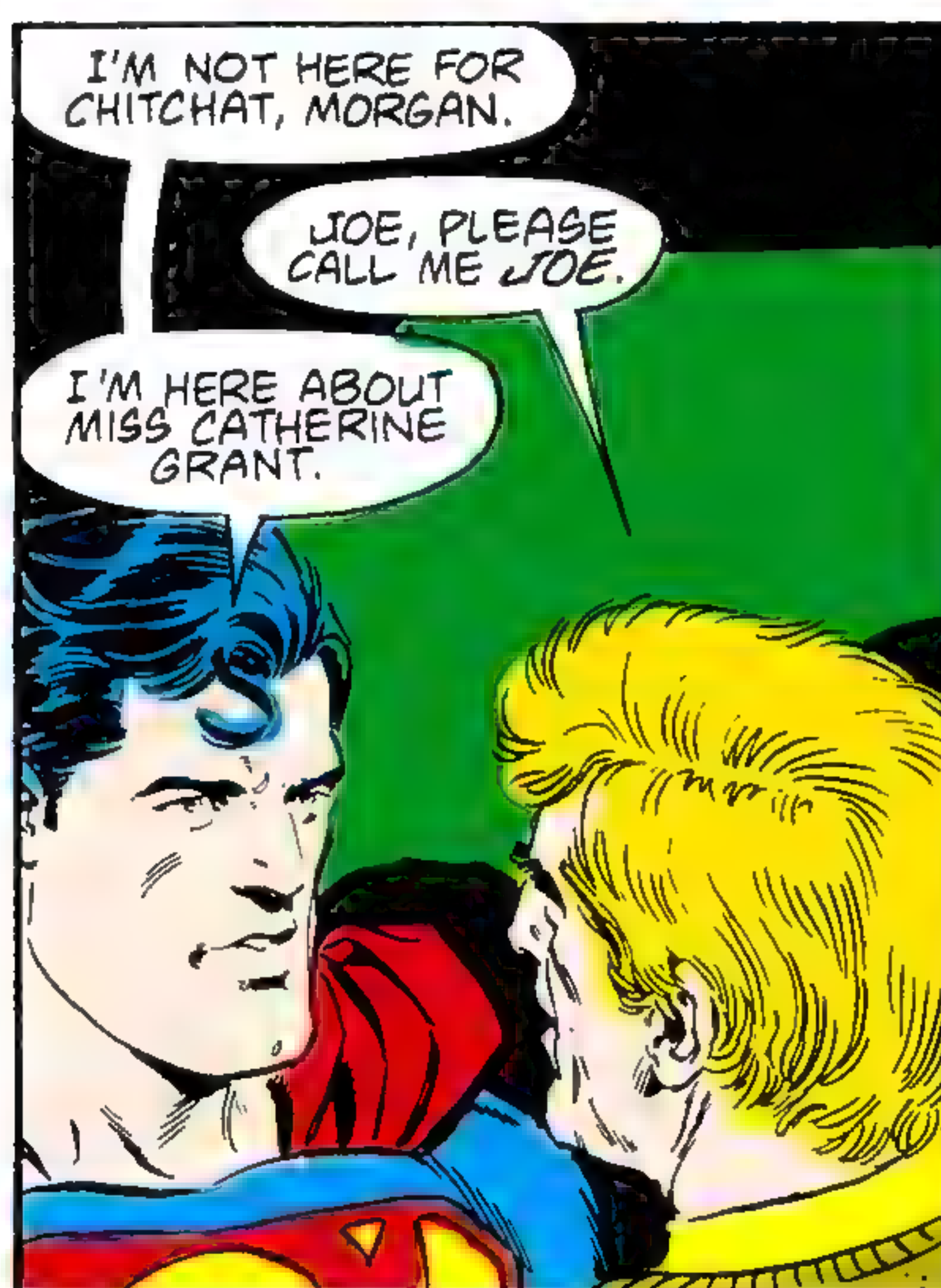
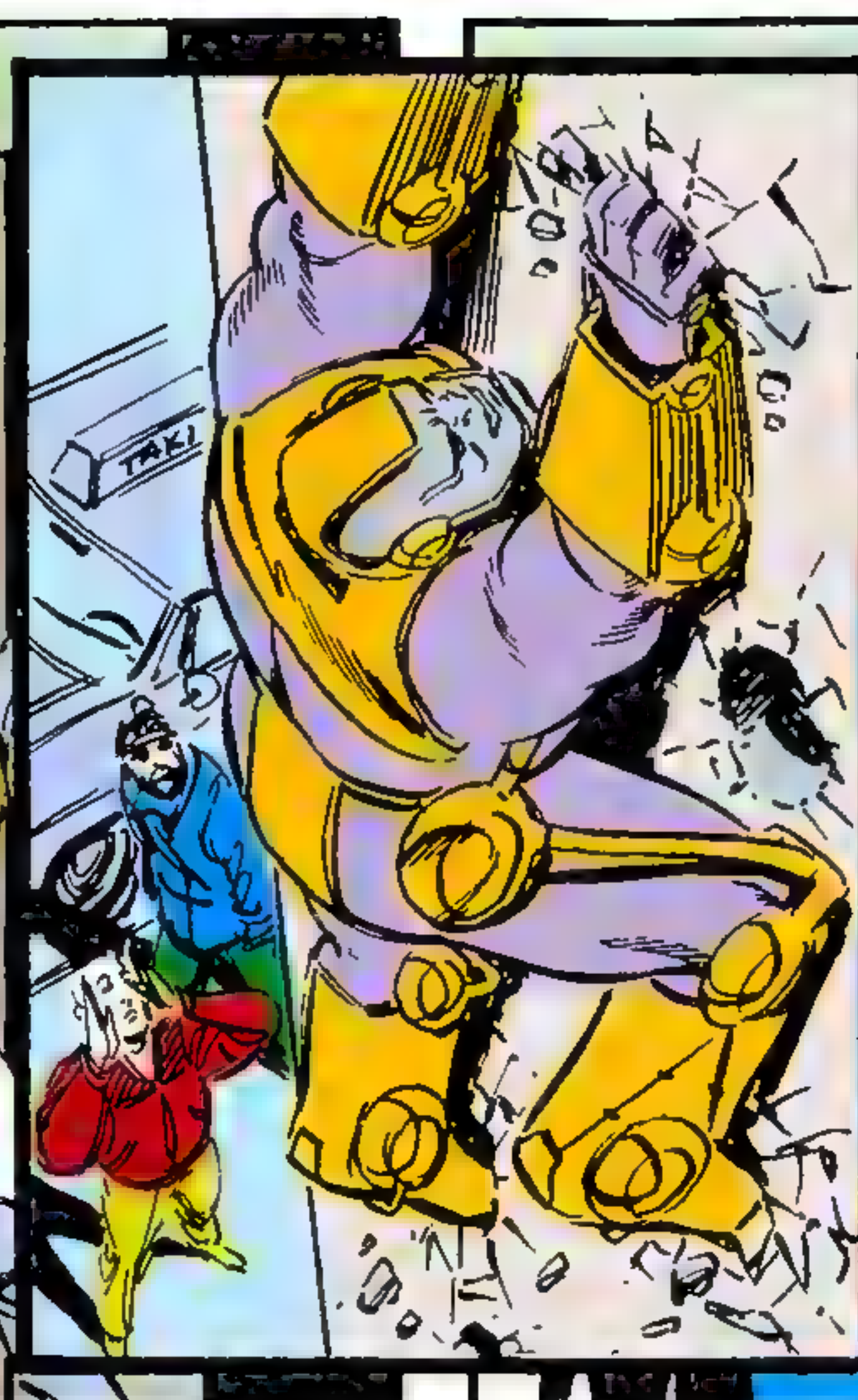
AND I'M JUSTIFYING HER MISTAKES BECAUSE I LIKE HER... MAYBE I CARE FOR HER MORE THAN I WANT TO ADMIT.

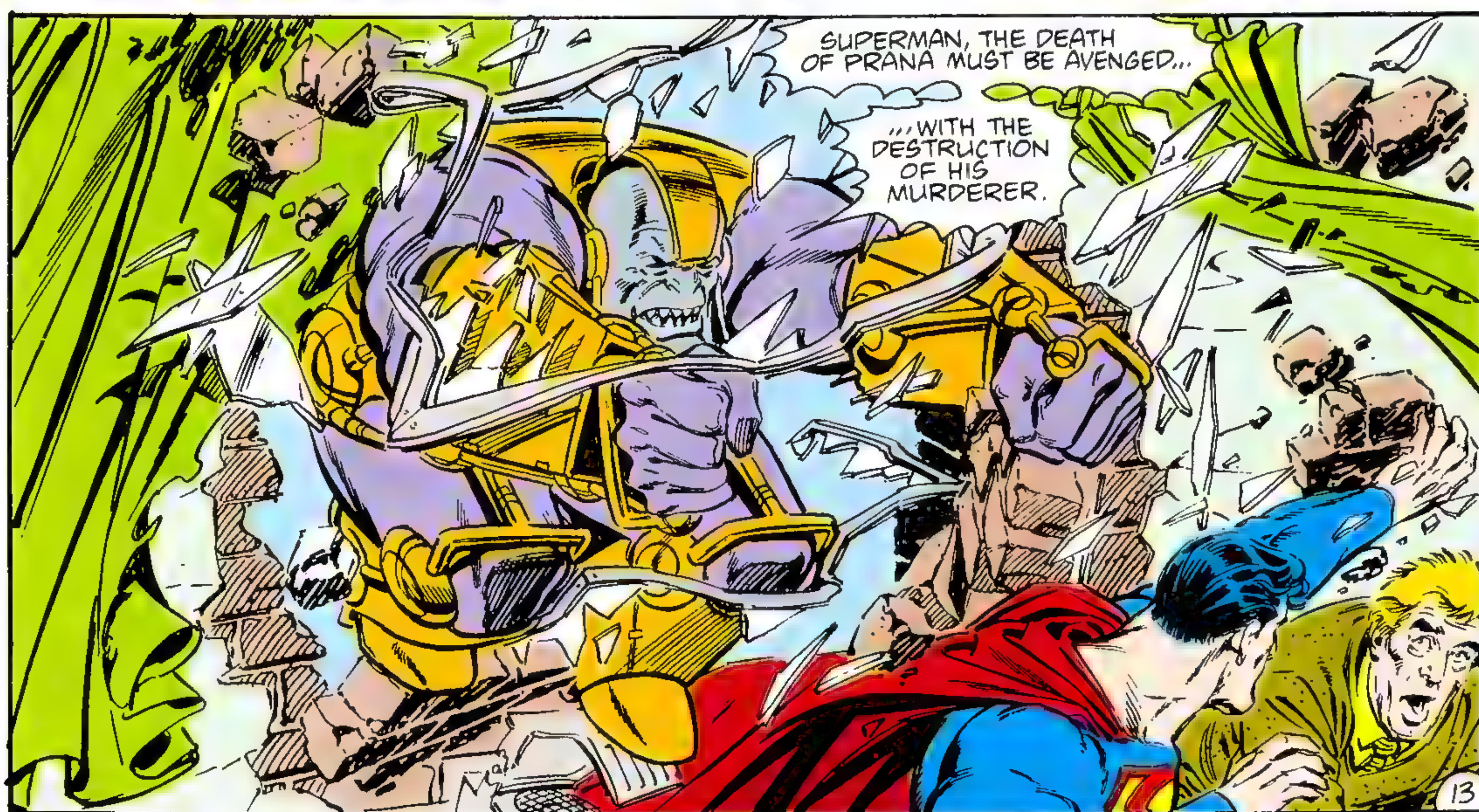
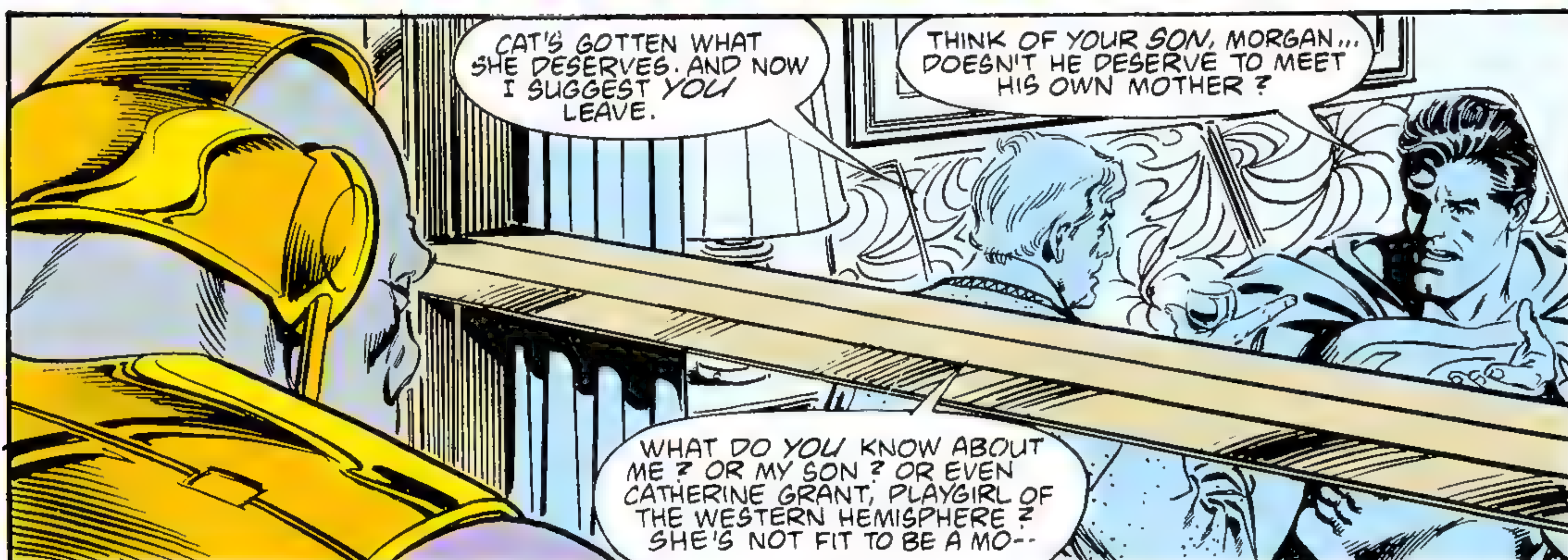
I HAVE TO GET MY OWN MOTIVES STRAIGHT. WHATEVER THEY MIGHT BE.

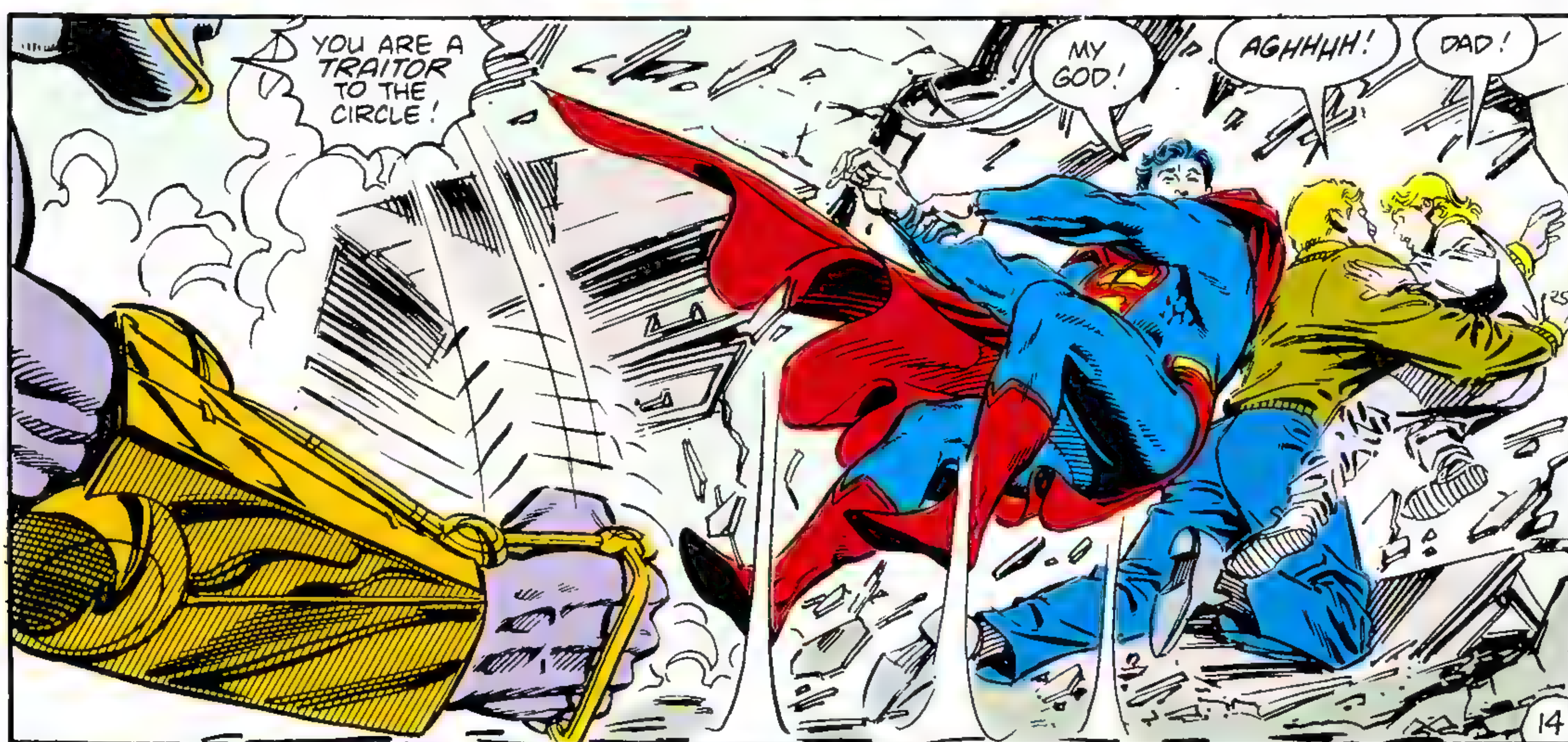
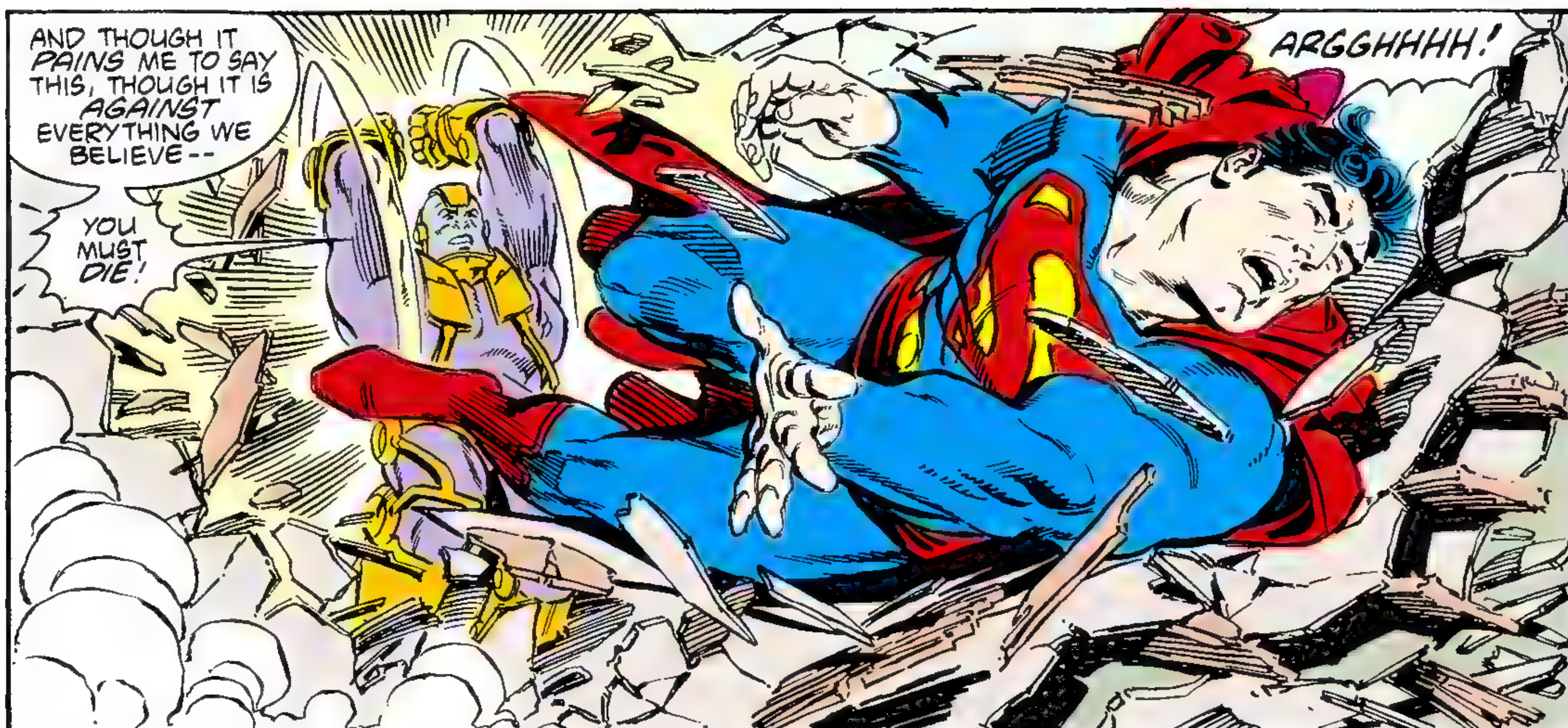


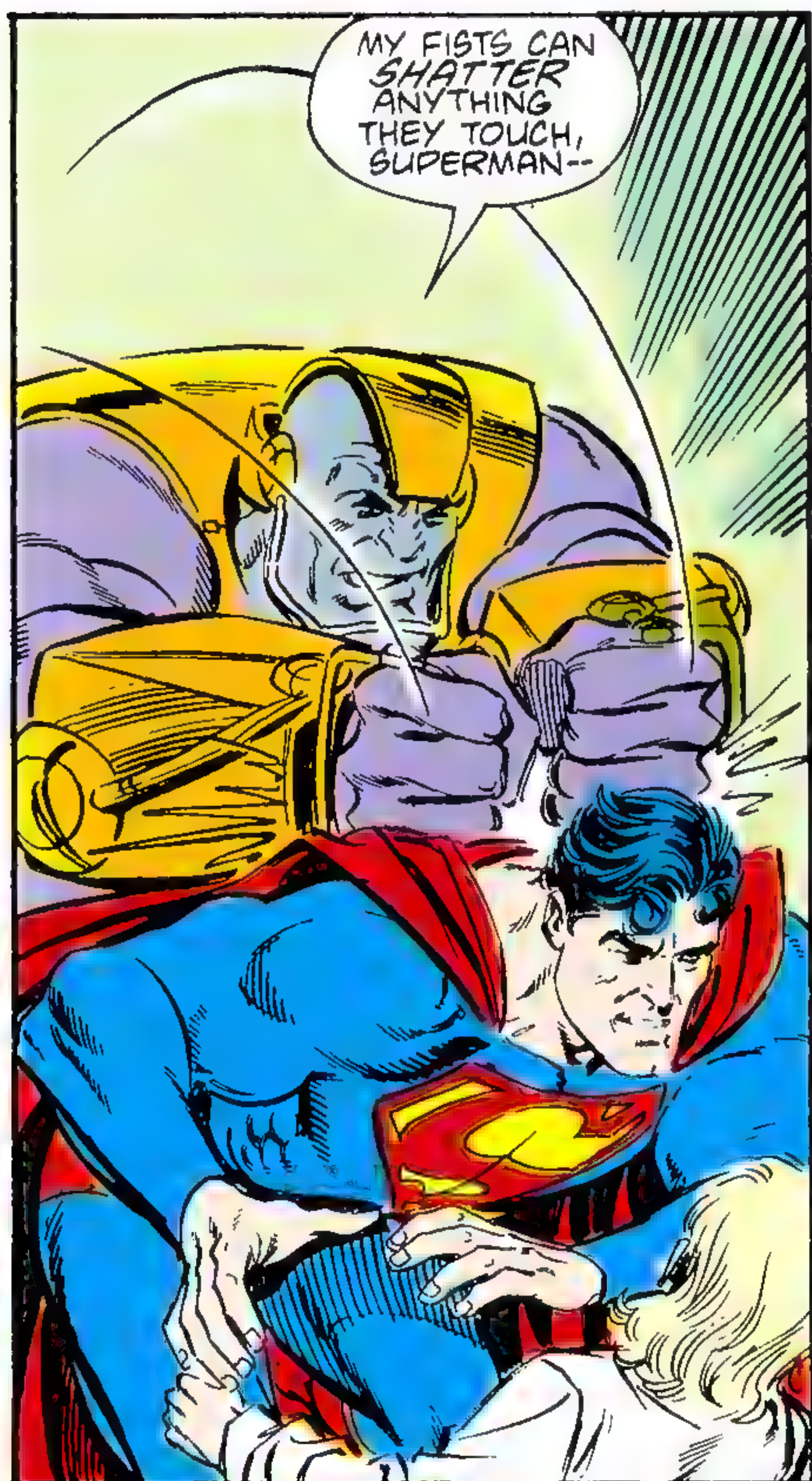
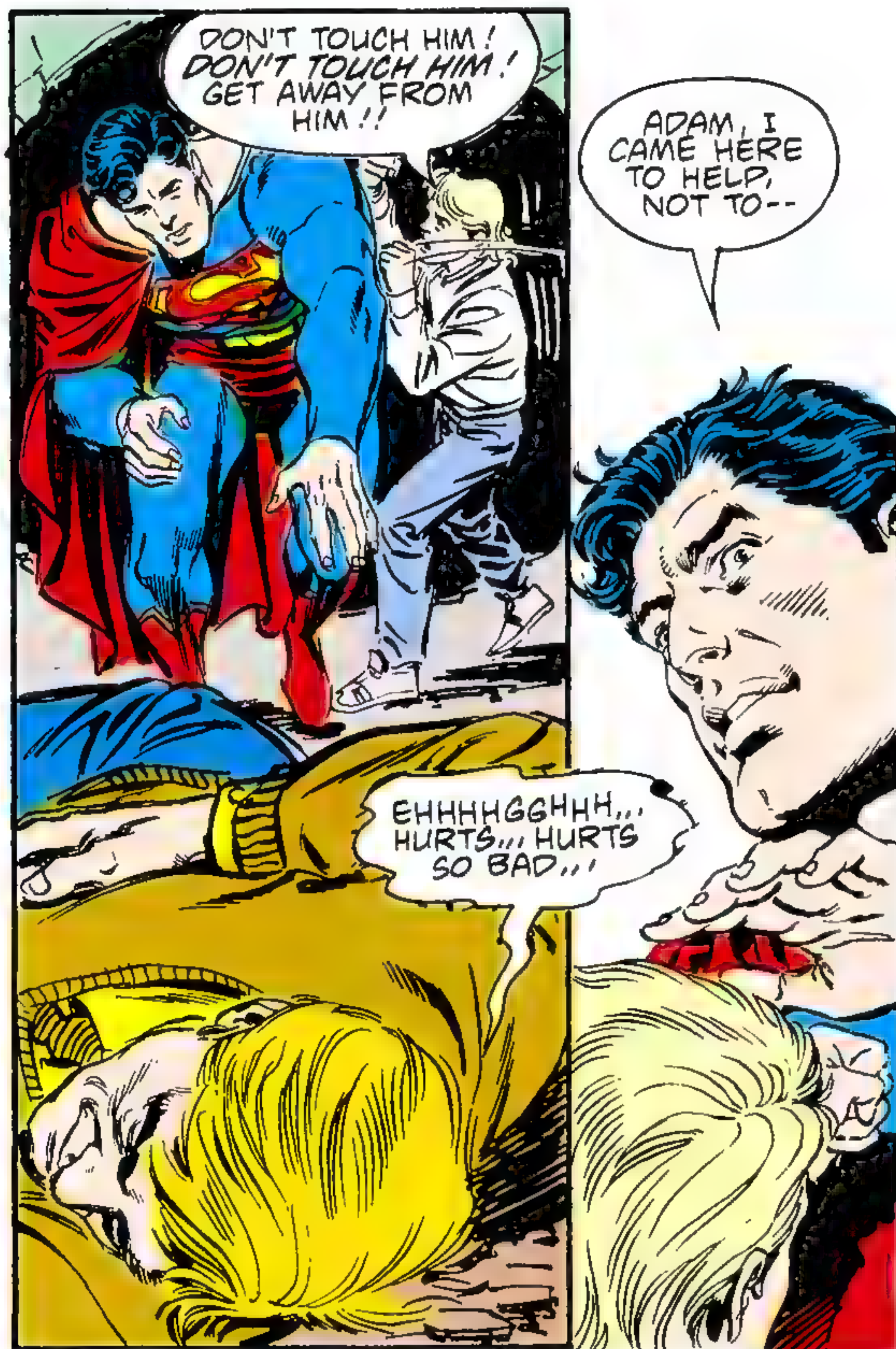
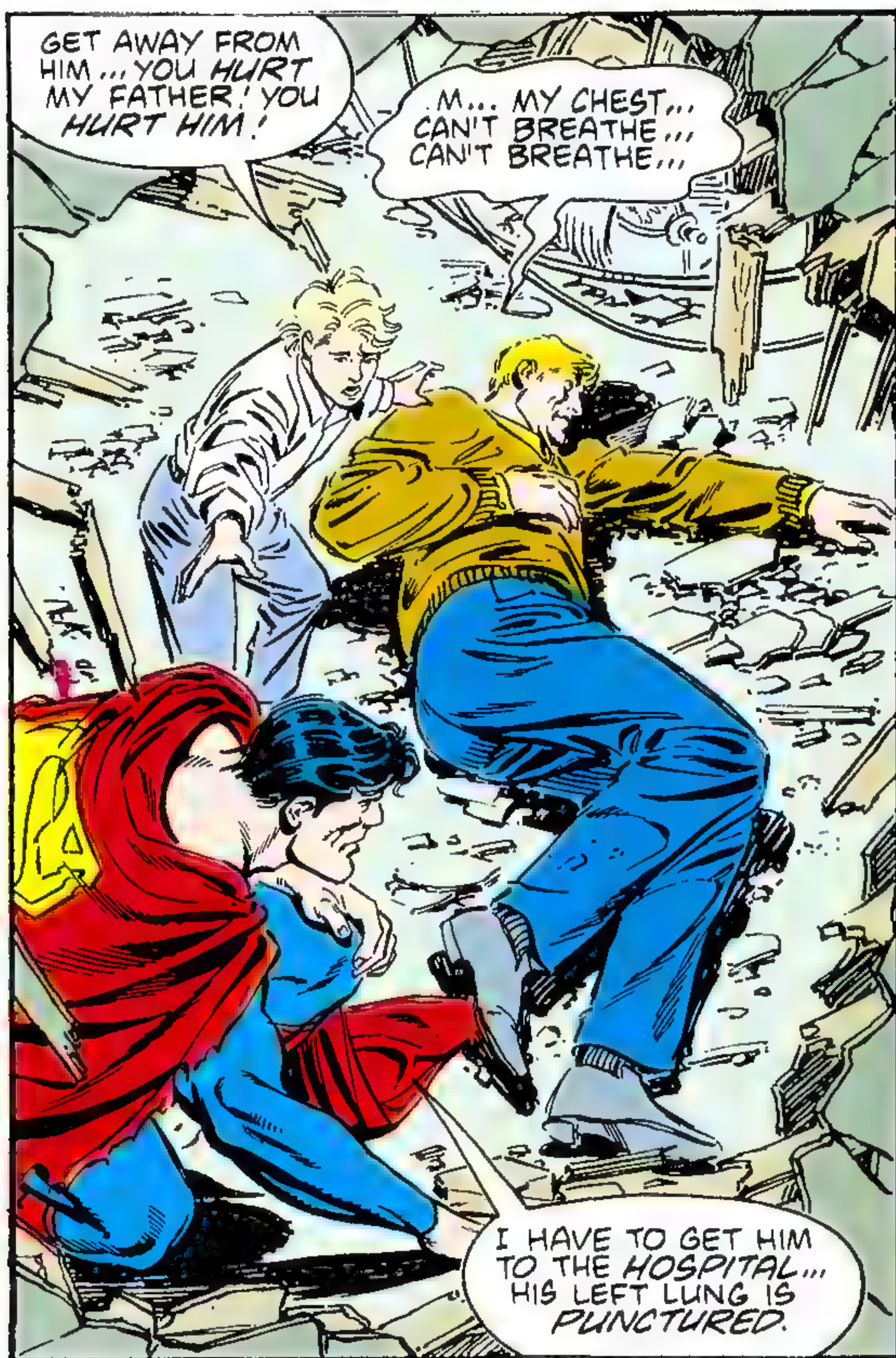
I KNEW IF I WAITED LONG ENOUGH I'D FIND HIM.

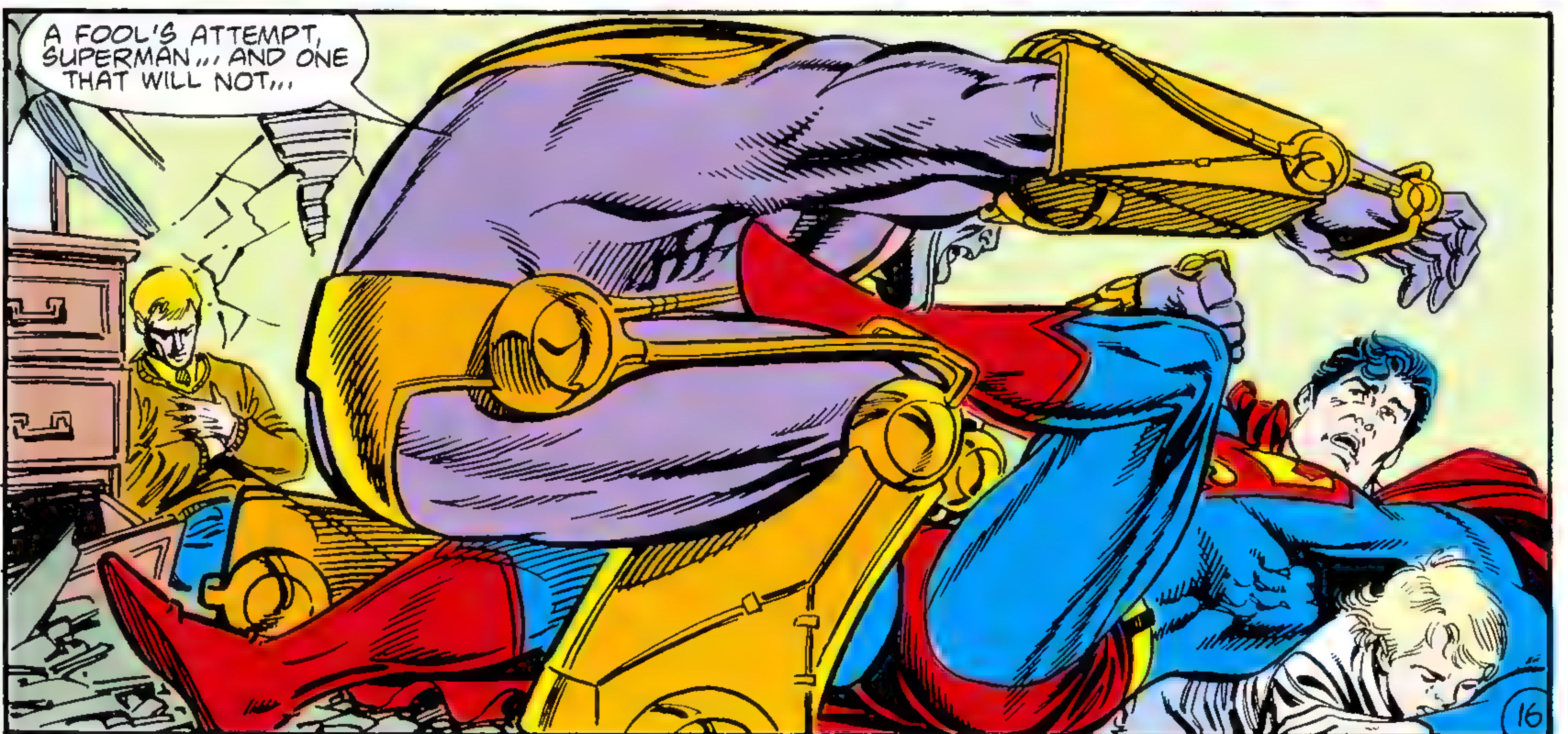
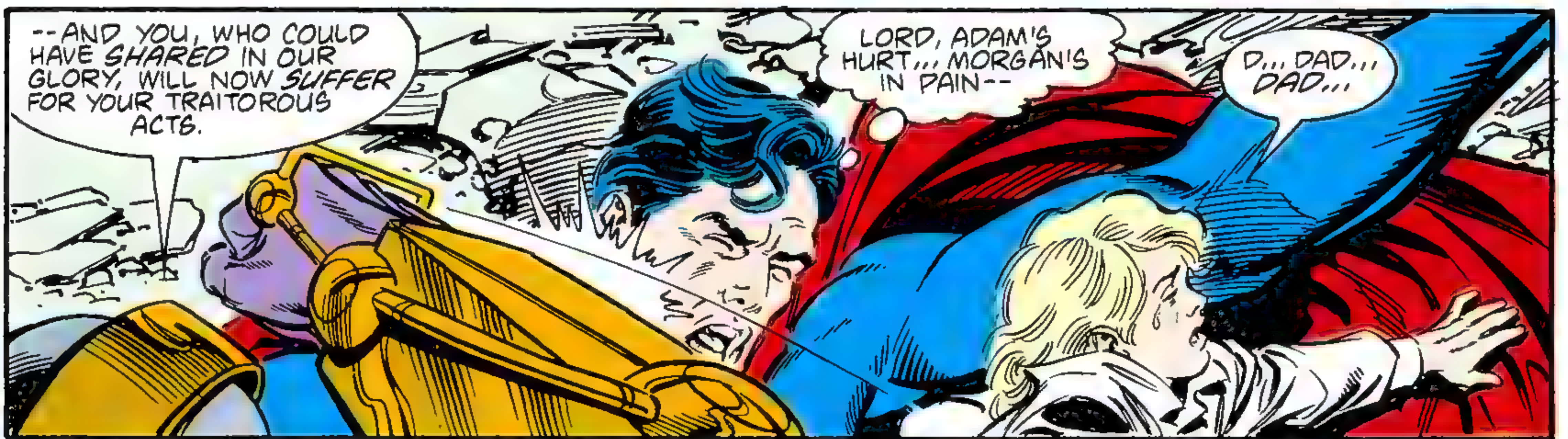
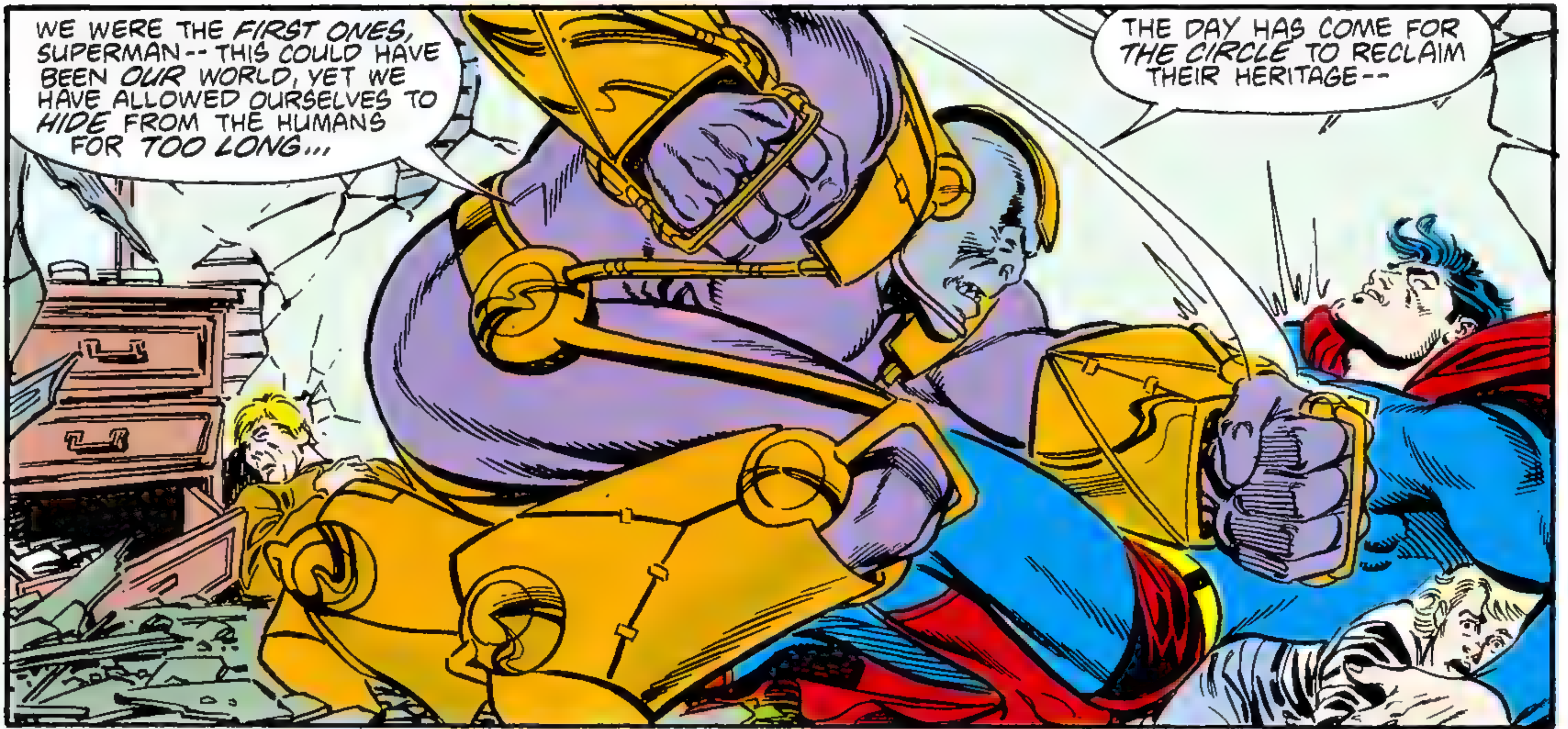
NOW HE'S MINE!

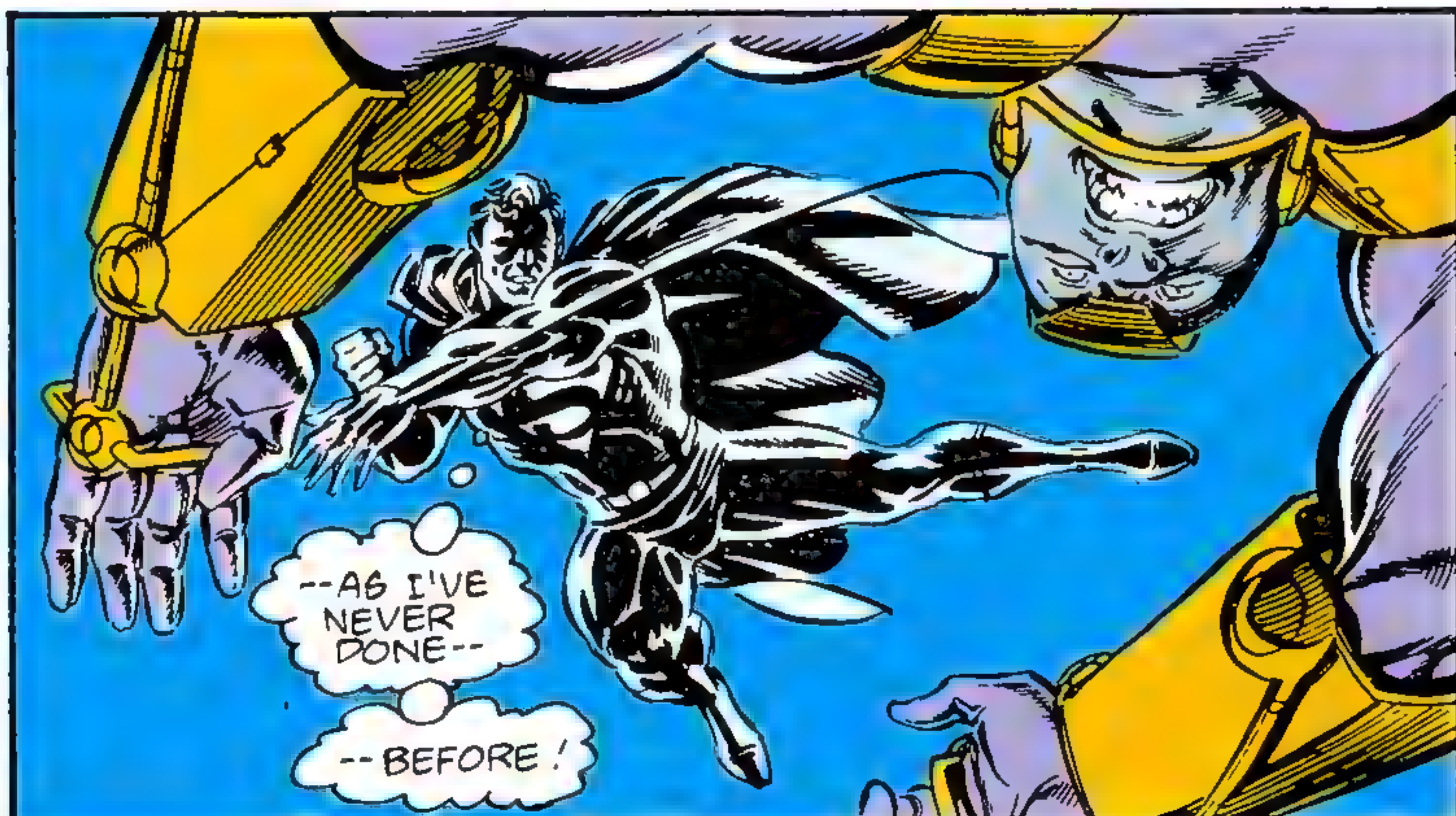
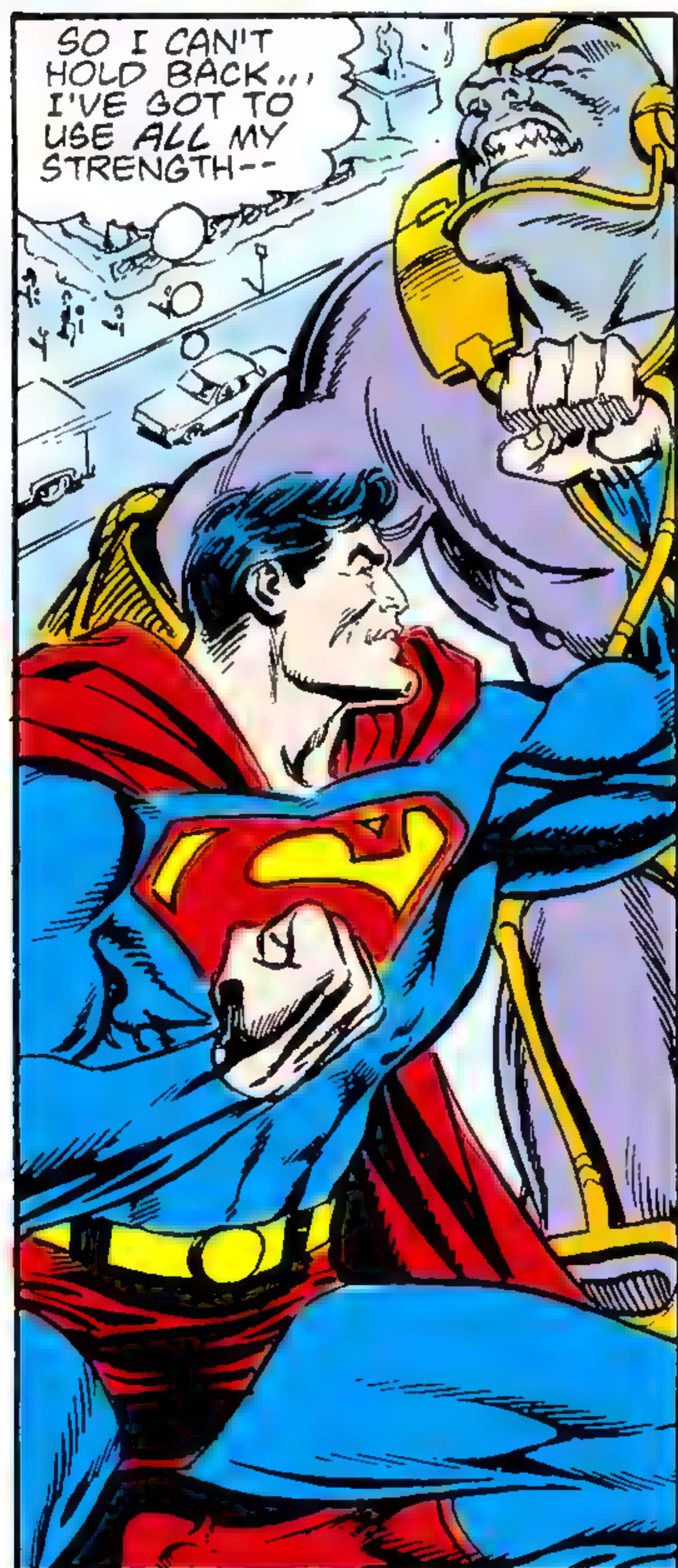
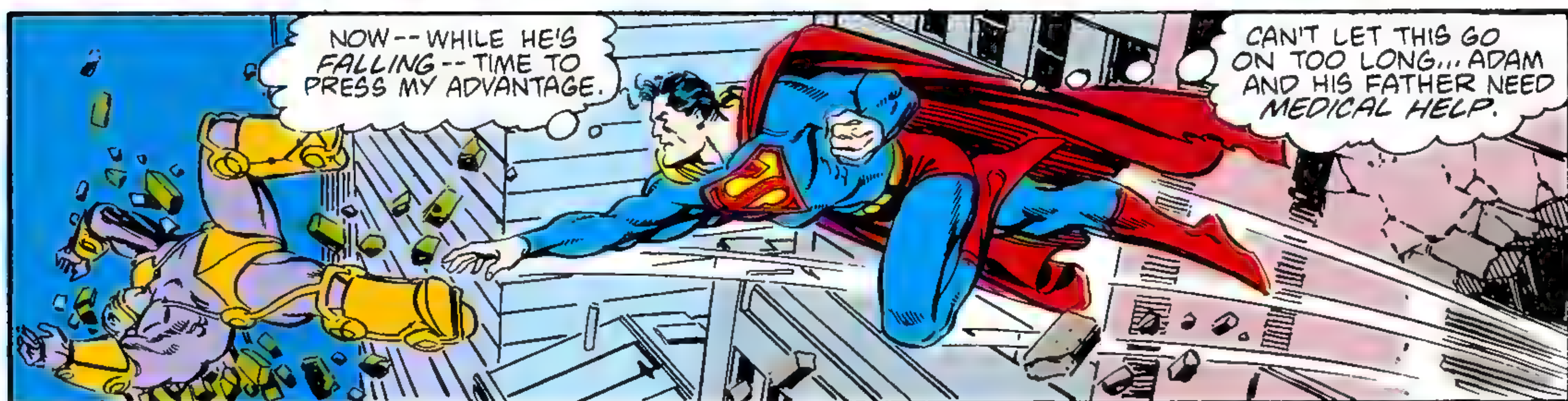
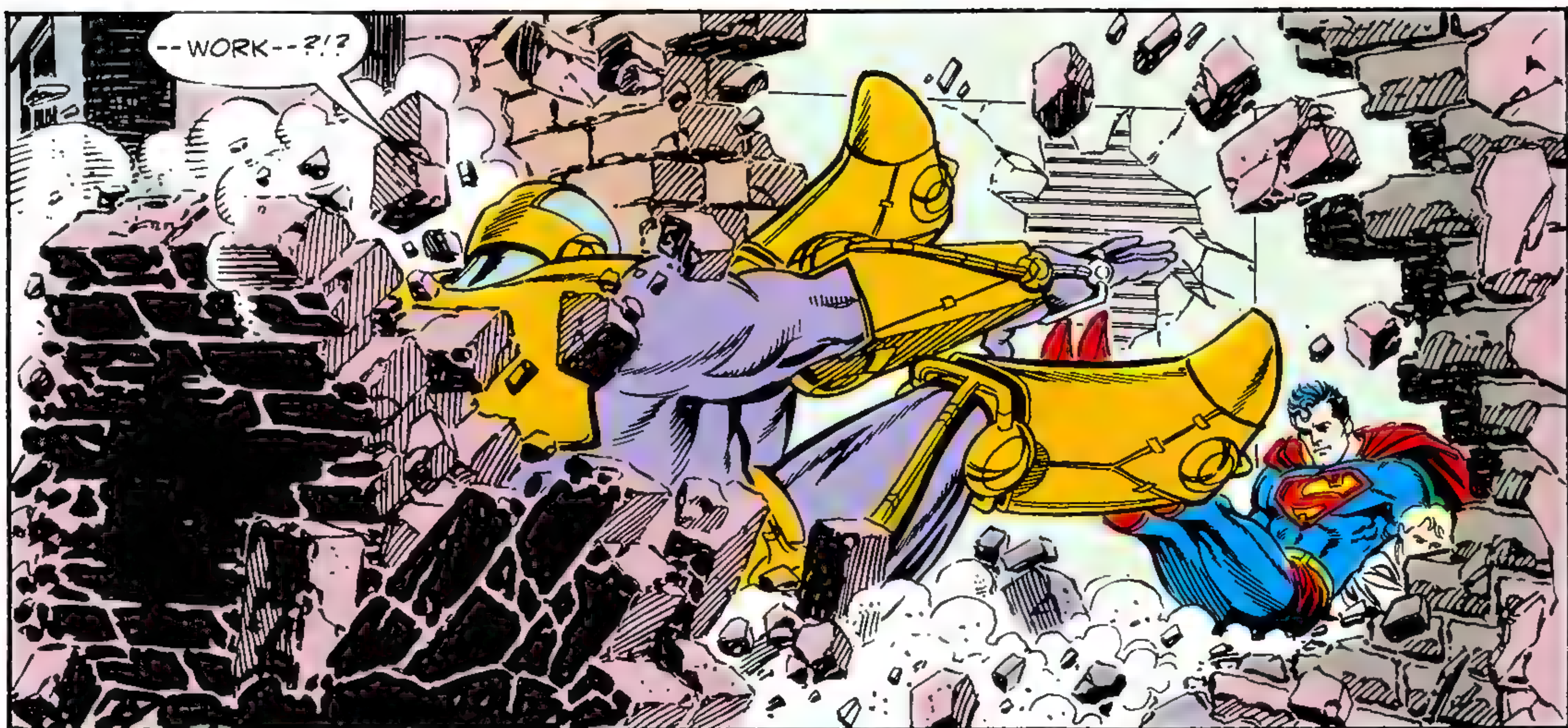


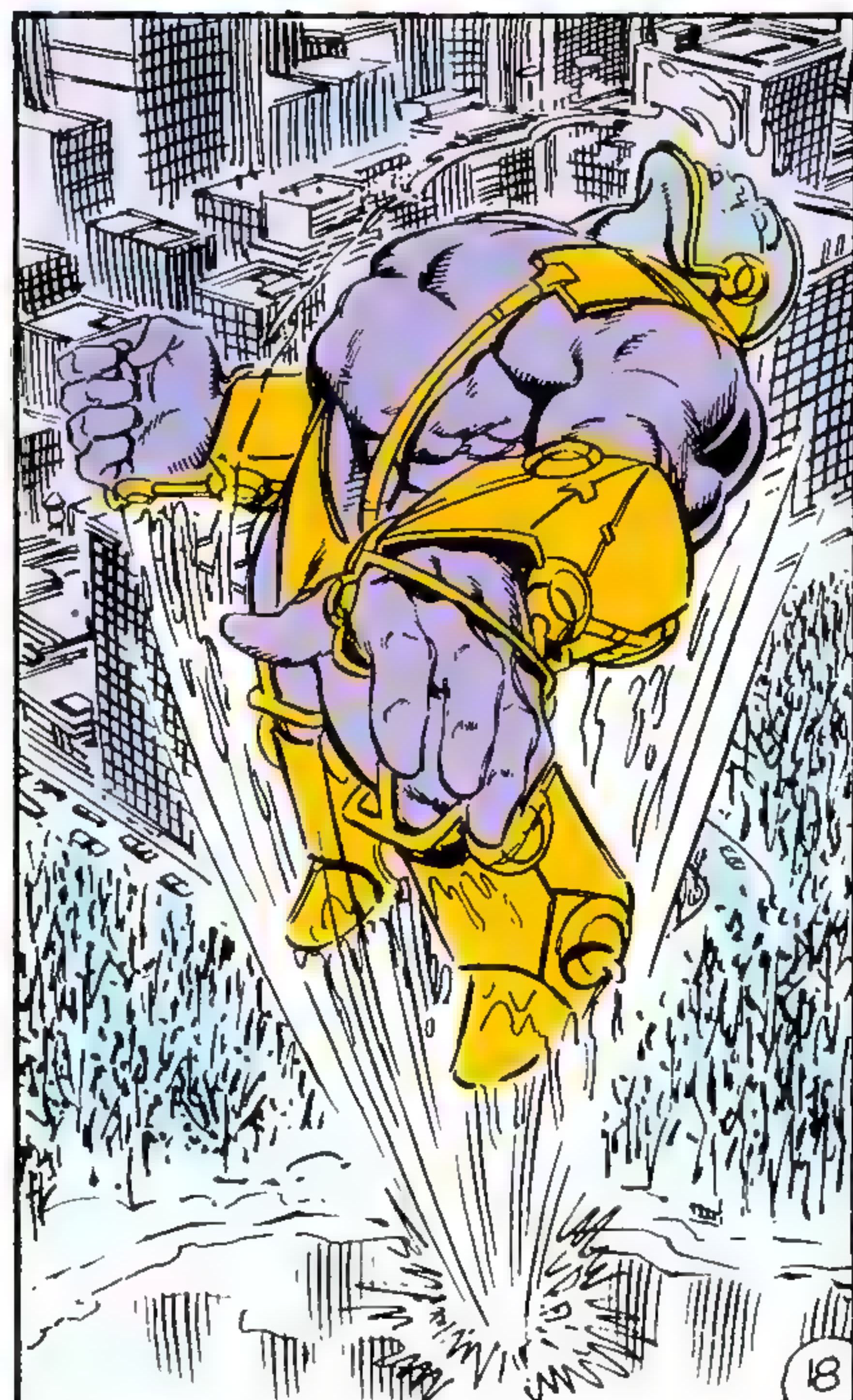
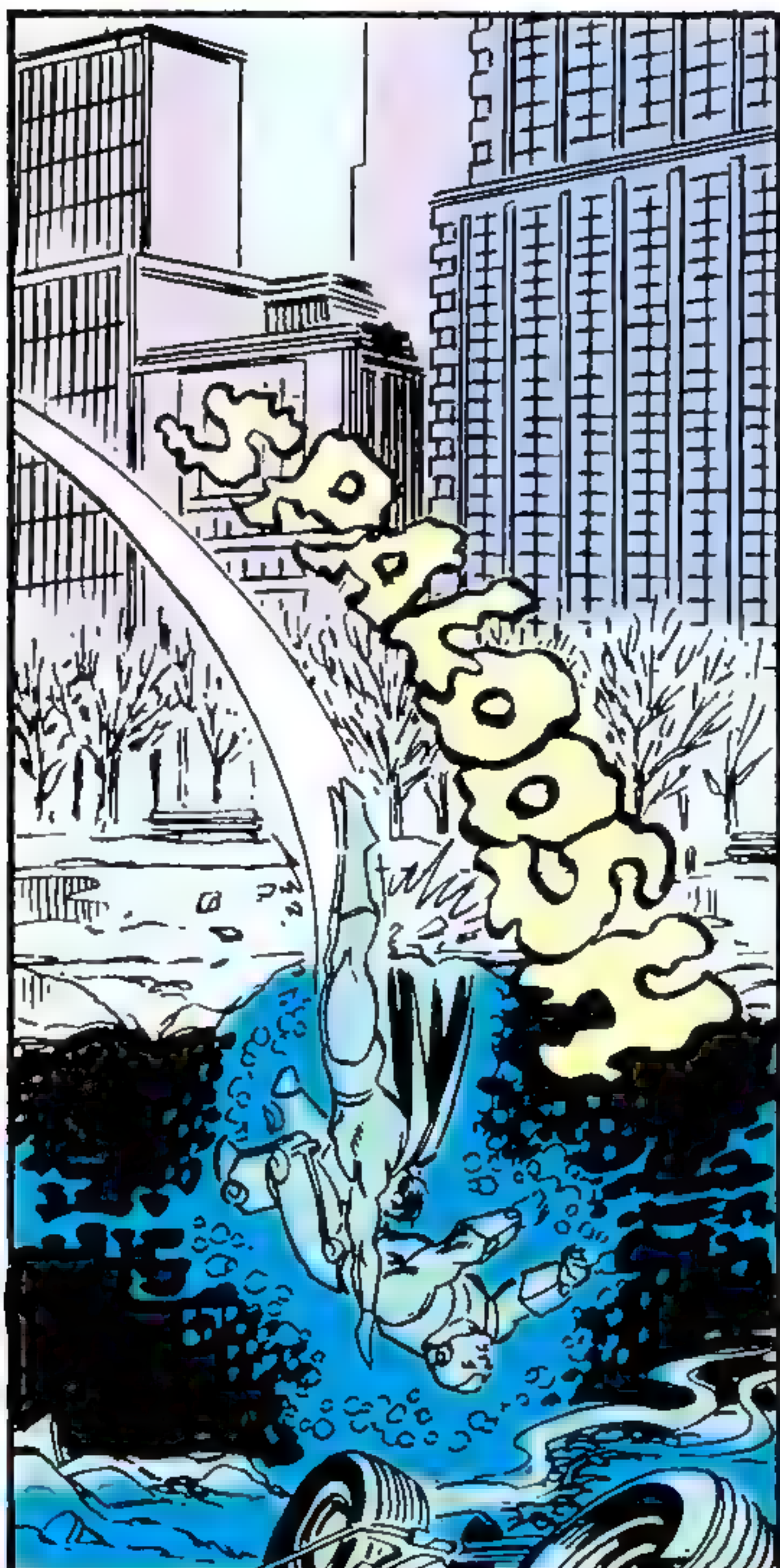
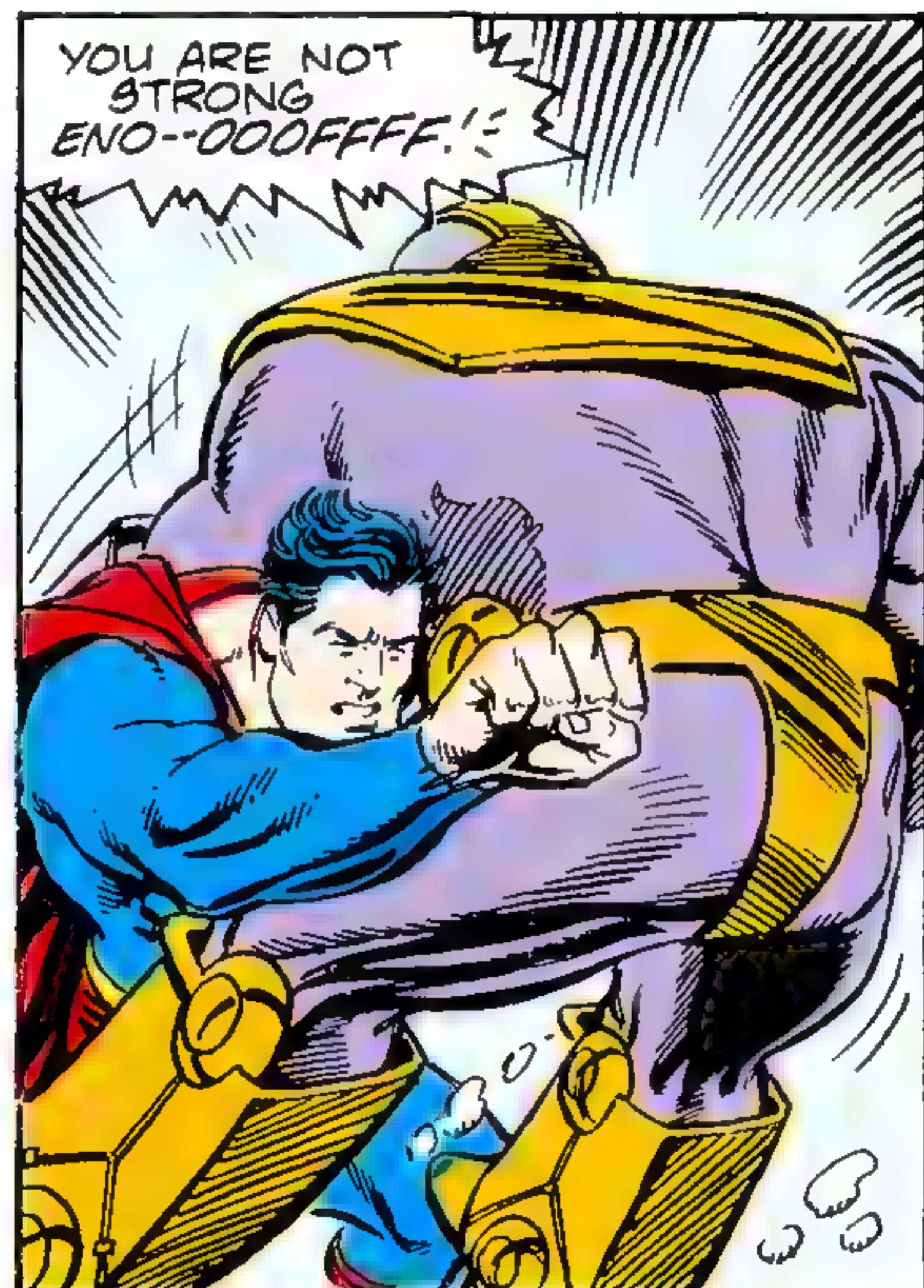
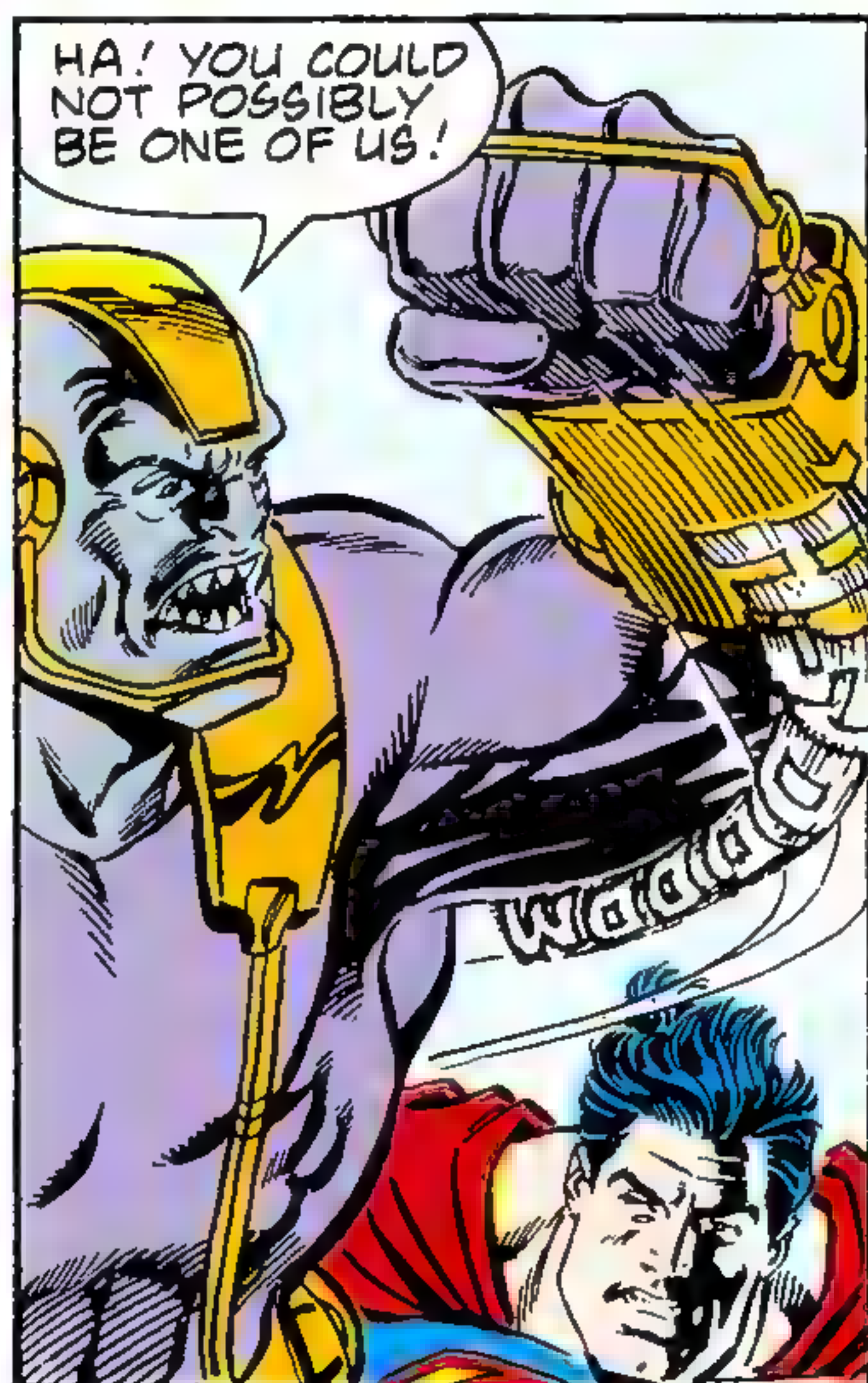
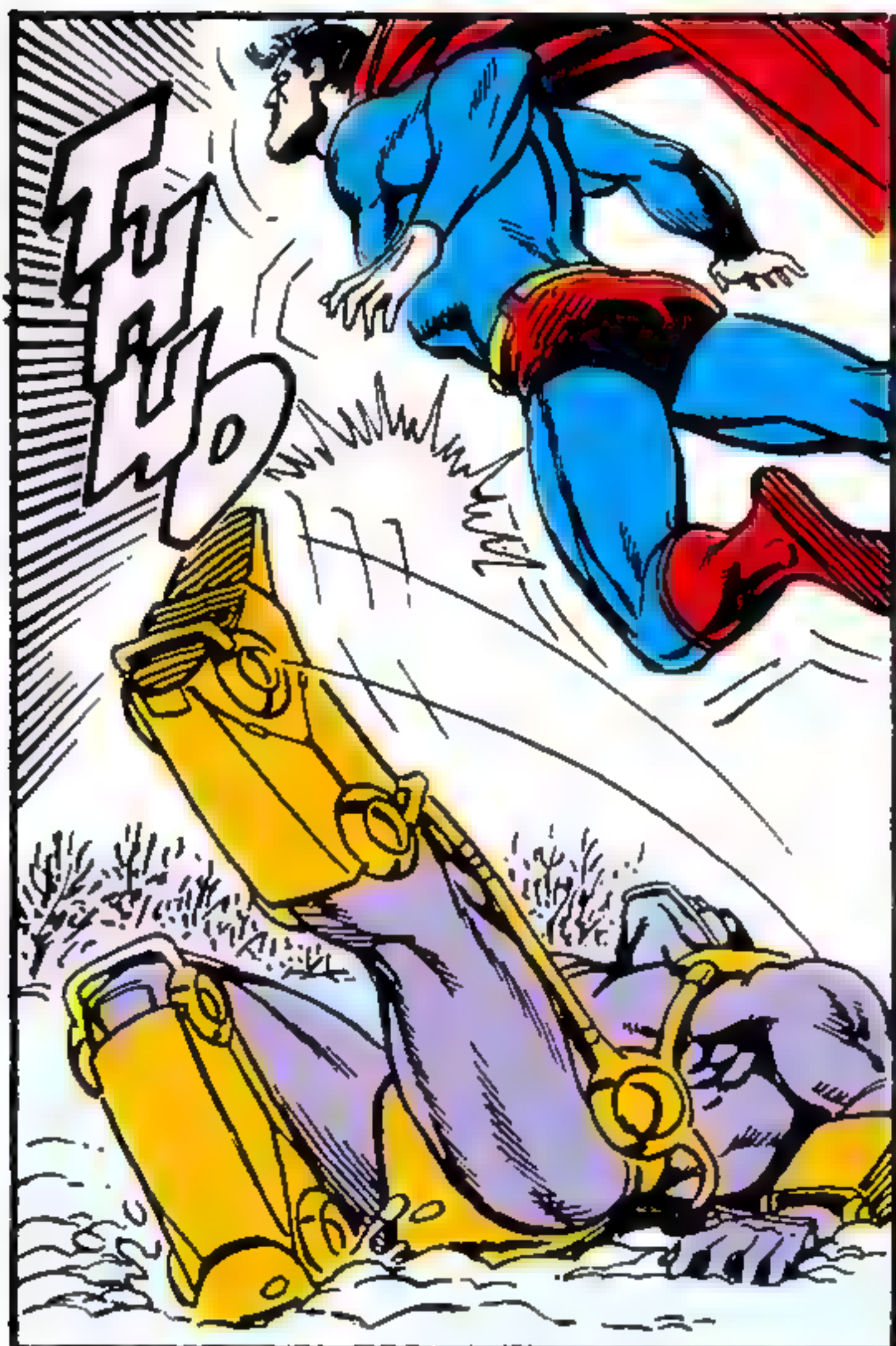


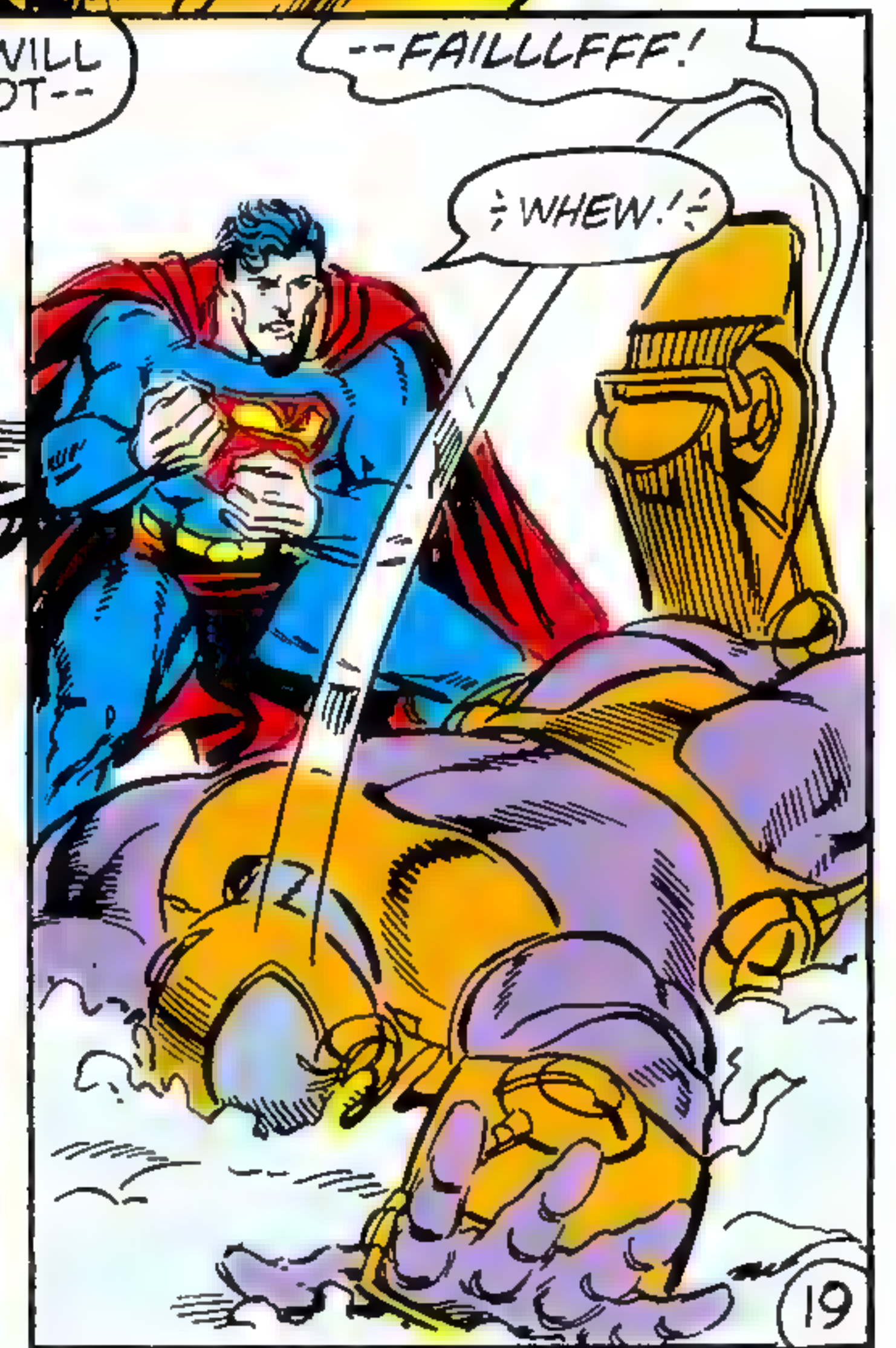
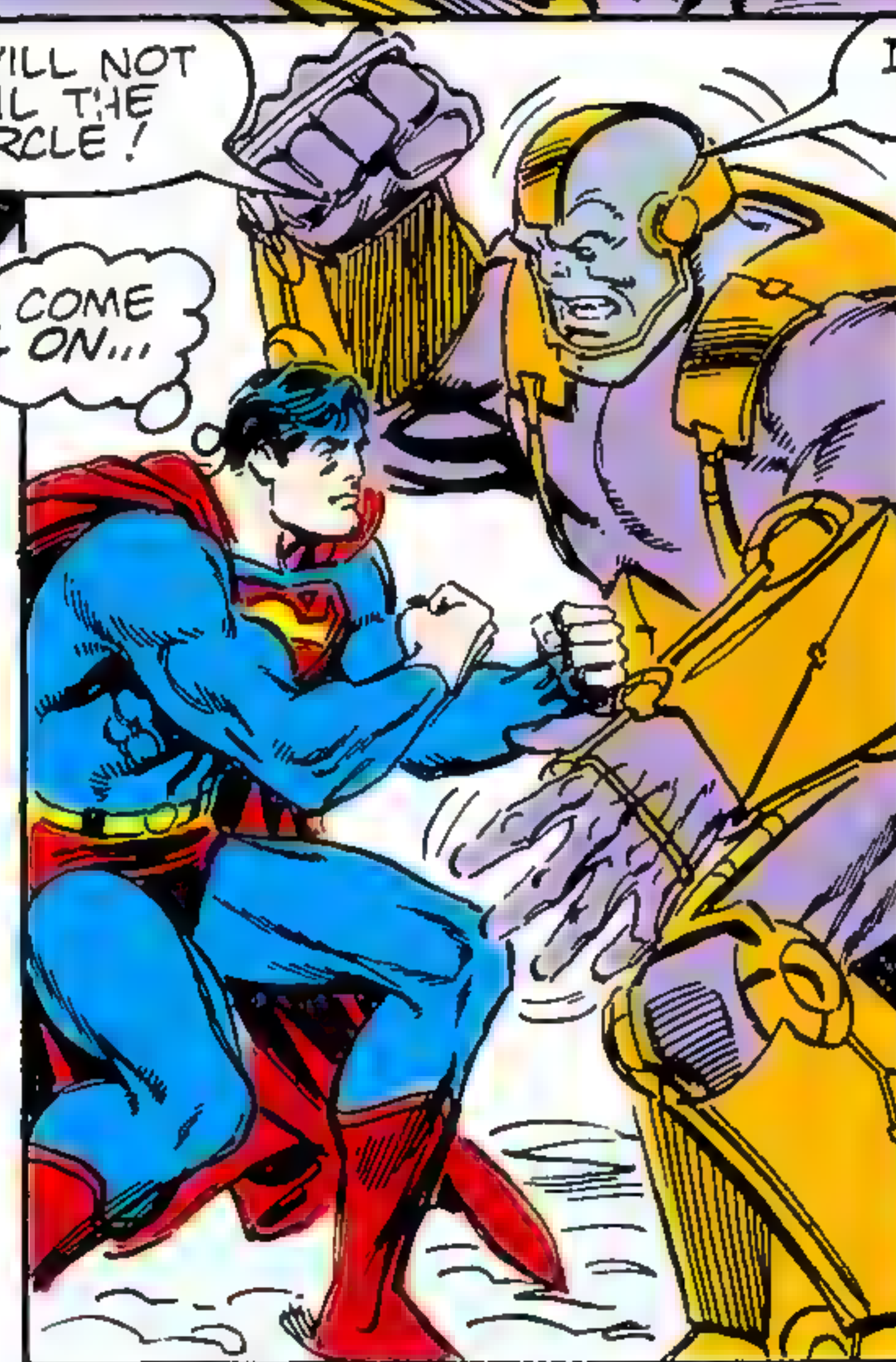
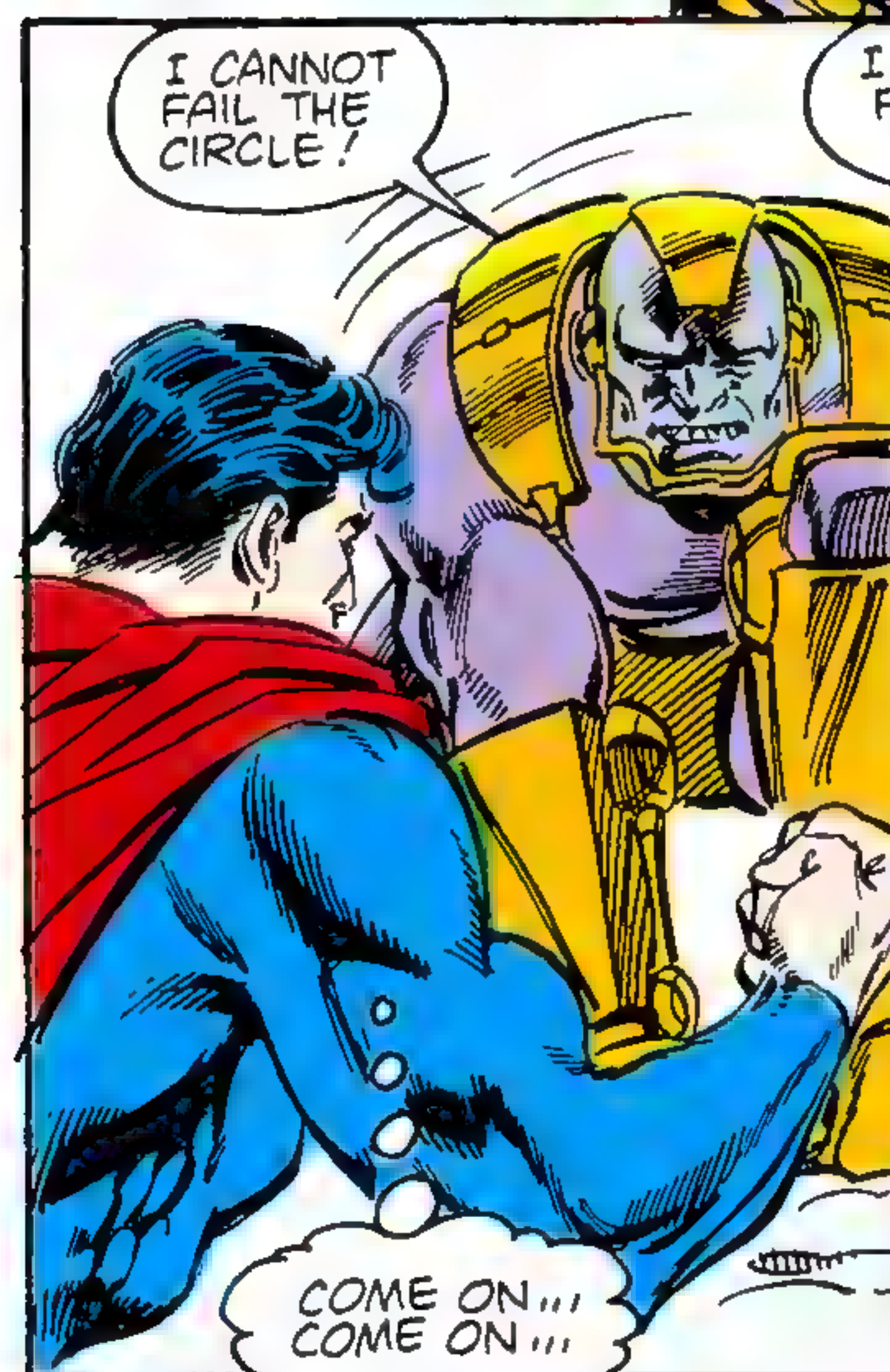
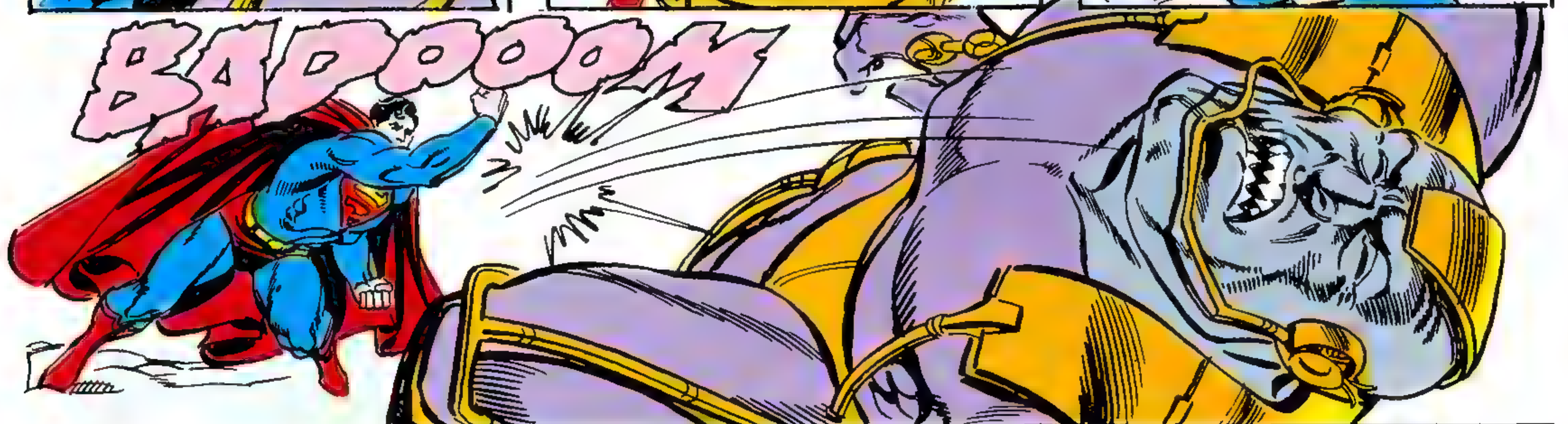
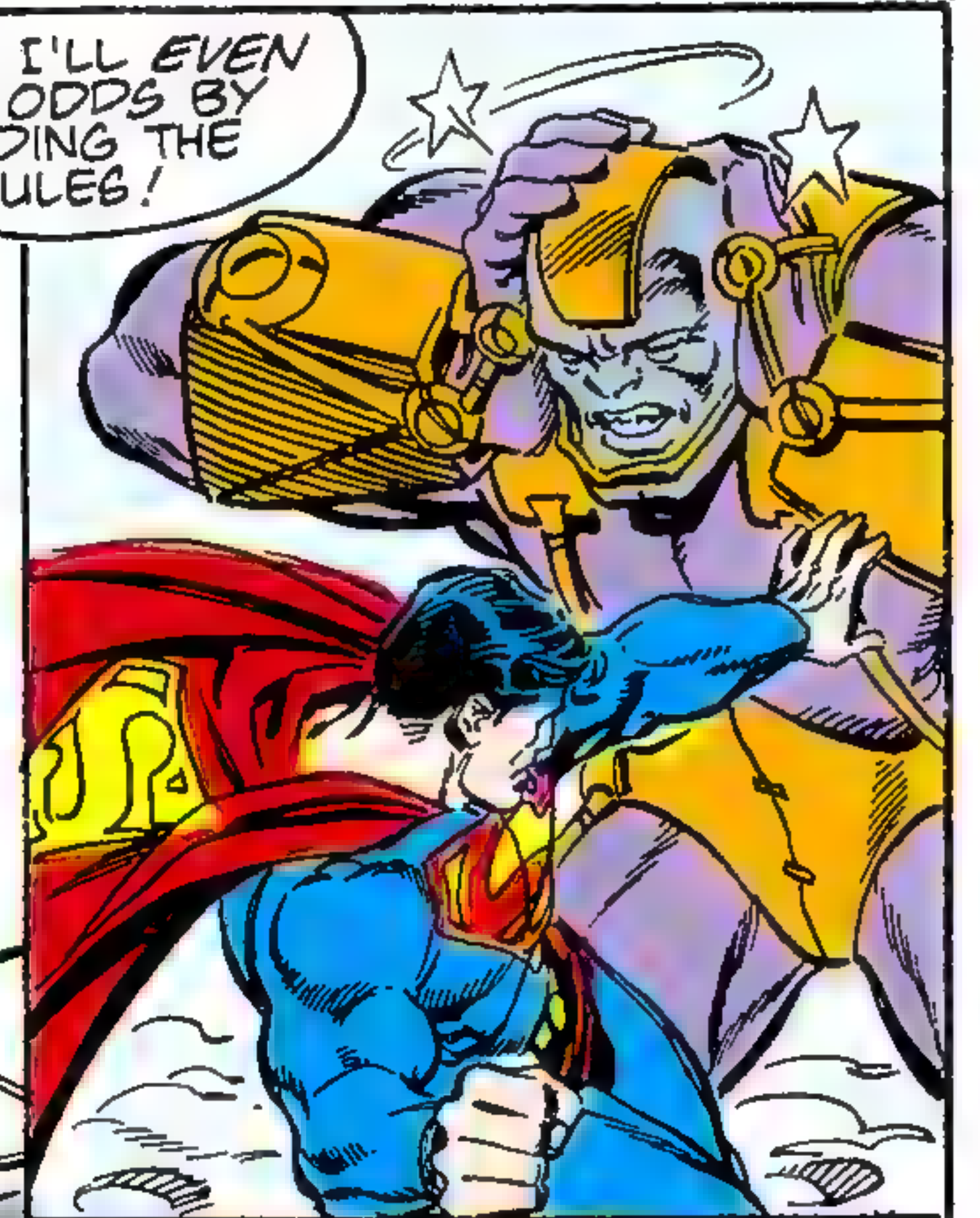
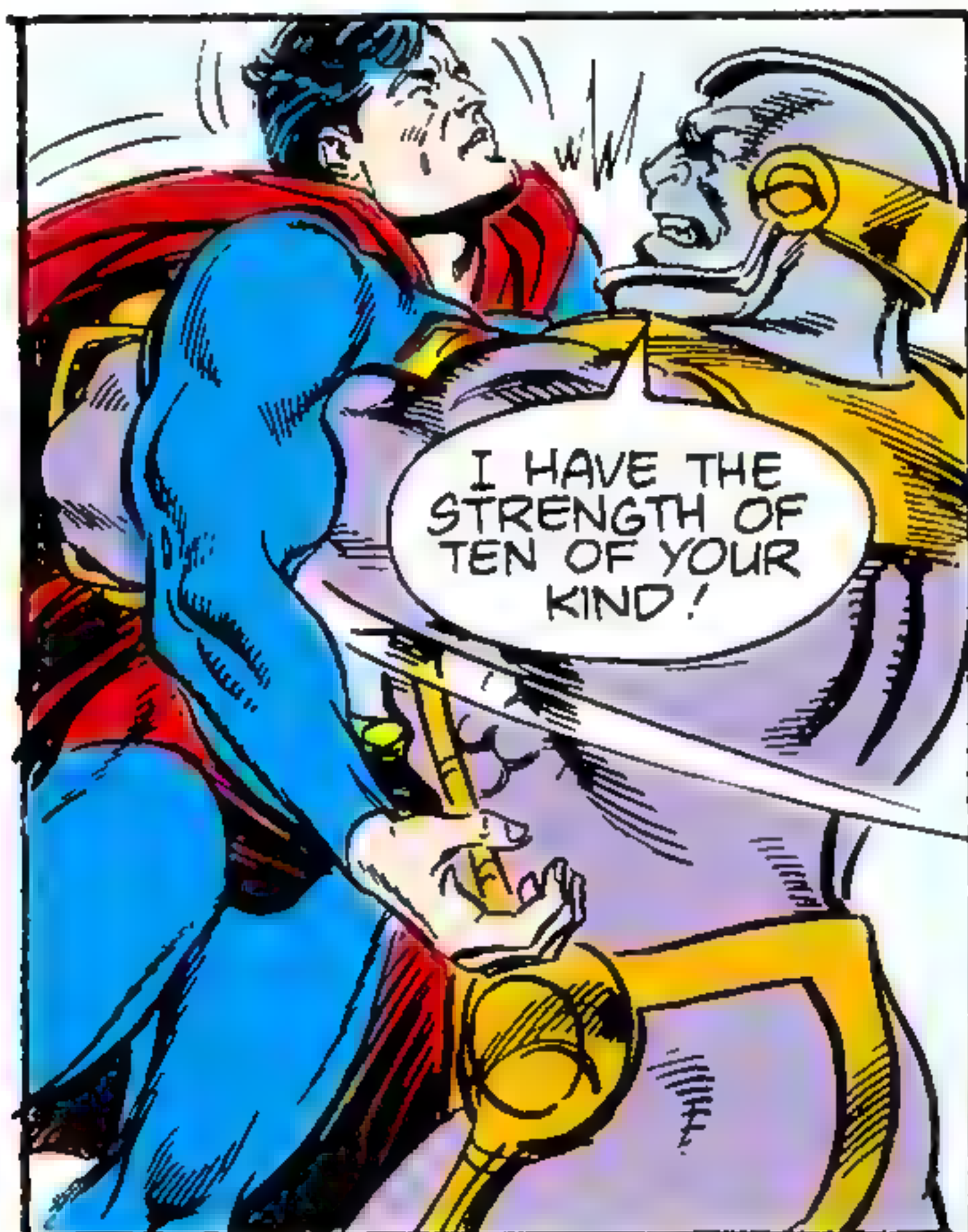
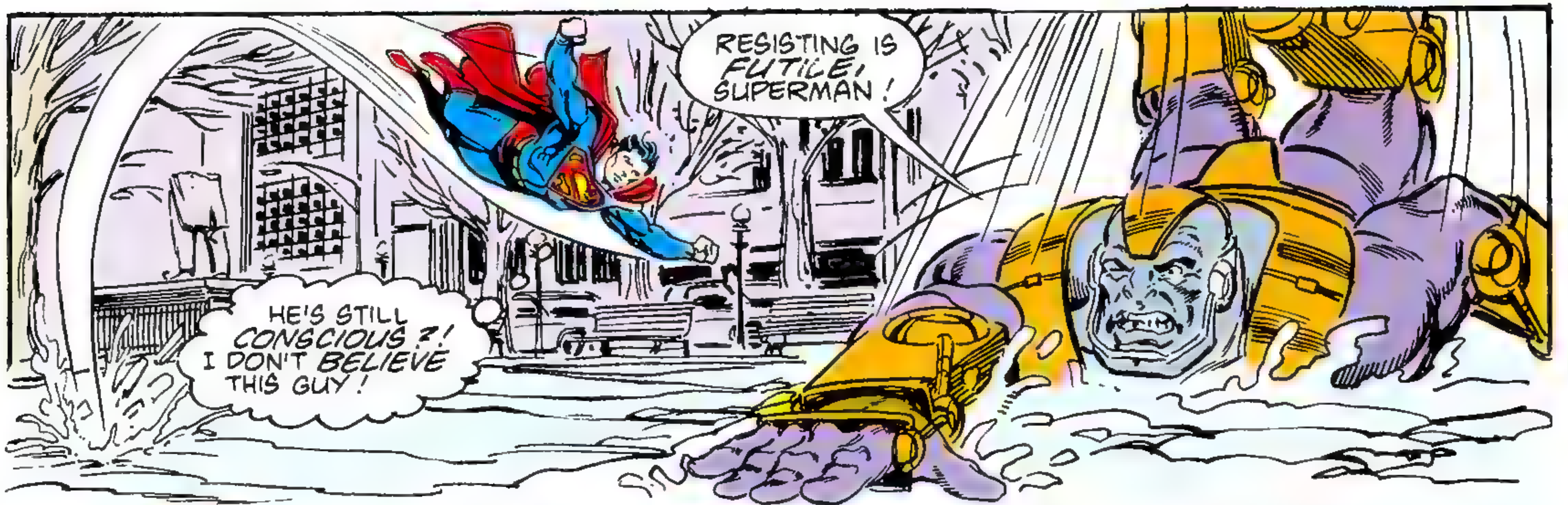


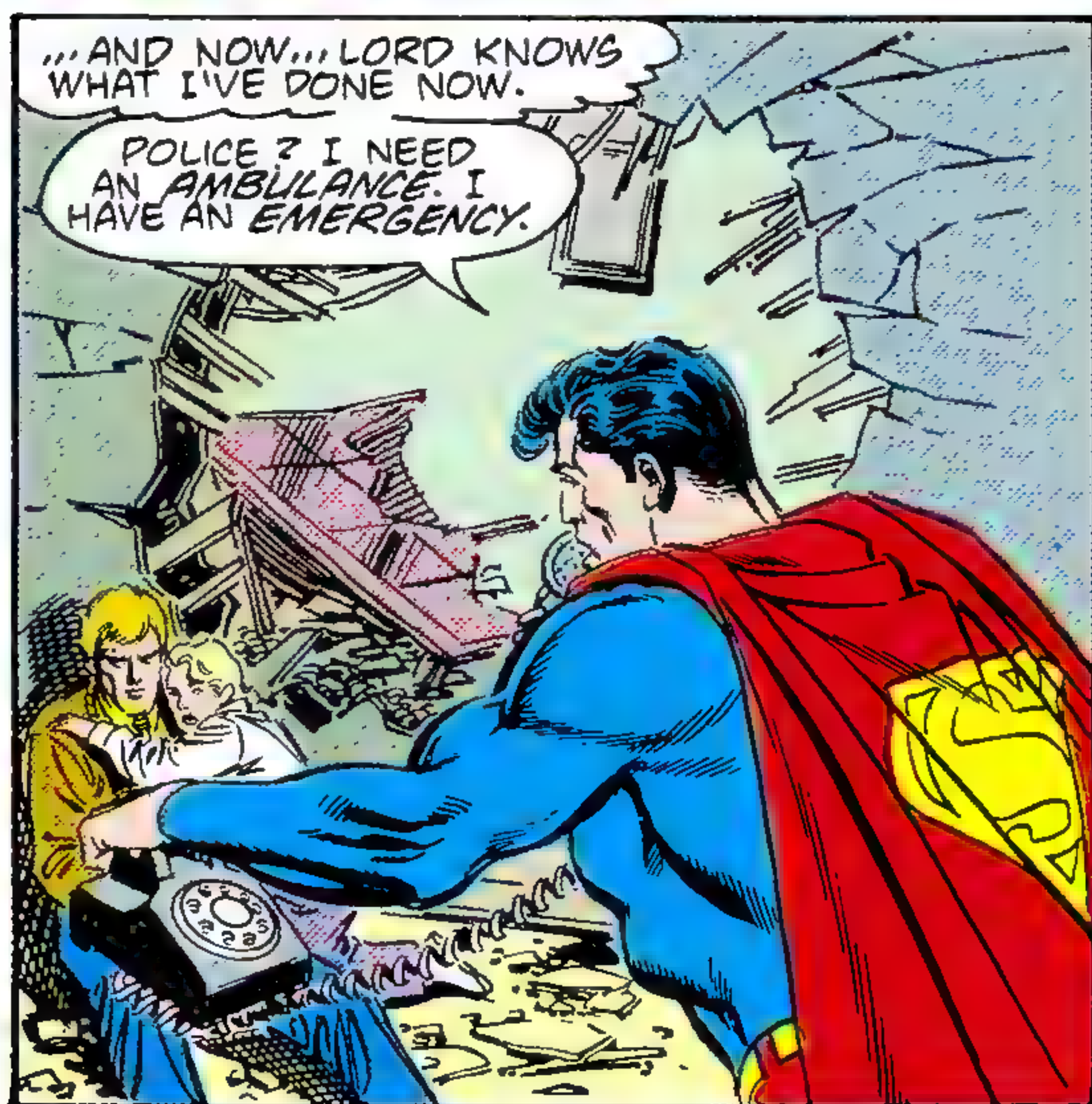
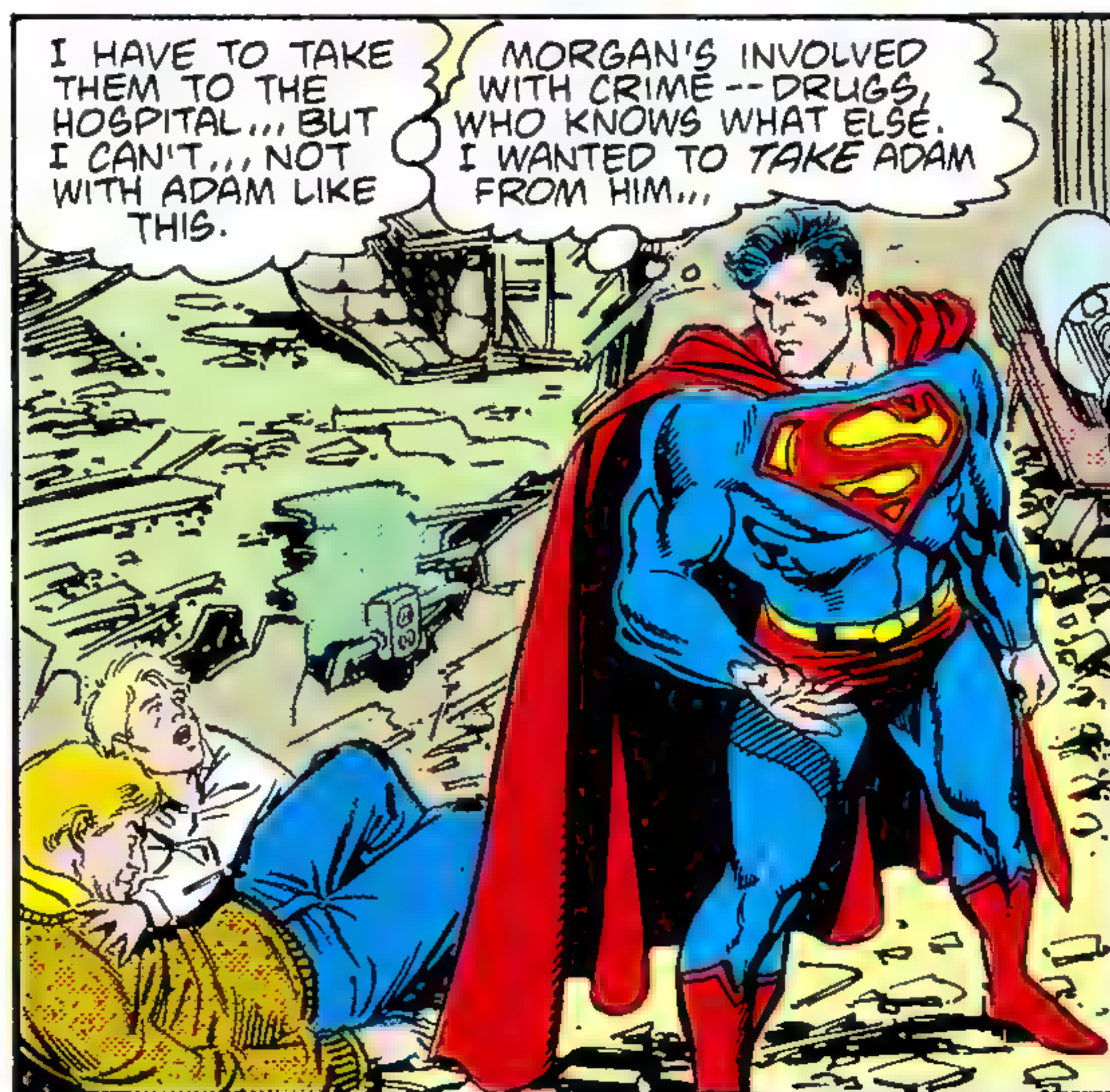
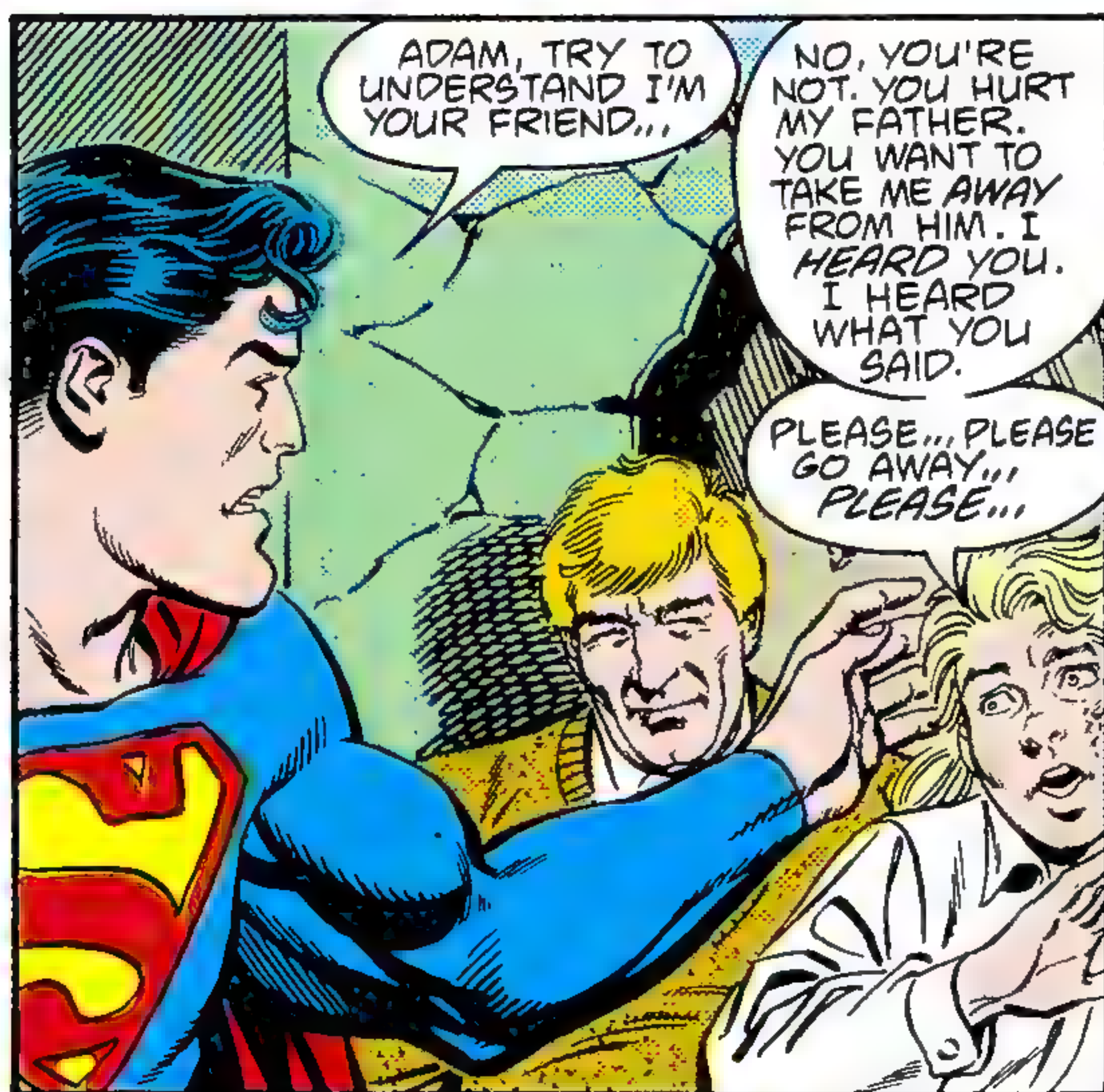
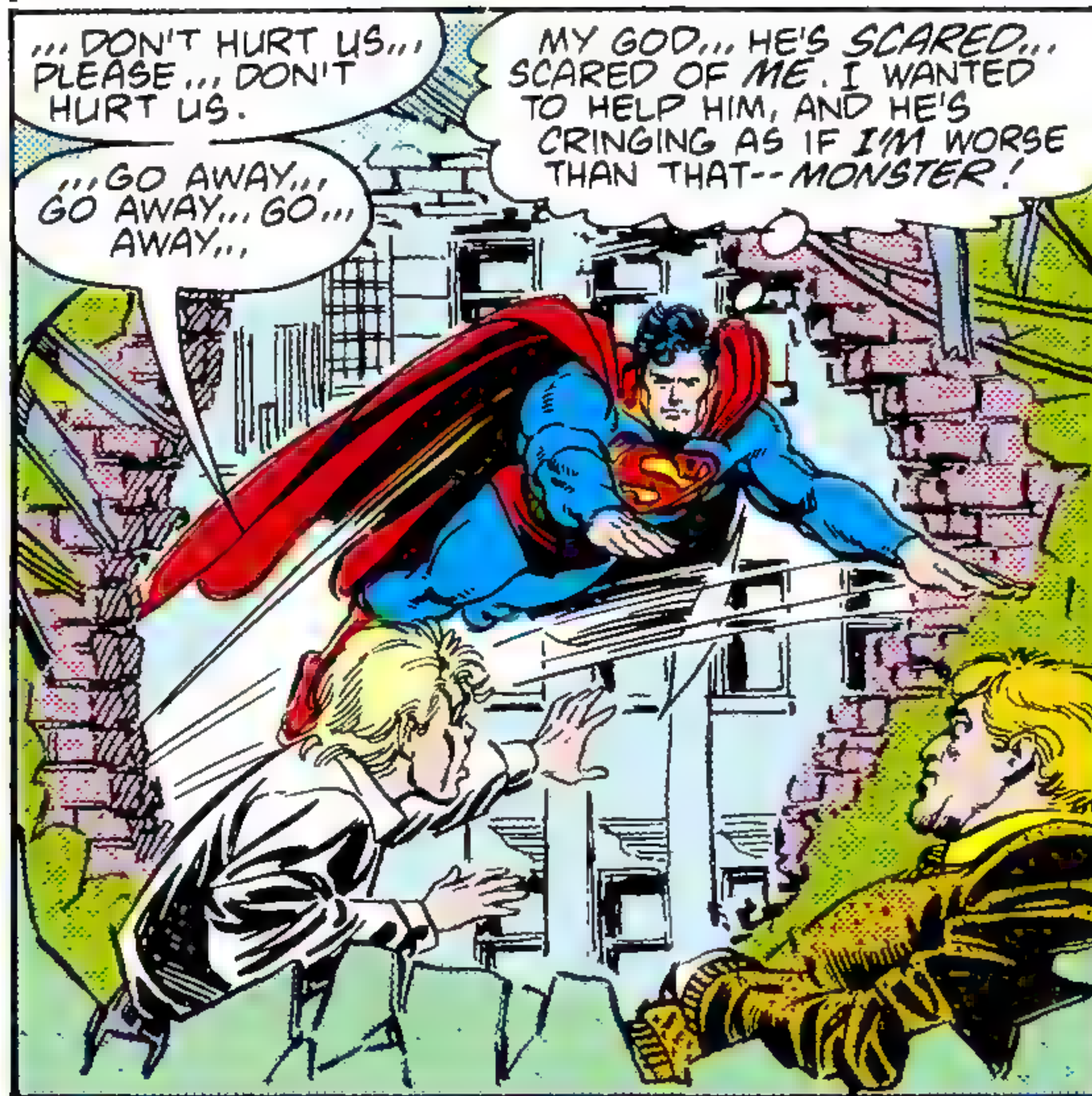


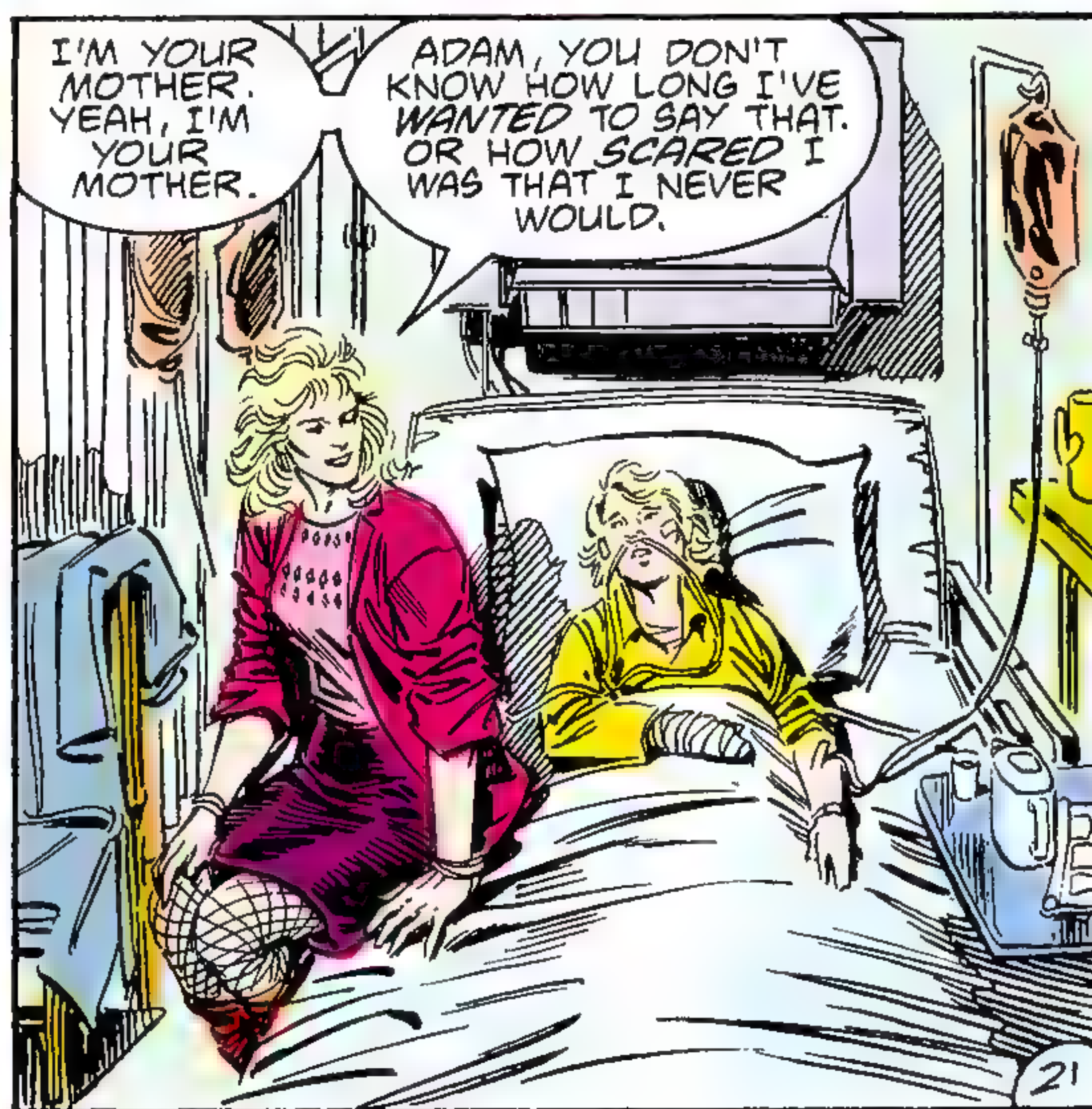
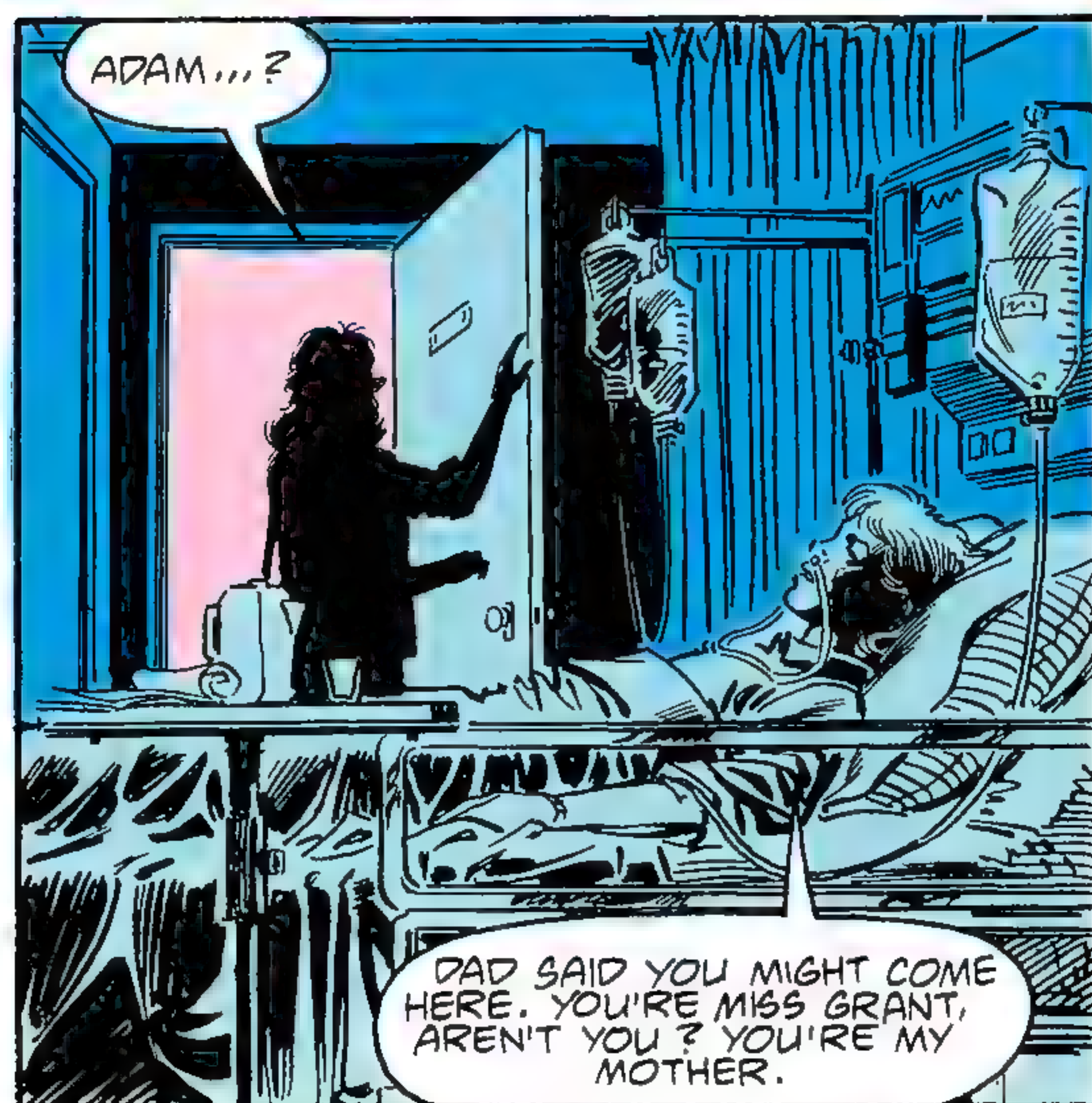
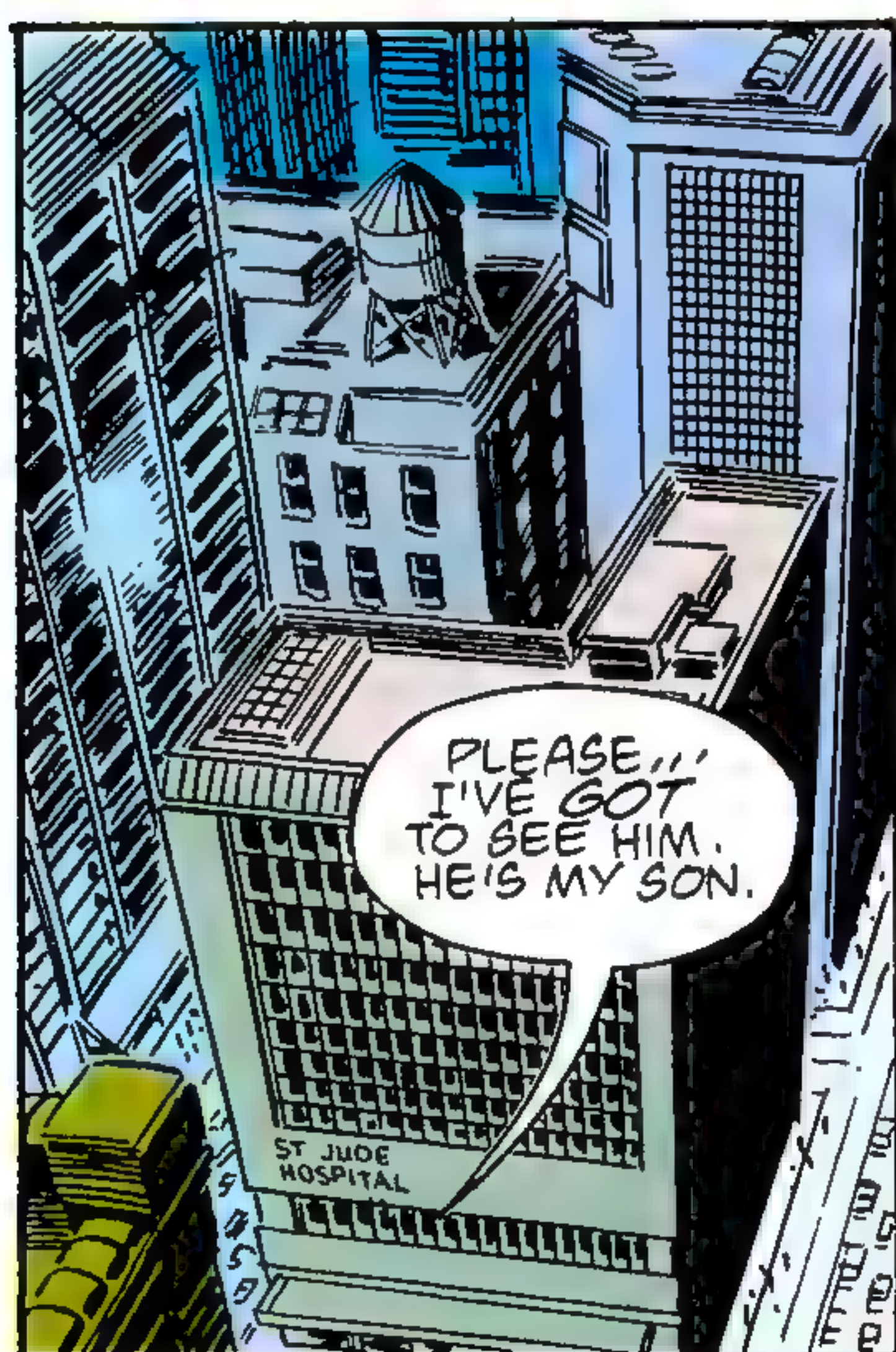
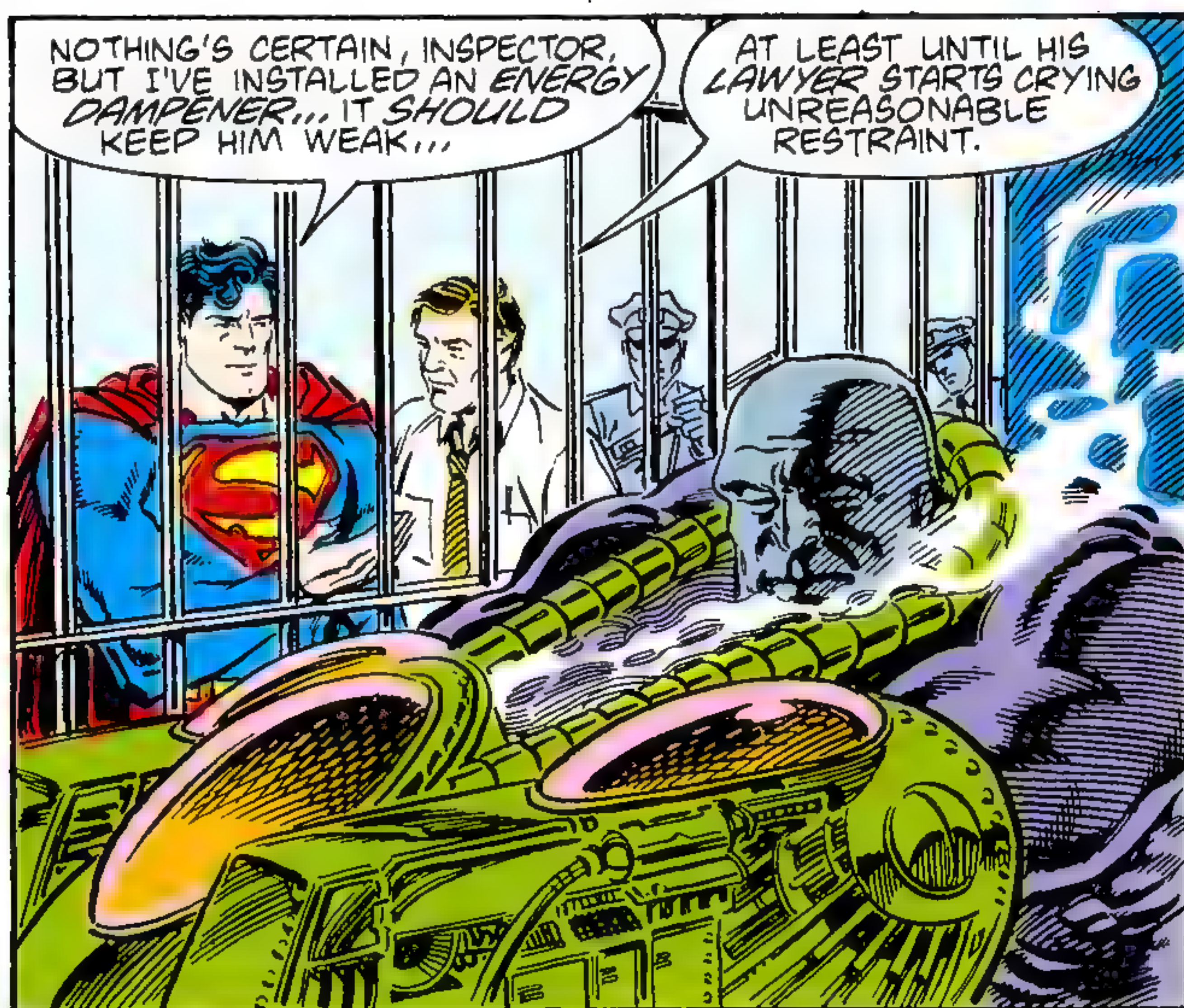


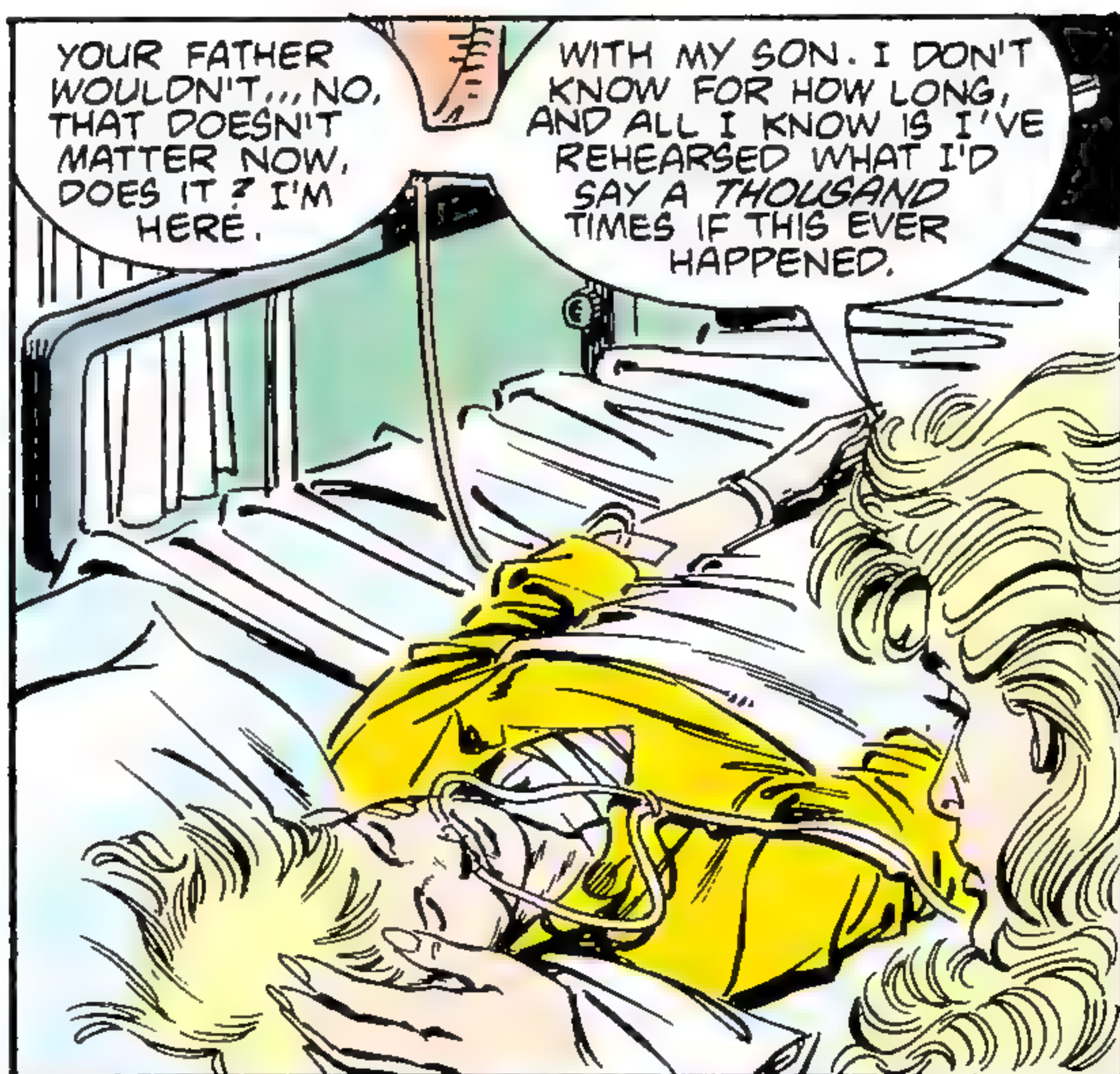






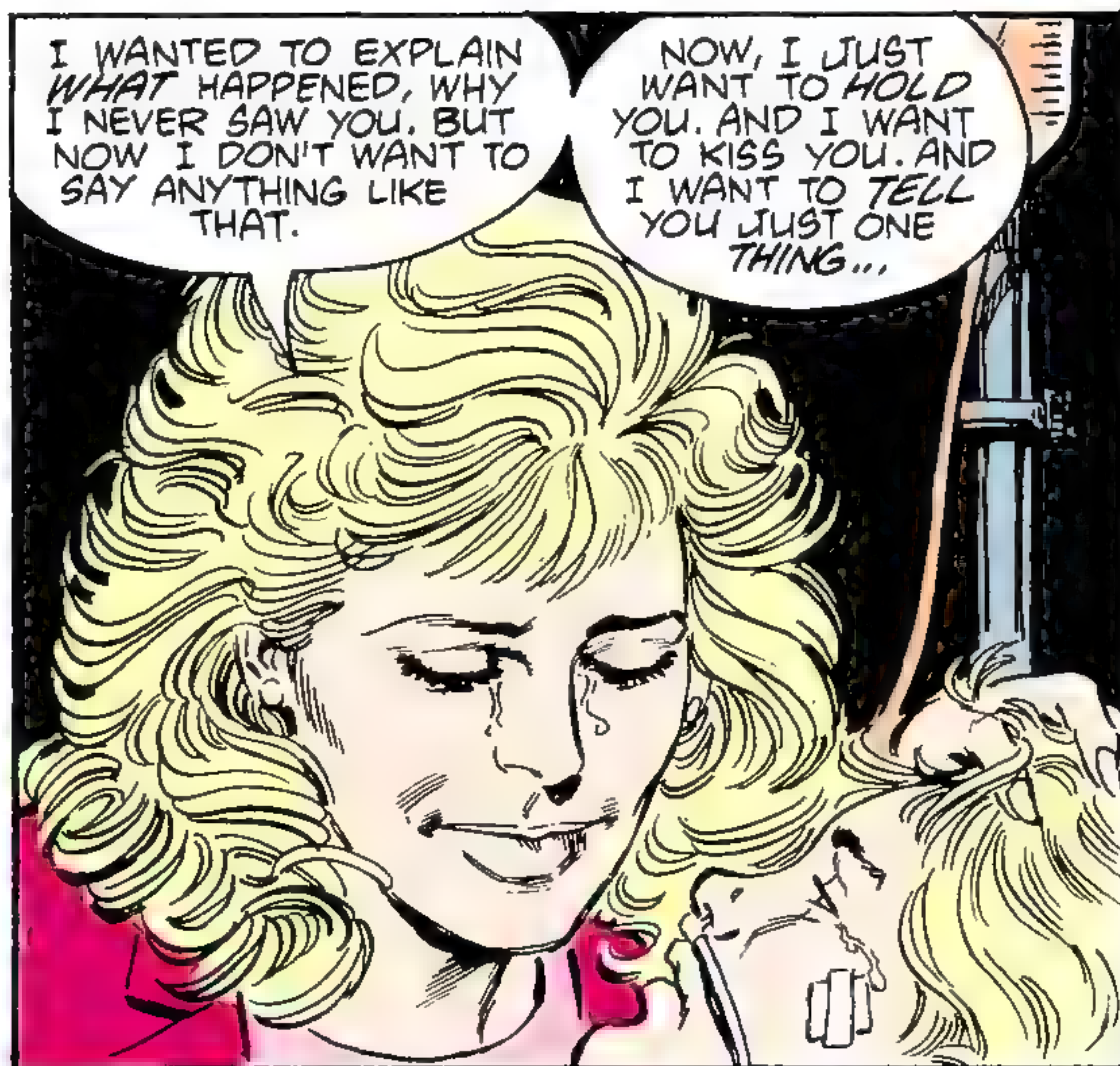






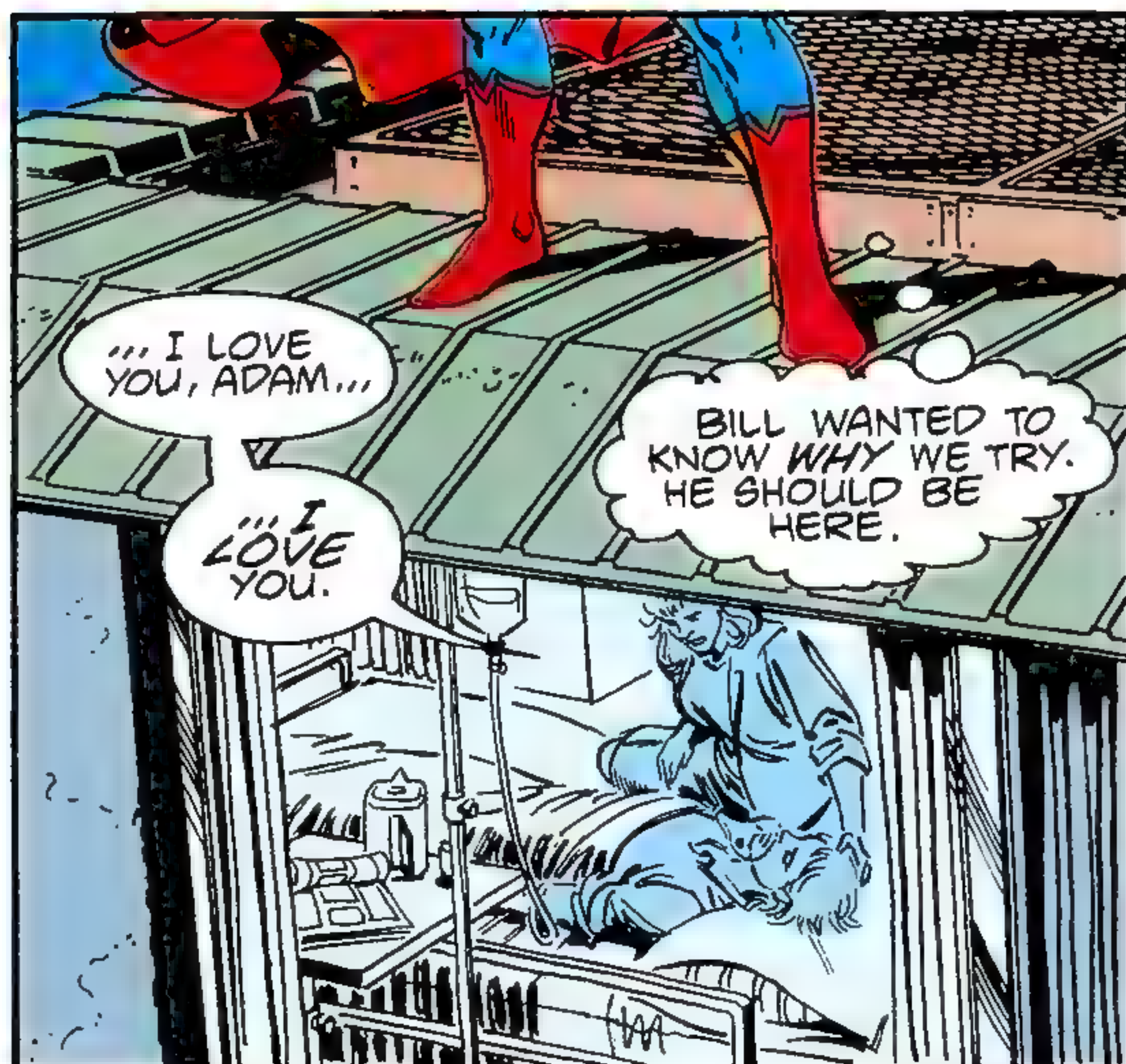
YOUR FATHER WOULDN'T... NO, THAT DOESN'T MATTER NOW, DOES IT? I'M HERE.

WITH MY SON. I DON'T KNOW FOR HOW LONG, AND ALL I KNOW IS I'VE REHEARSED WHAT I'D SAY A THOUSAND TIMES IF THIS EVER HAPPENED.



I WANTED TO EXPLAIN WHAT HAPPENED, WHY I NEVER SAW YOU. BUT NOW I DON'T WANT TO SAY ANYTHING LIKE THAT.

NOW, I JUST WANT TO HOLD YOU. AND I WANT TO KISS YOU. AND I WANT TO TELL YOU JUST ONE THING...



... I LOVE YOU, ADAM...

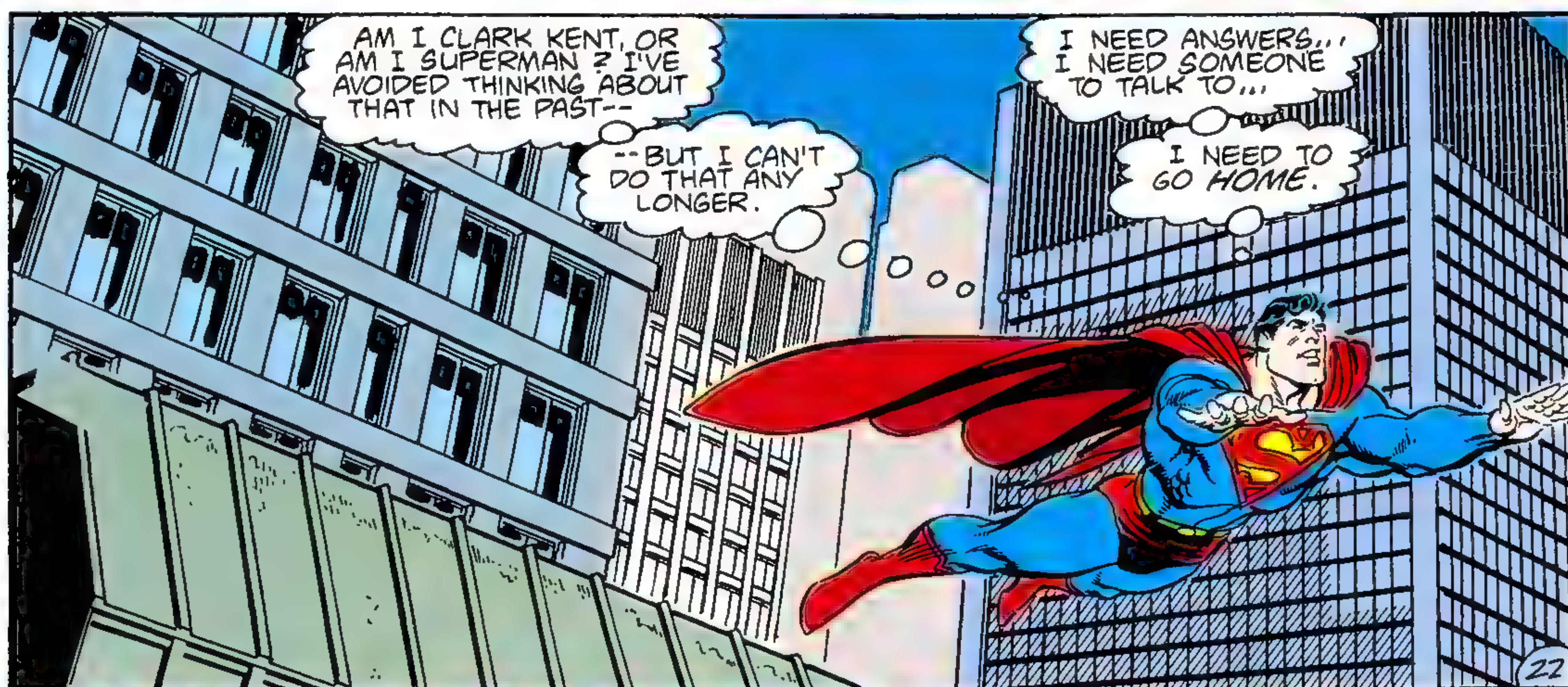
... I LOVE YOU.

BILL WANTED TO KNOW WHY WE TRY. HE SHOULD BE HERE.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAT OR ADAM WILL THINK OF SUPERMAN, BUT RIGHT NOW THAT DOESN'T MATTER ALL THAT MUCH.

BUT UNFORTUNATELY, I'M BEGINNING TO HAVE SOME DOUBTS... WHY DID I GO TO MORGAN? I'VE TRIED SO HARD TO SEPARATE THE CLARK KENT PART OF MY LIFE FROM MY SUPERMAN SIDE...

...SO WHY DID I LET THEM CROSS OVER LIKE THAT?



AM I CLARK KENT, OR AM I SUPERMAN? I'VE AVOIDED THINKING ABOUT THAT IN THE PAST--

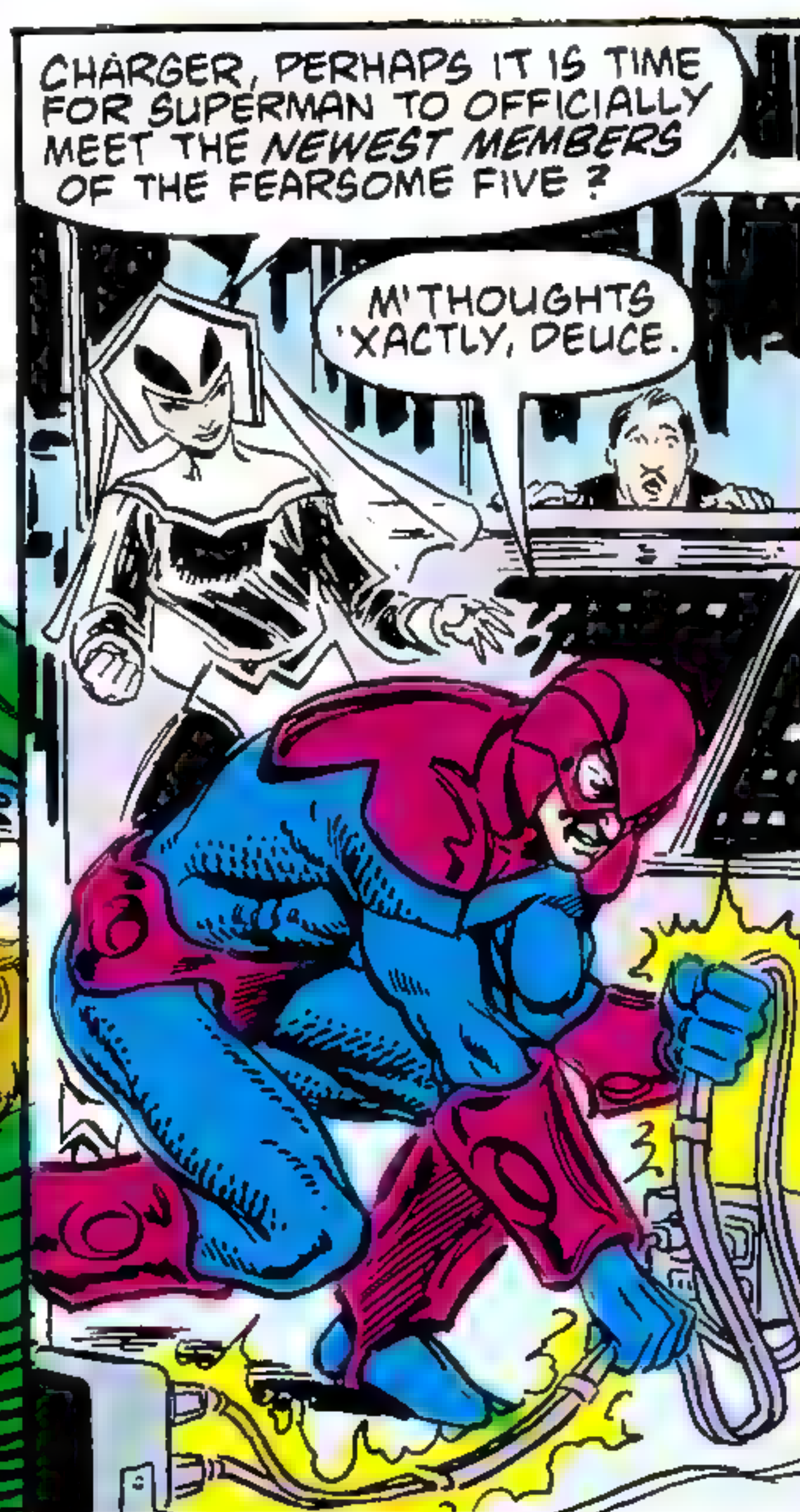
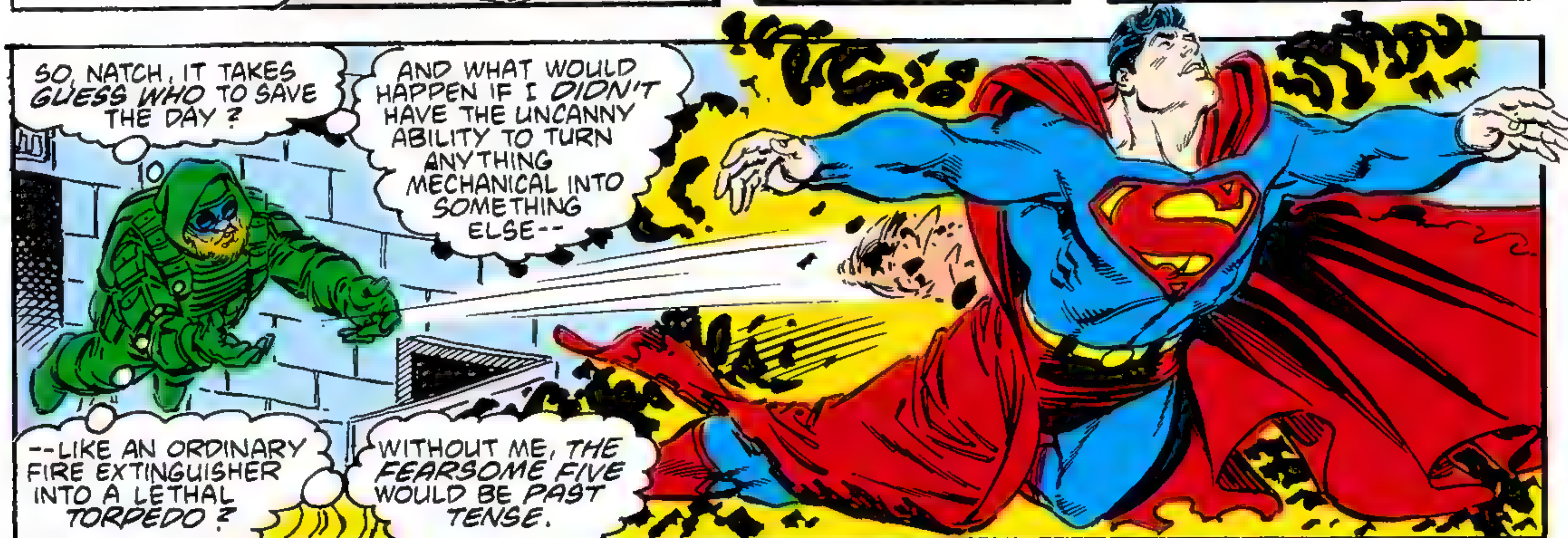
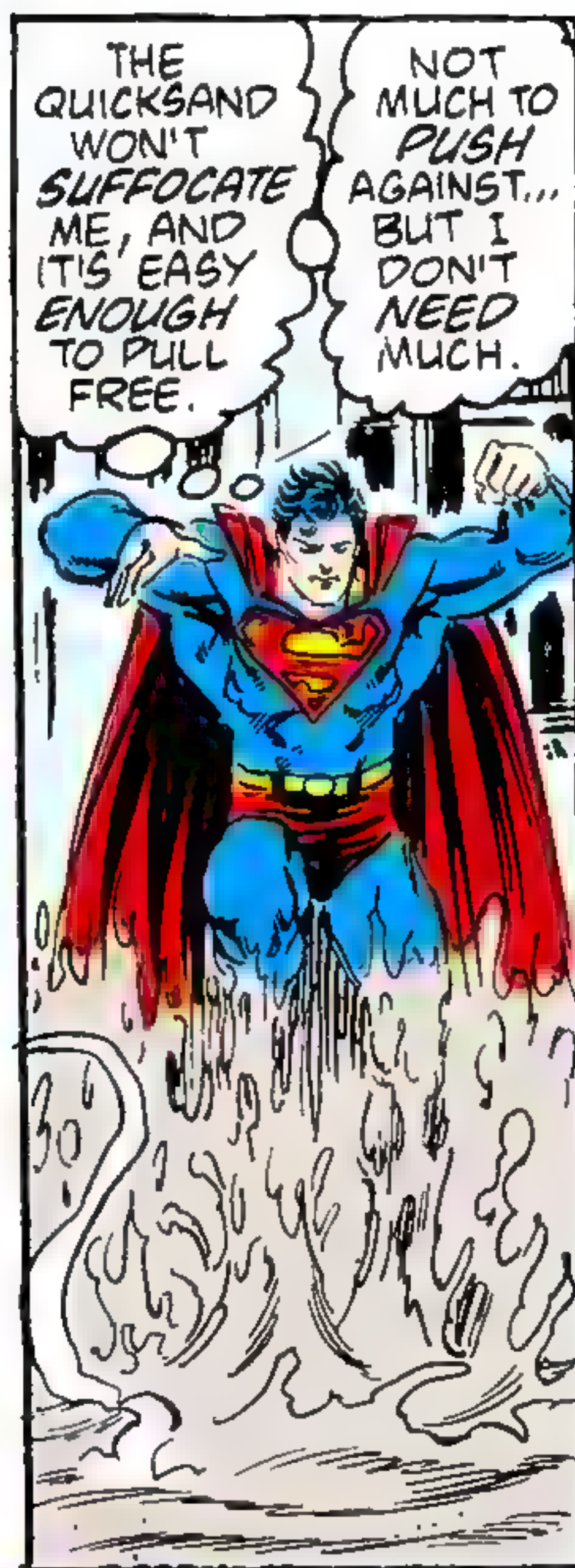
--BUT I CAN'T DO THAT ANY LONGER.

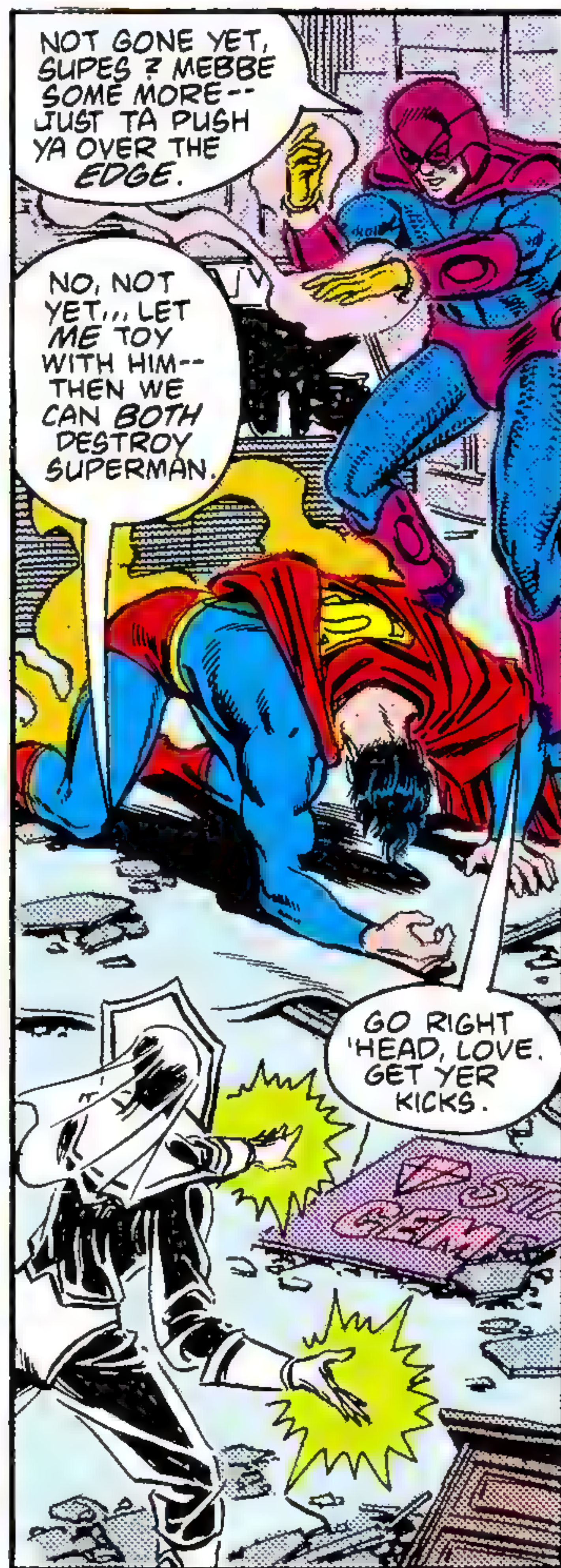
I NEED ANSWERS... I NEED SOMEONE TO TALK TO...

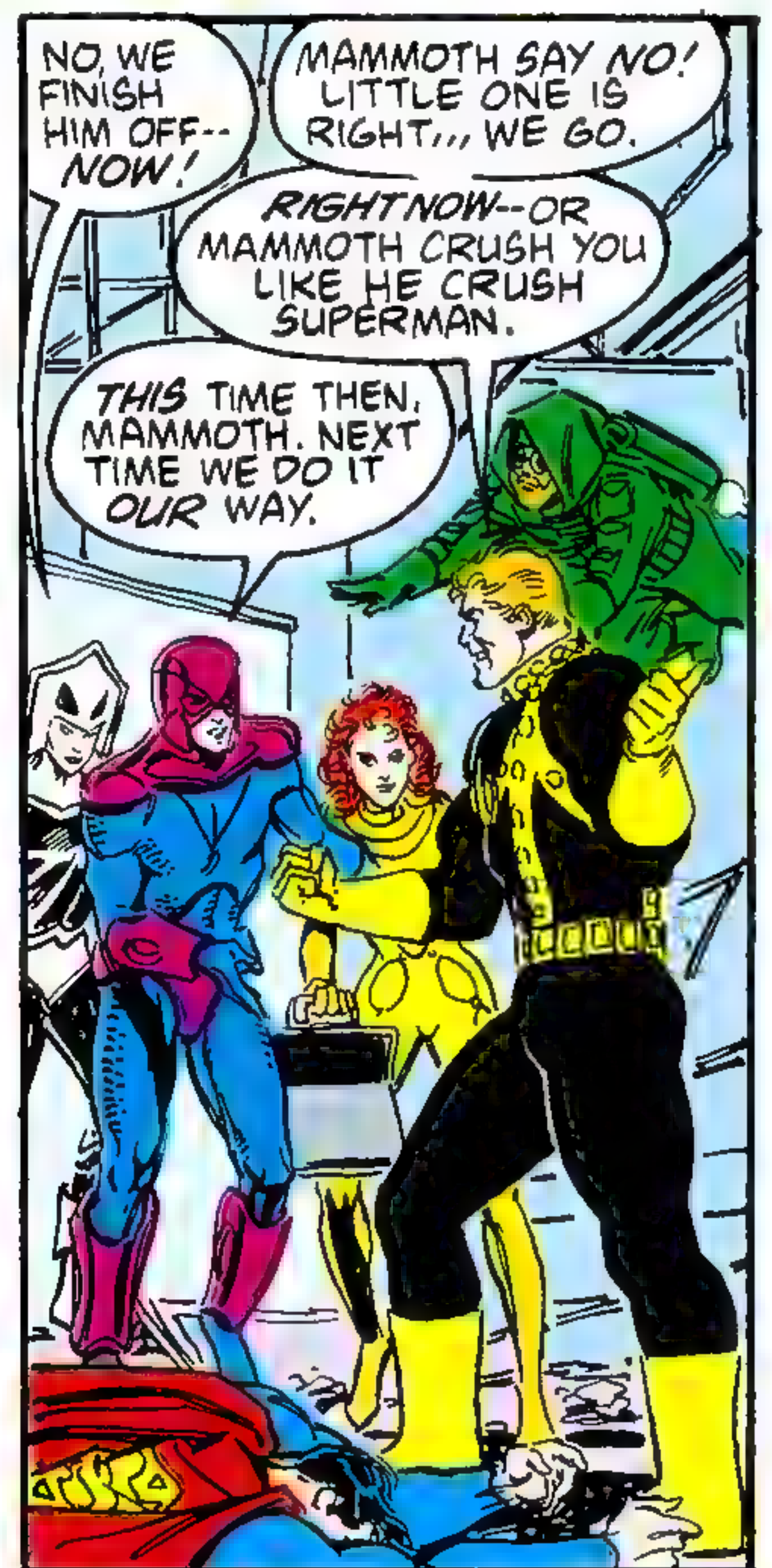
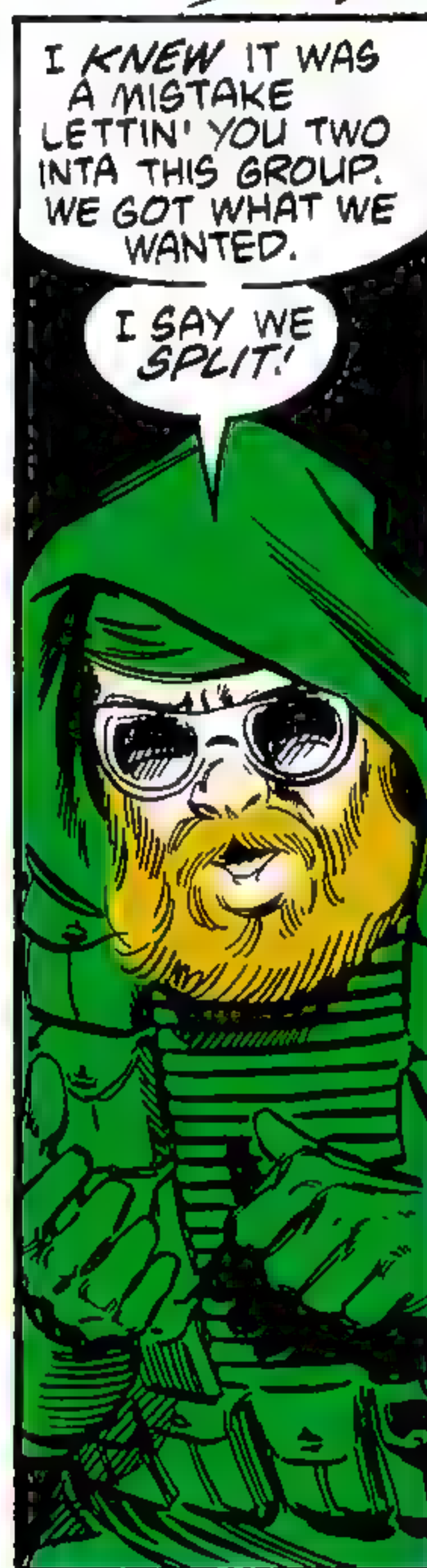
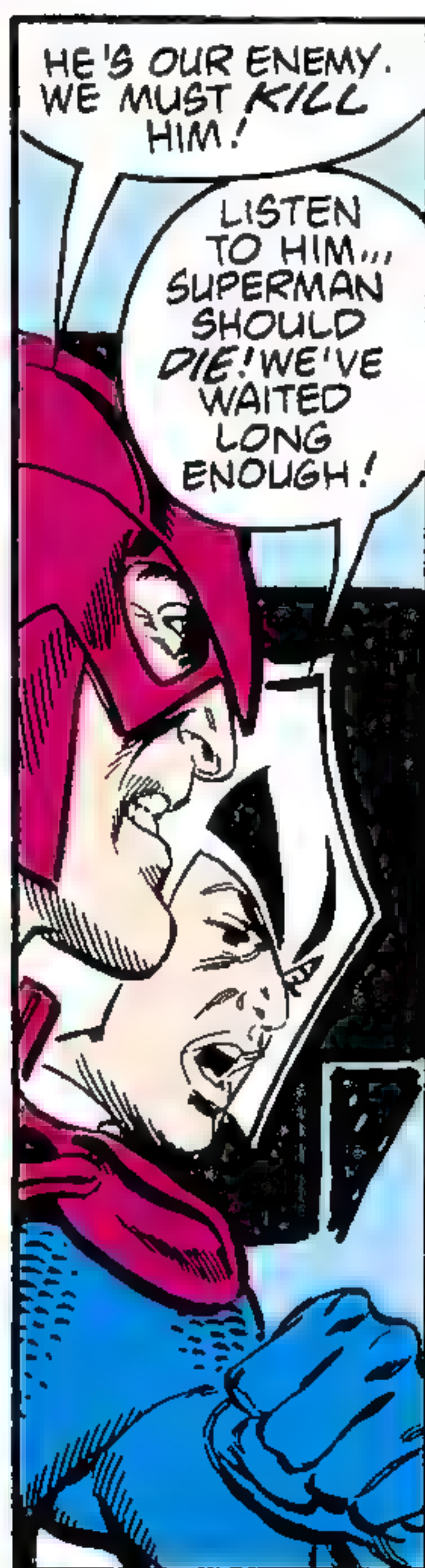
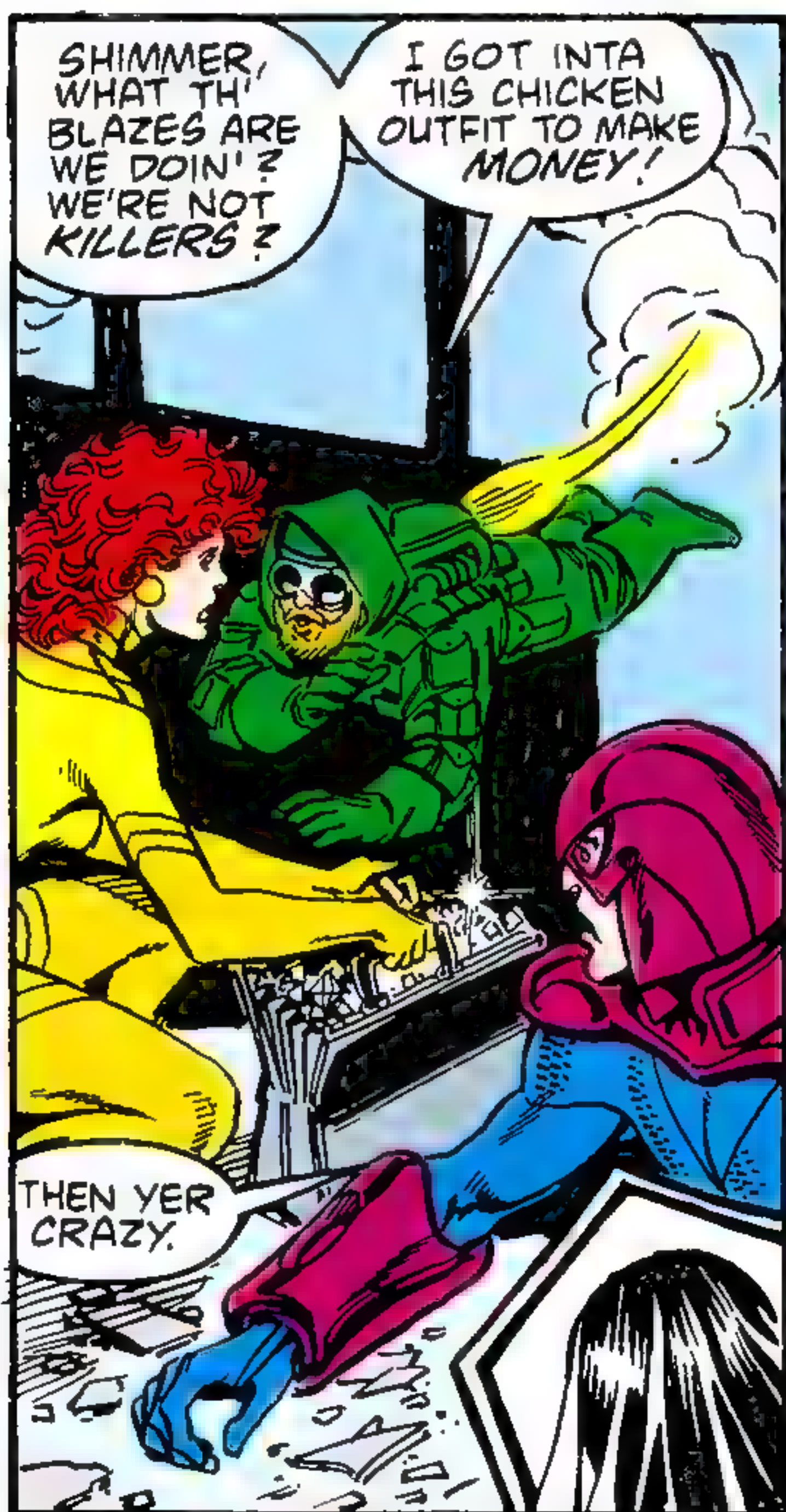
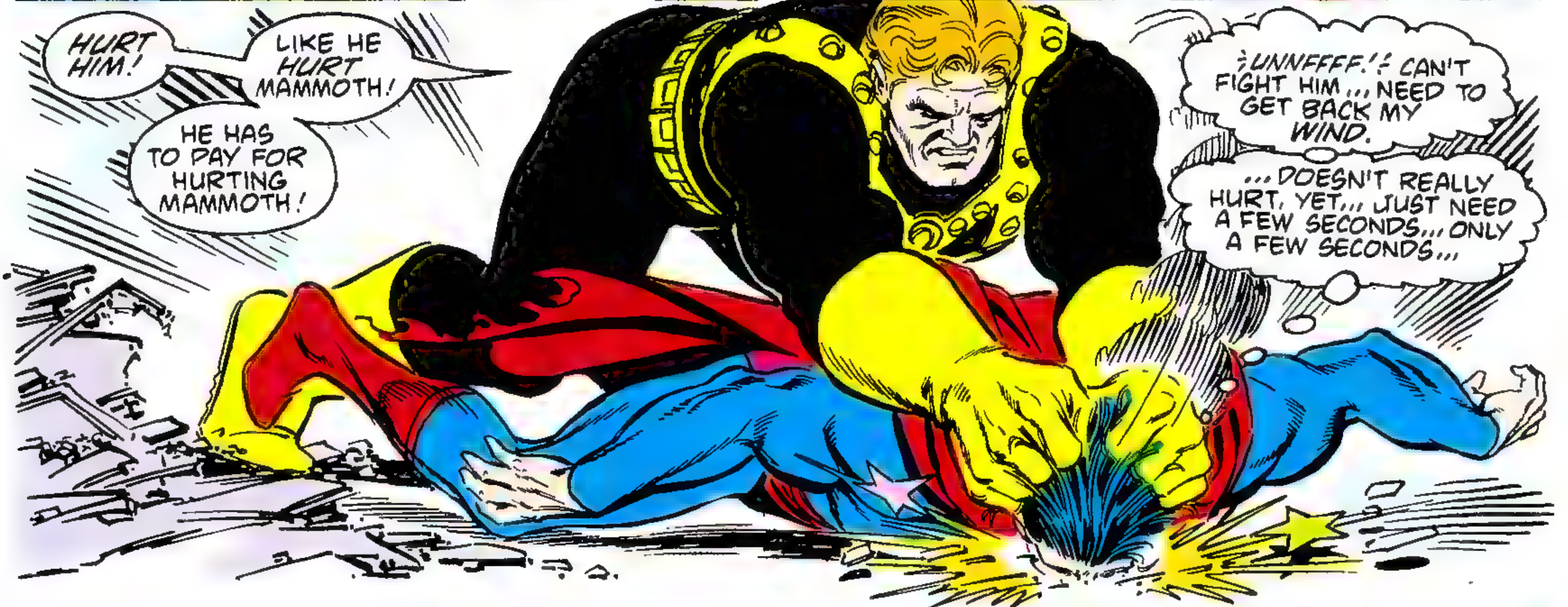
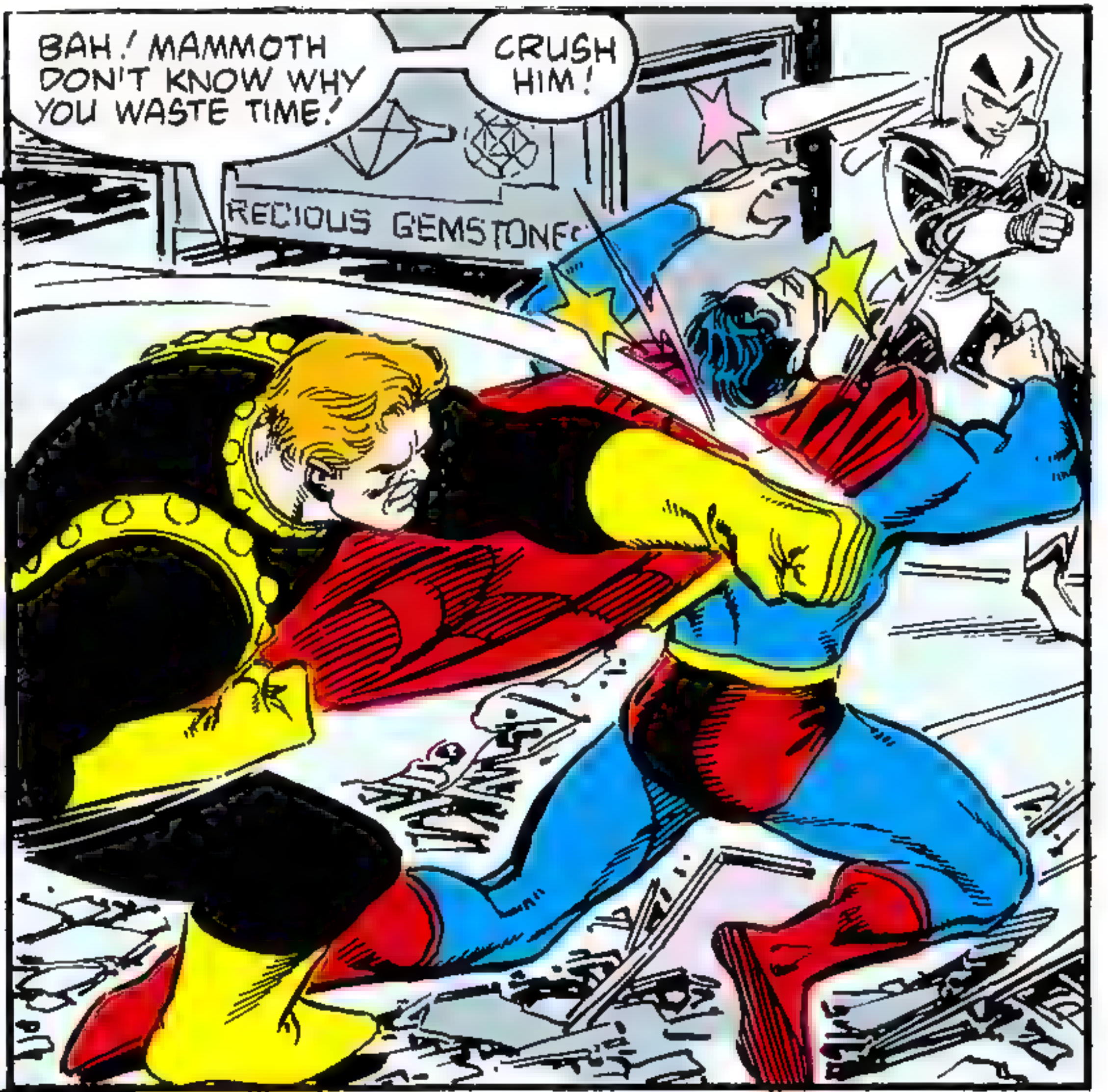
I NEED TO GO HOME.

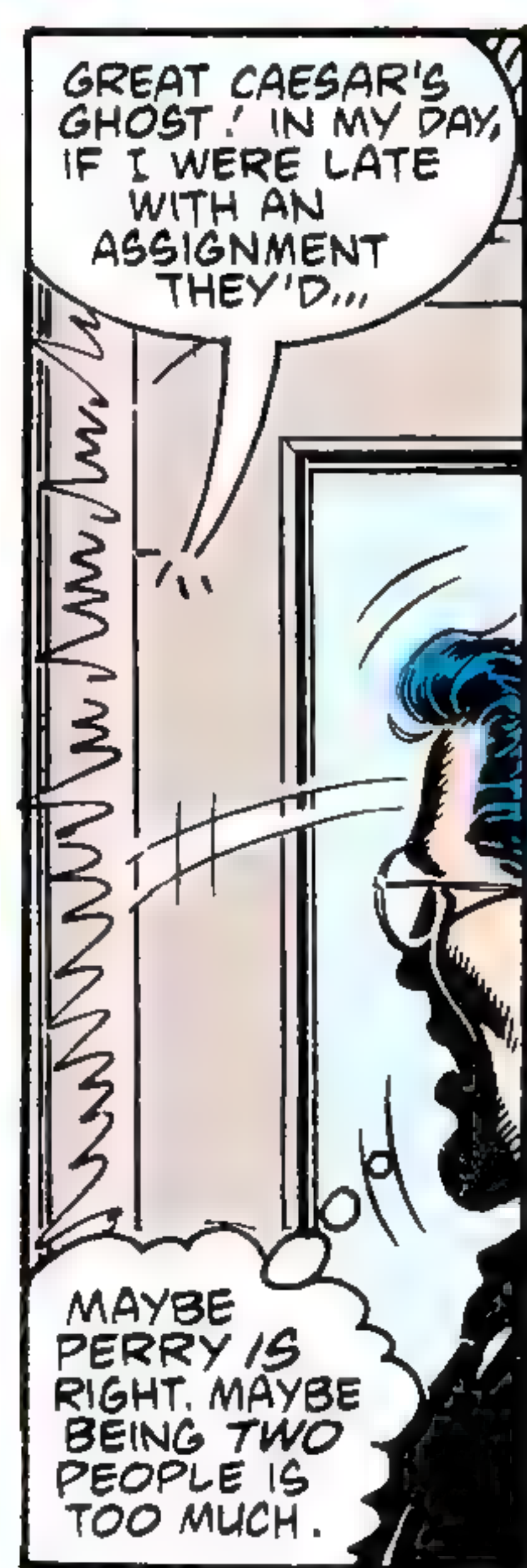
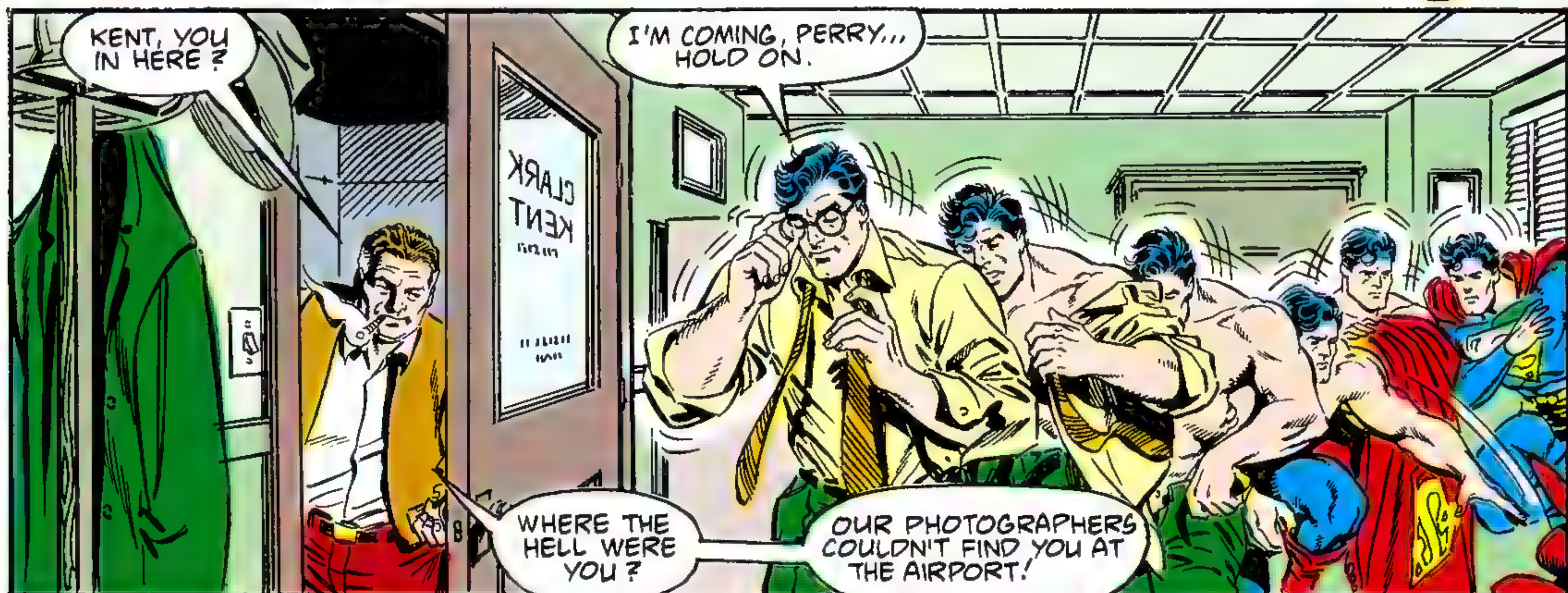
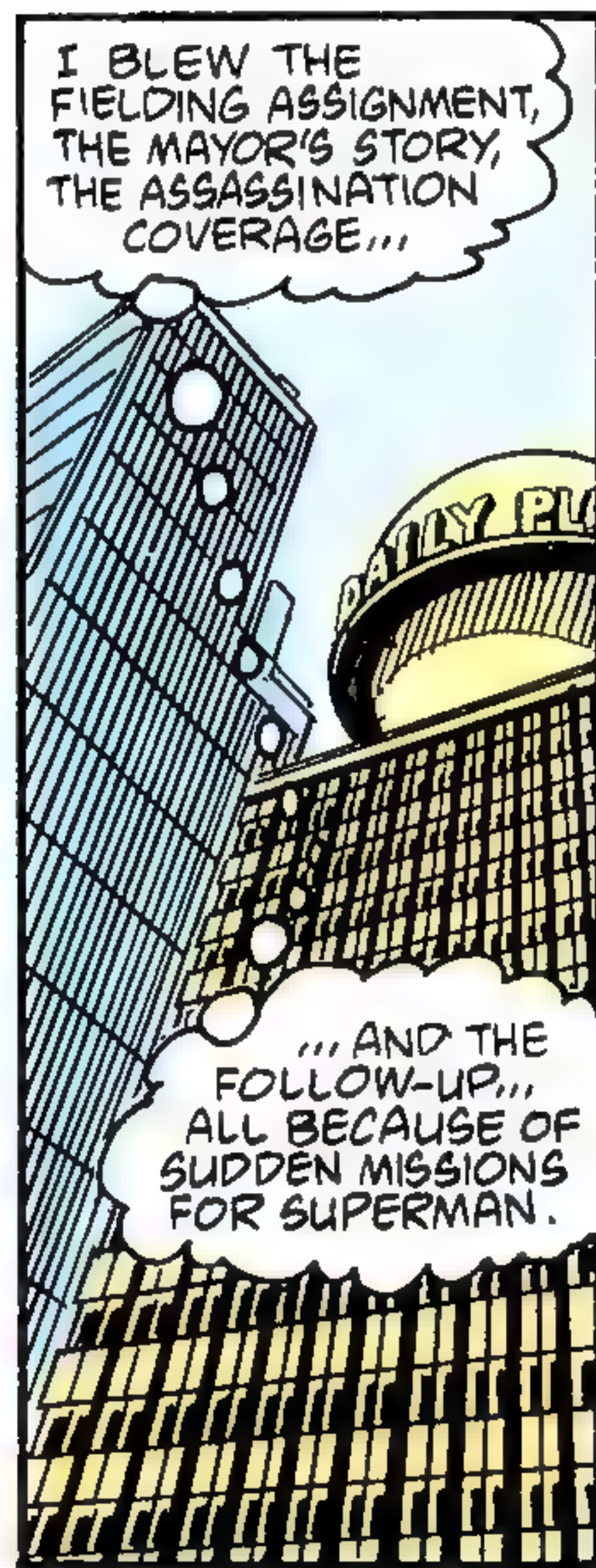
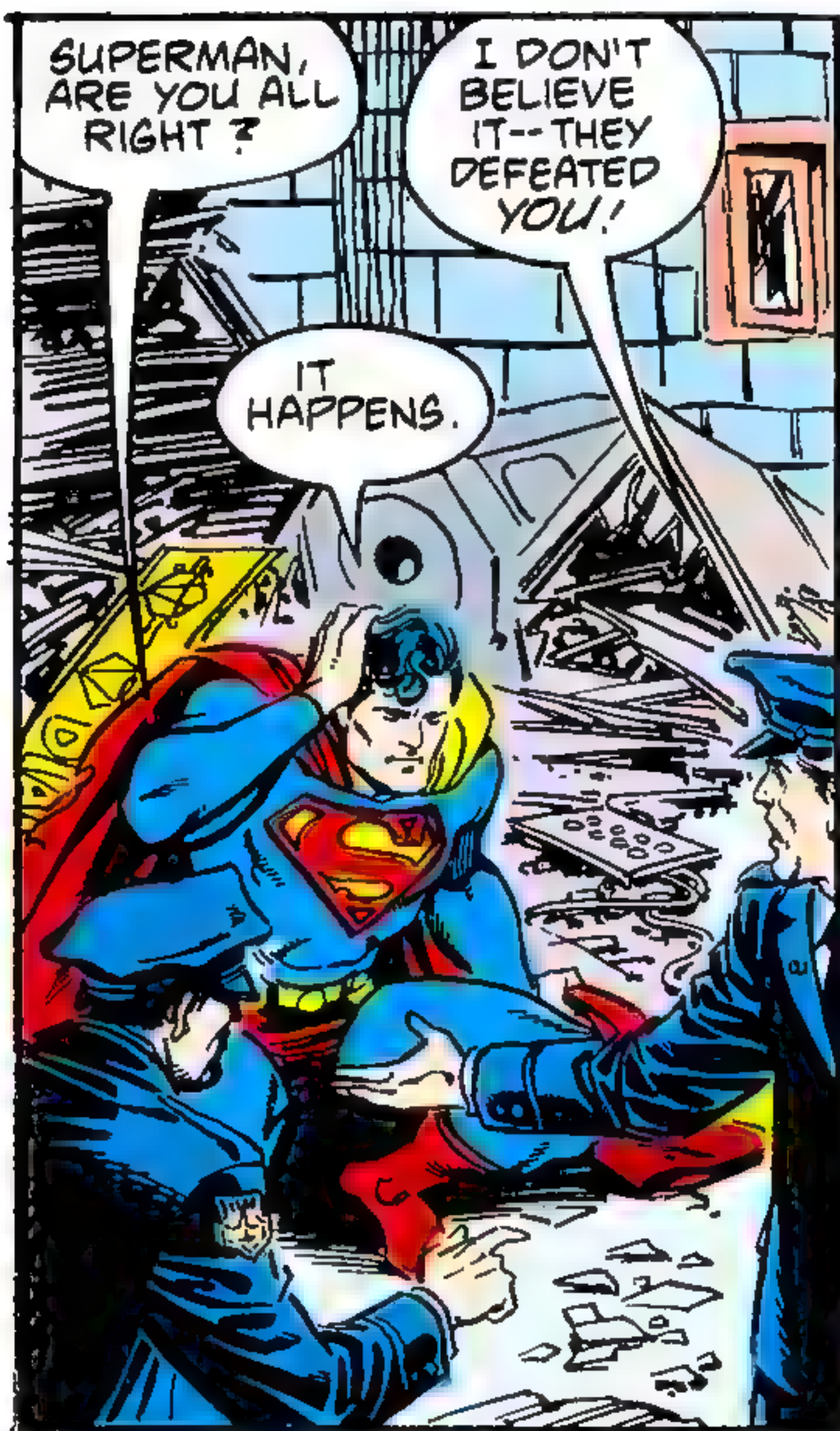
NEXT ISSUE: THE **FEARSOME FIVE!**













HIYA, CLARK, CAN I--

C'MON, SIT DOWN, CAT.

...SO LISTEN, DAVE, REMEMBER-- DON'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THEIR 49TH ANNIVERSARY.



THE PARTY'S GOING TO BE A *SURPRISE*.

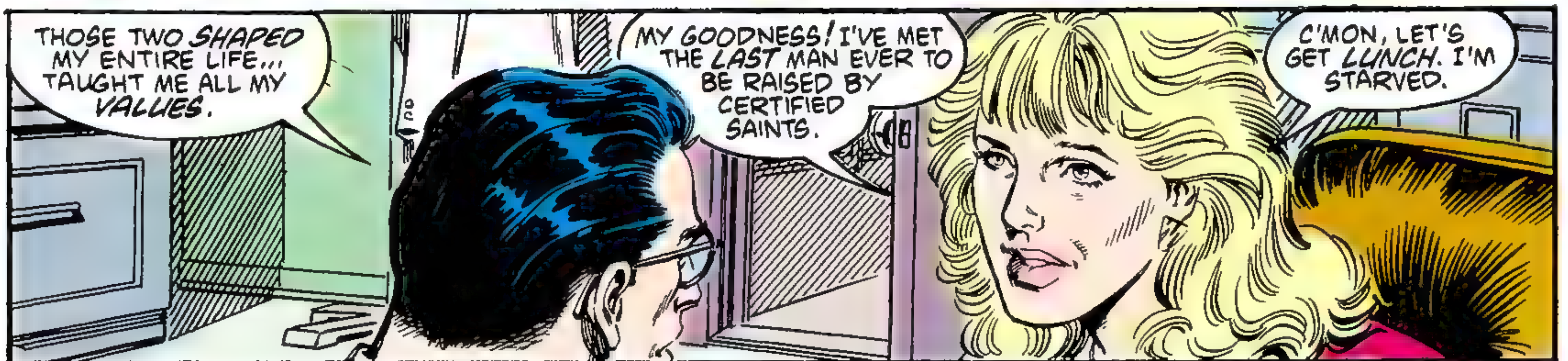
YOU JUST GET THEM OUT OF THE HOUSE, AND I'LL HANDLE THE REST.

YEAH, TAKE CARE.



SO, YOU'RE NOT ONLY GORGEOUS AND A GREAT WRITER, BUT YOU'RE ALSO THE GREATEST SON IN THE WORLD. FIGURES.

IT'S NOT THAT HARD, CAT.



THOSE TWO SHAPED MY ENTIRE LIFE... TAUGHT ME ALL MY VALUES.

MY GOODNESS! I'VE MET THE LAST MAN EVER TO BE RAISED BY CERTIFIED SAINTS.

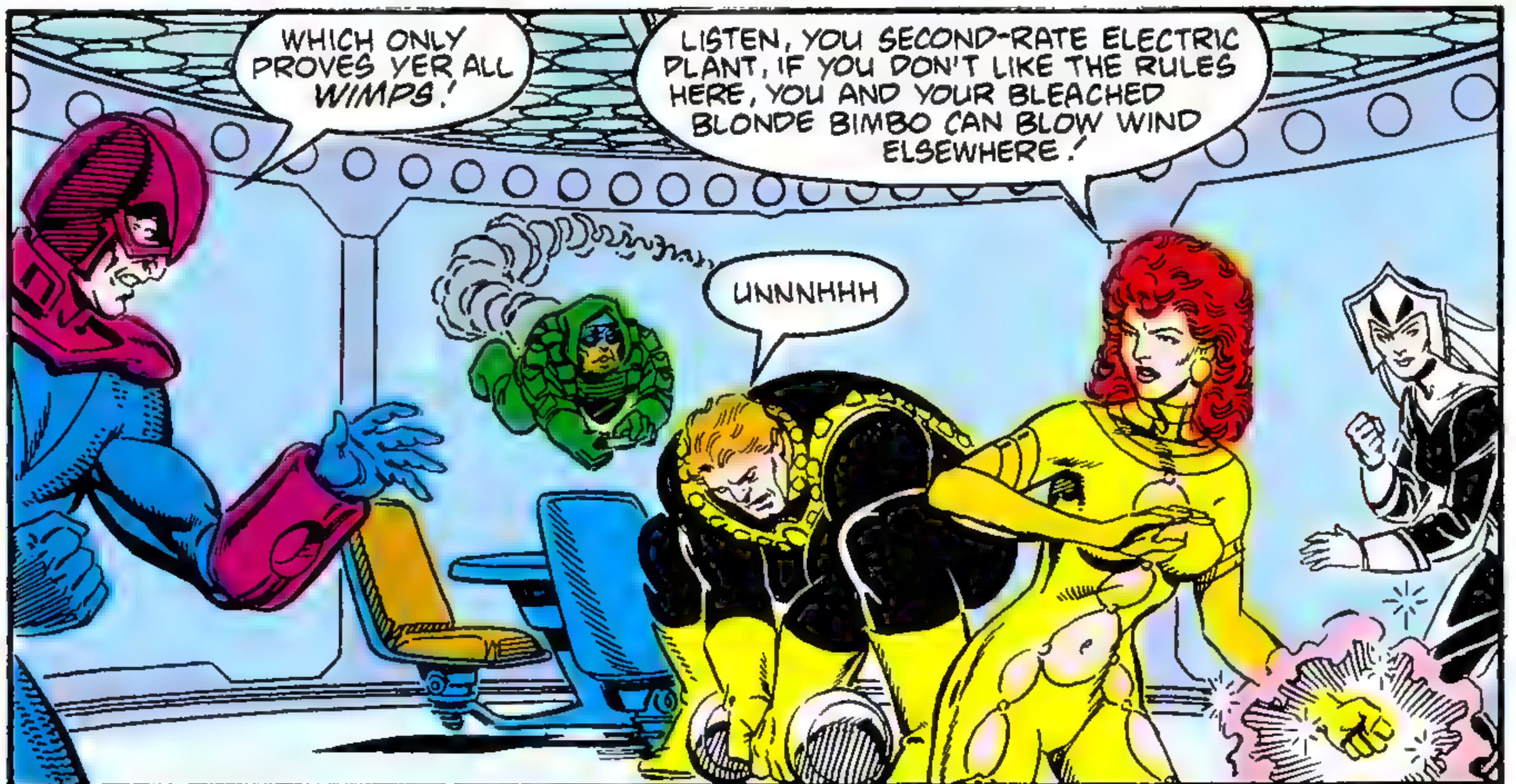
C'MON, LET'S GET LUNCH. I'M STARVED.



THE NEW JERSEY PALISADES...

WE SHOULDA KILLED 'IM. FRIED HIM LIKE POTATOES!

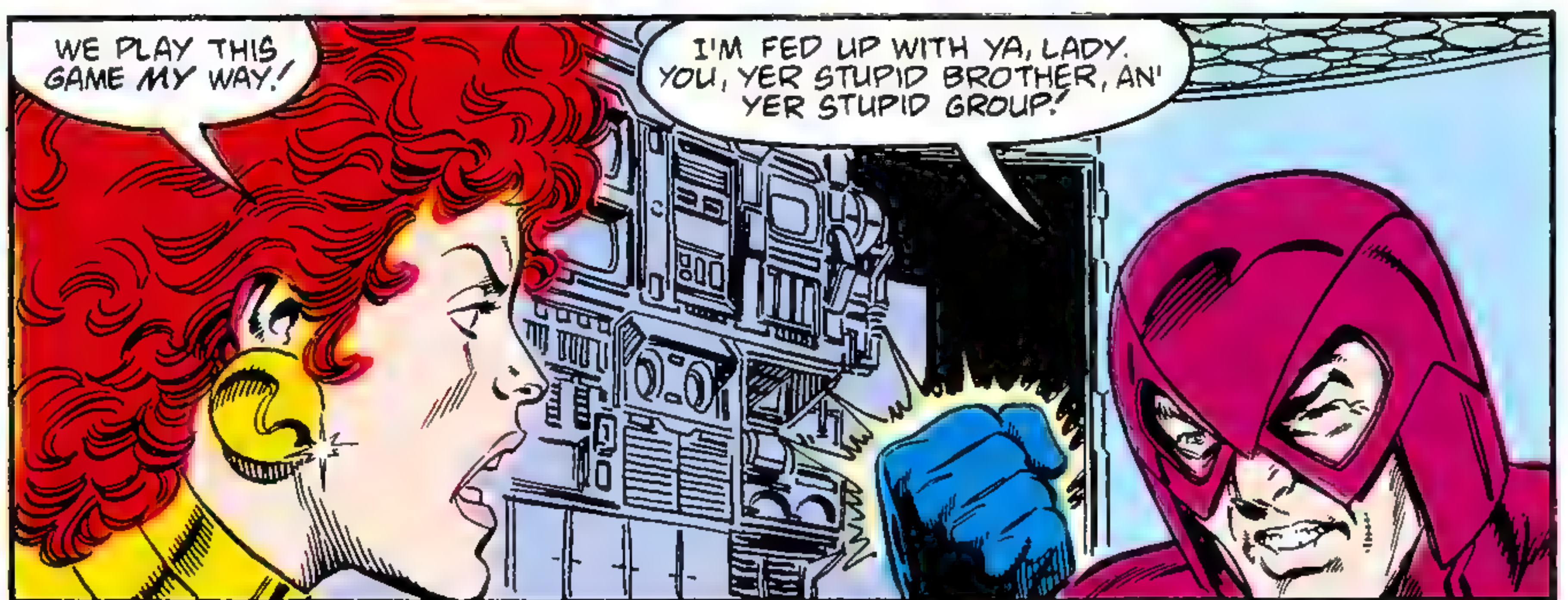
WHEN WE ADVERTISED IN "THE VOICE" IT WAS FOR SUPER-POWERED THIEVES--NOT KILLERS!



WHICH ONLY PROVES YER ALL WIMPS!

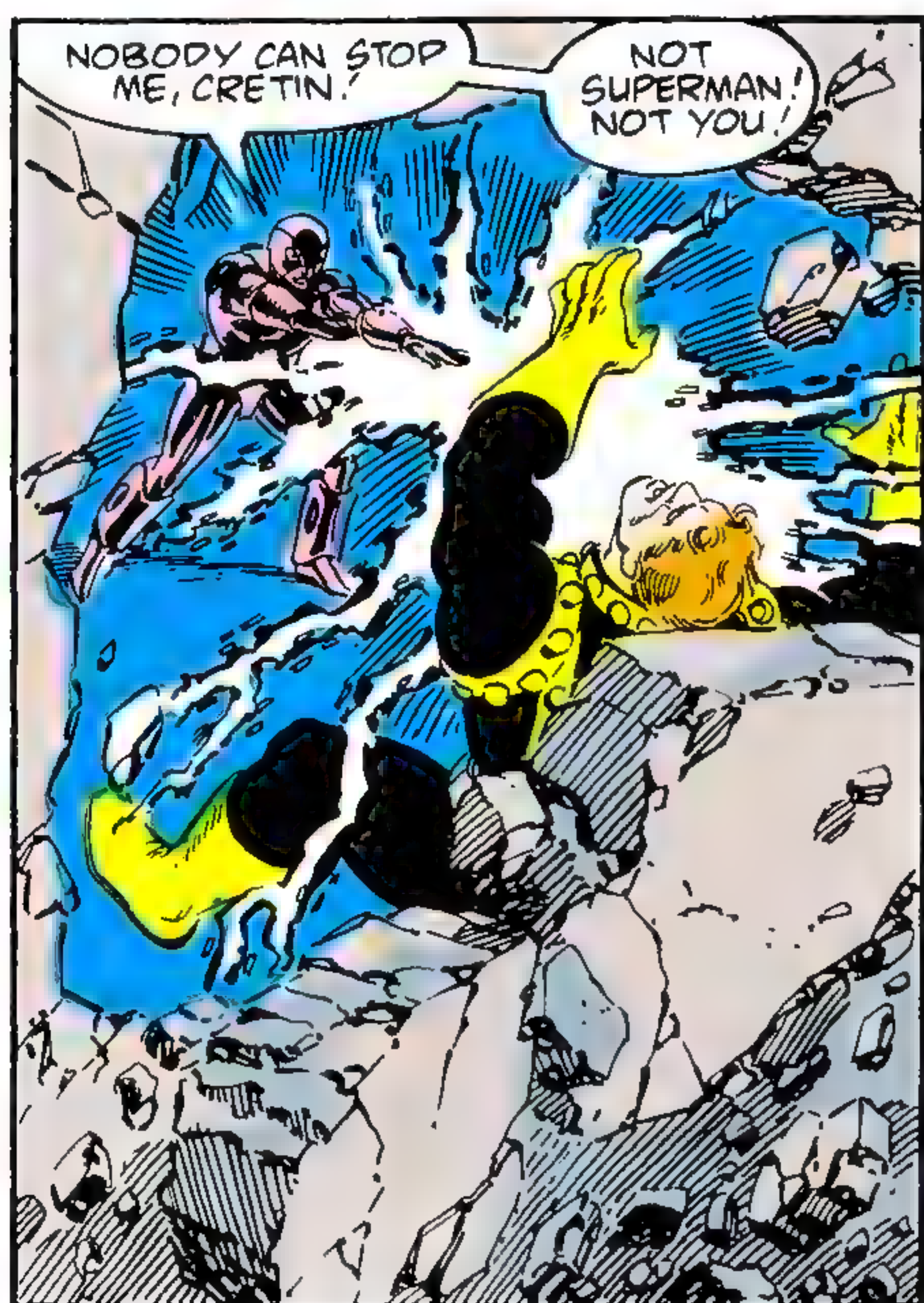
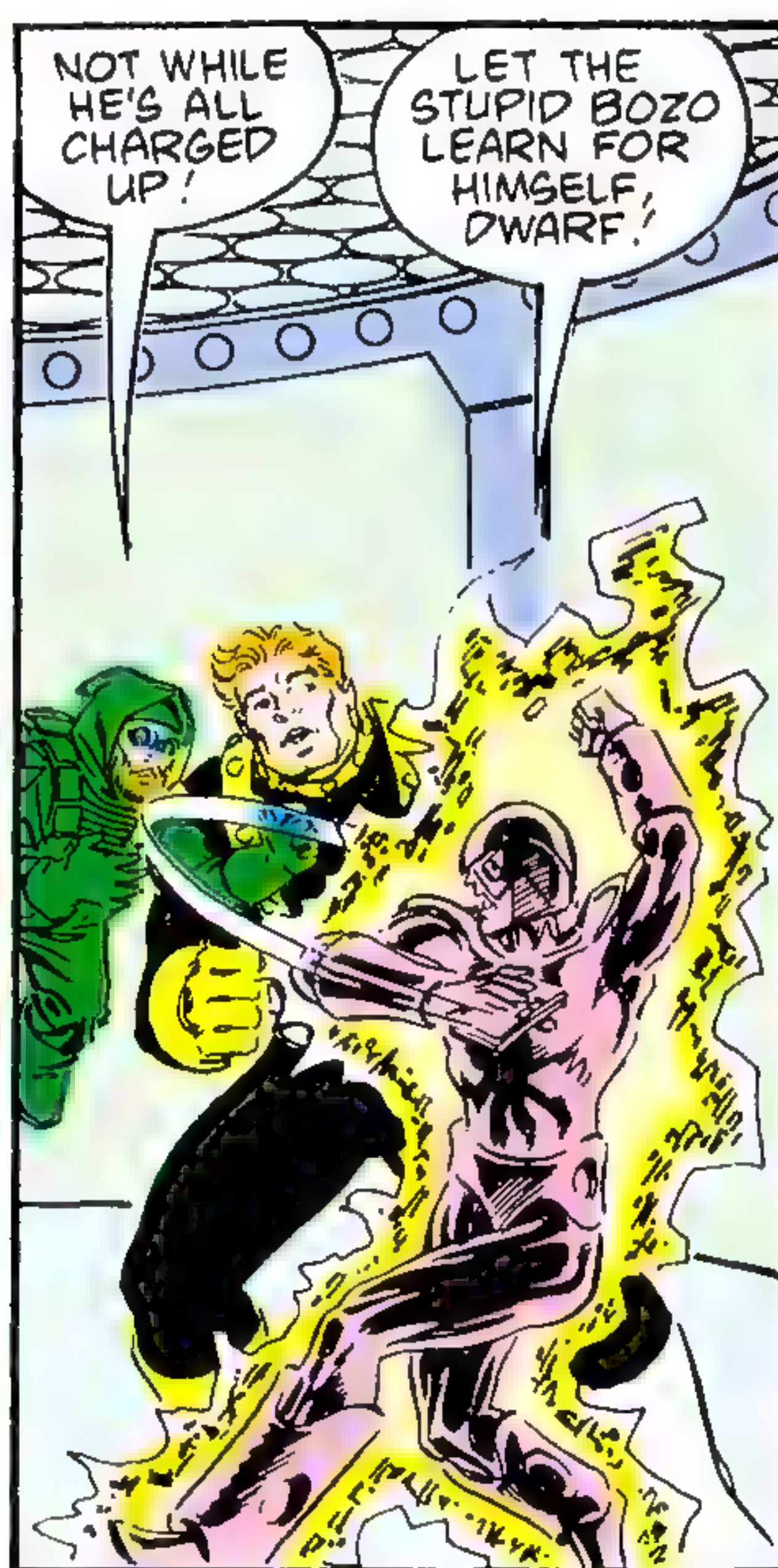
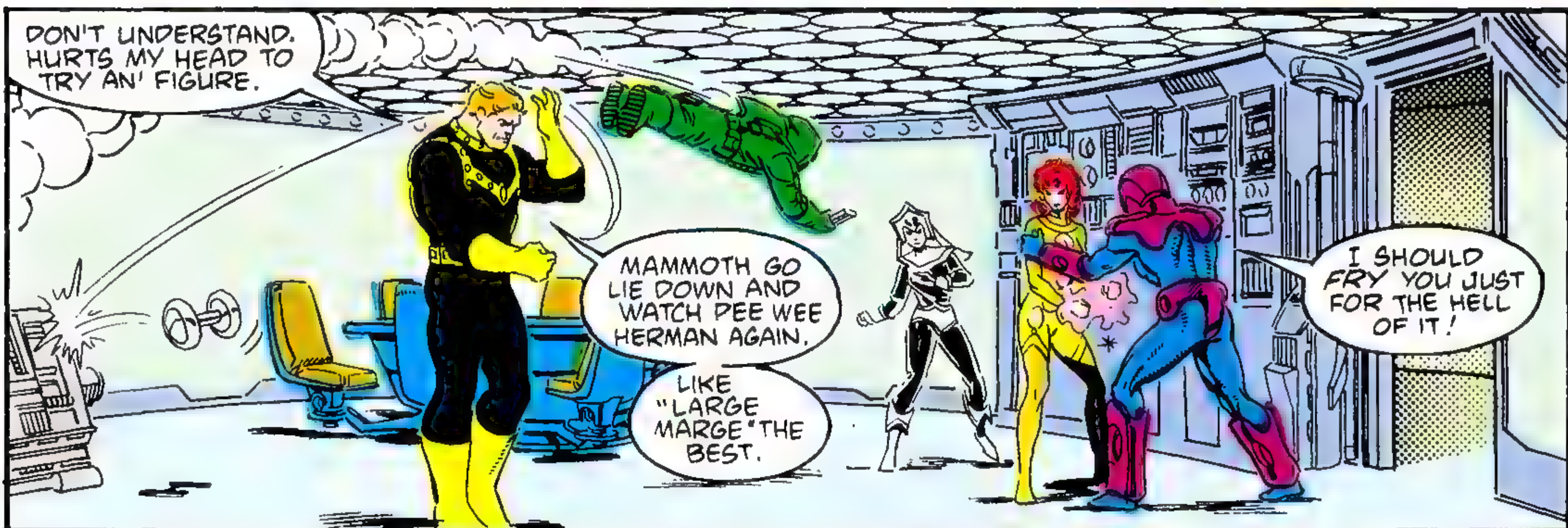
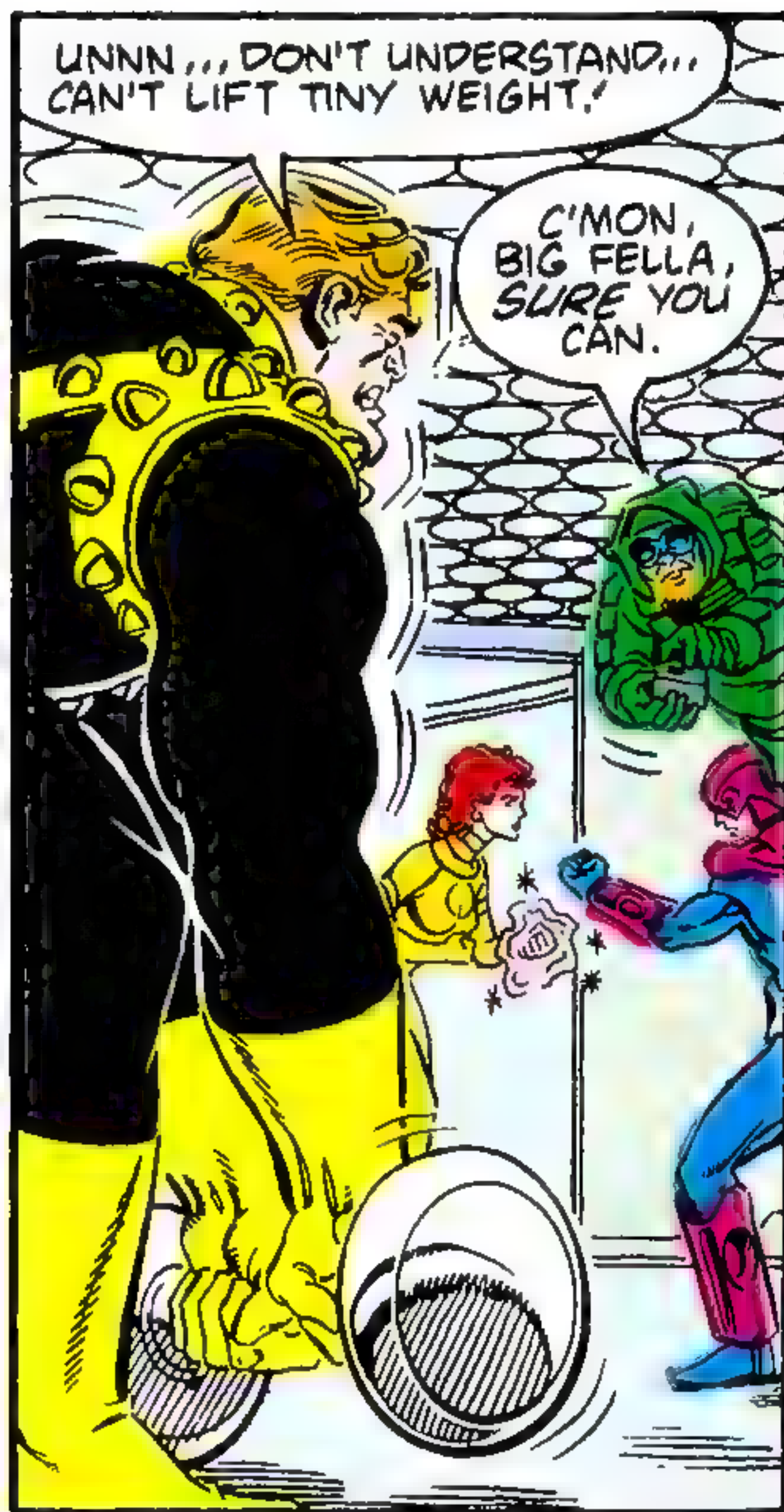
LISTEN, YOU SECOND-RATE ELECTRIC PLANT, IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE RULES HERE, YOU AND YOUR BLEACHED BLONDE BIMBO CAN BLOW WIND ELSEWHERE!

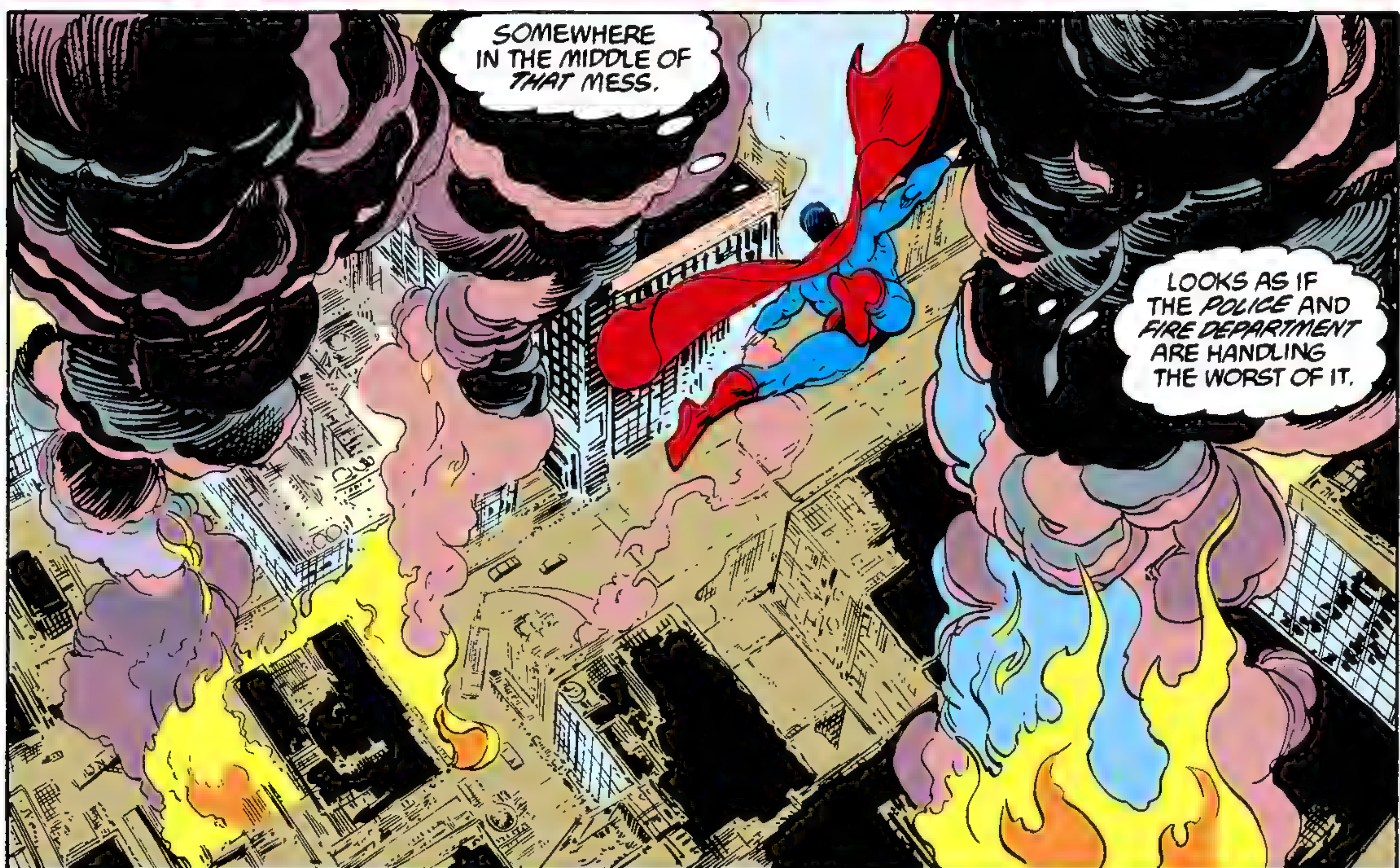
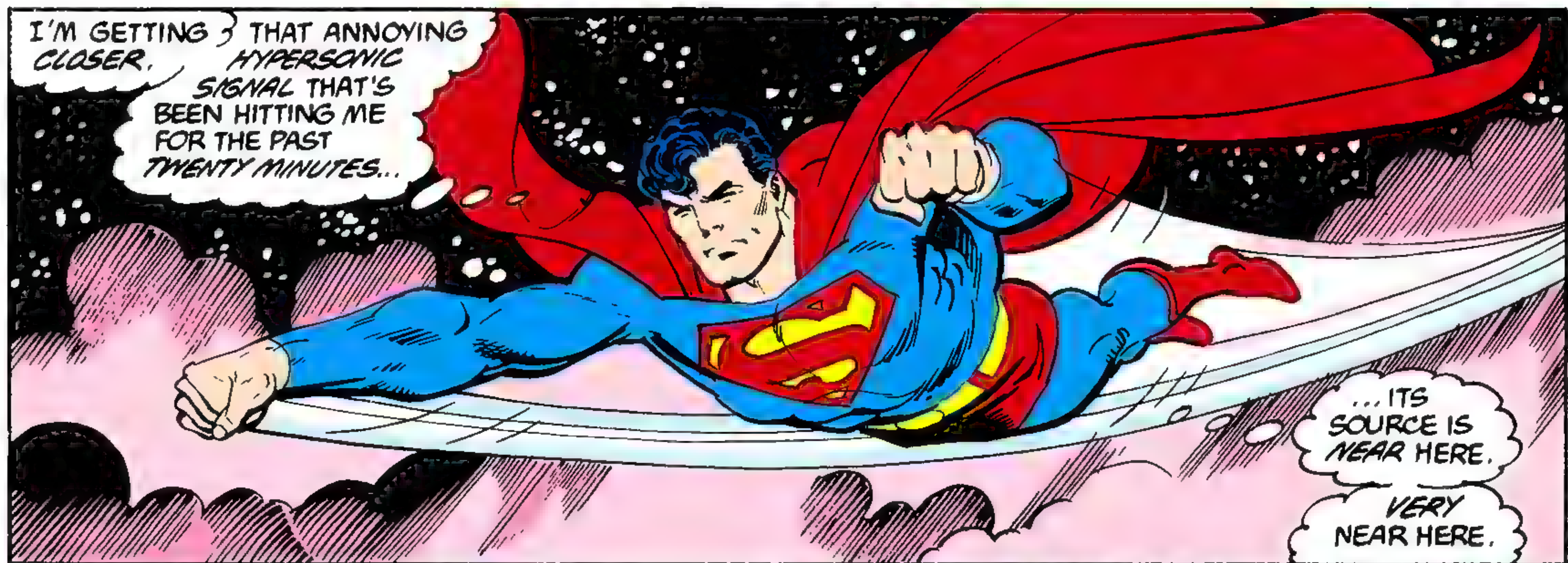
UNNNHHH

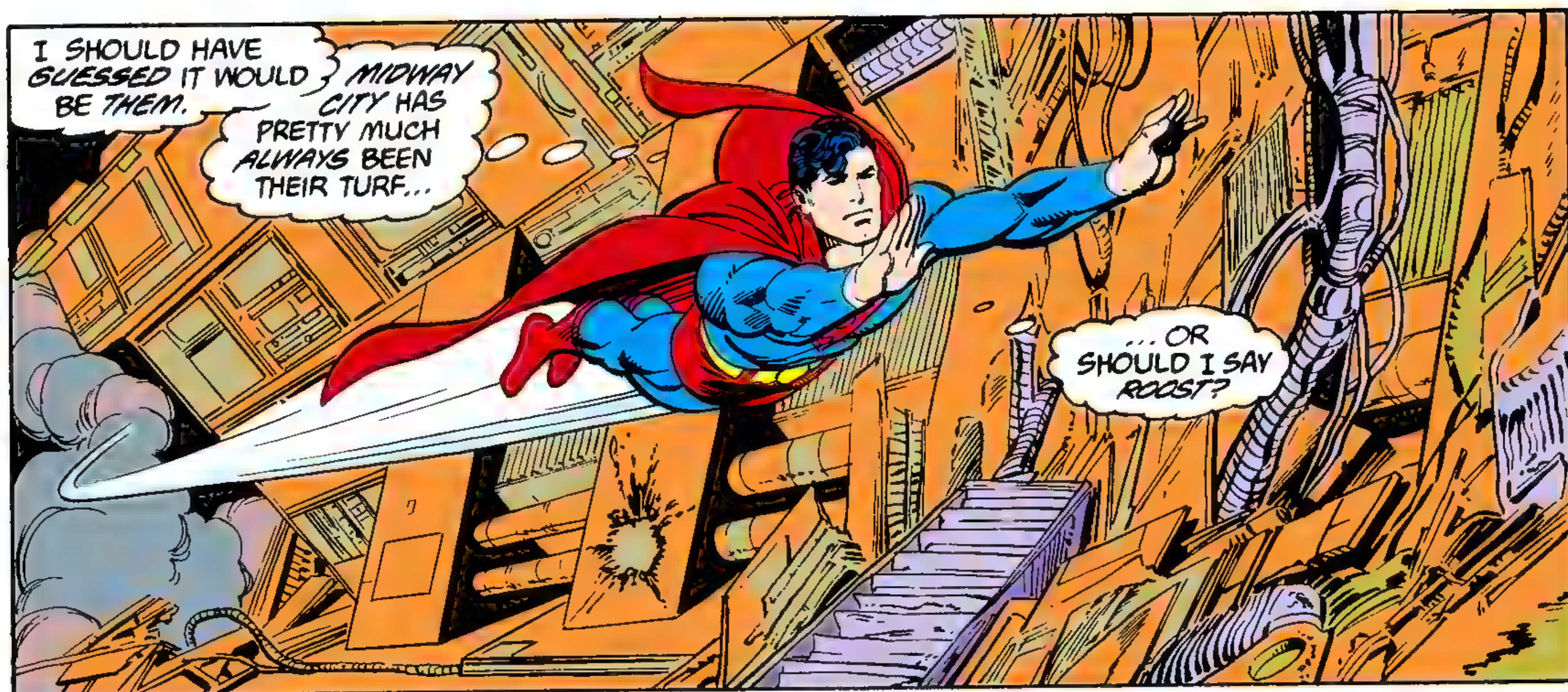


WE PLAY THIS GAME MY WAY!

I'M FED UP WITH YA, LADY. YOU, YER STUPID BROTHER, AN' YER STUPID GROUP!



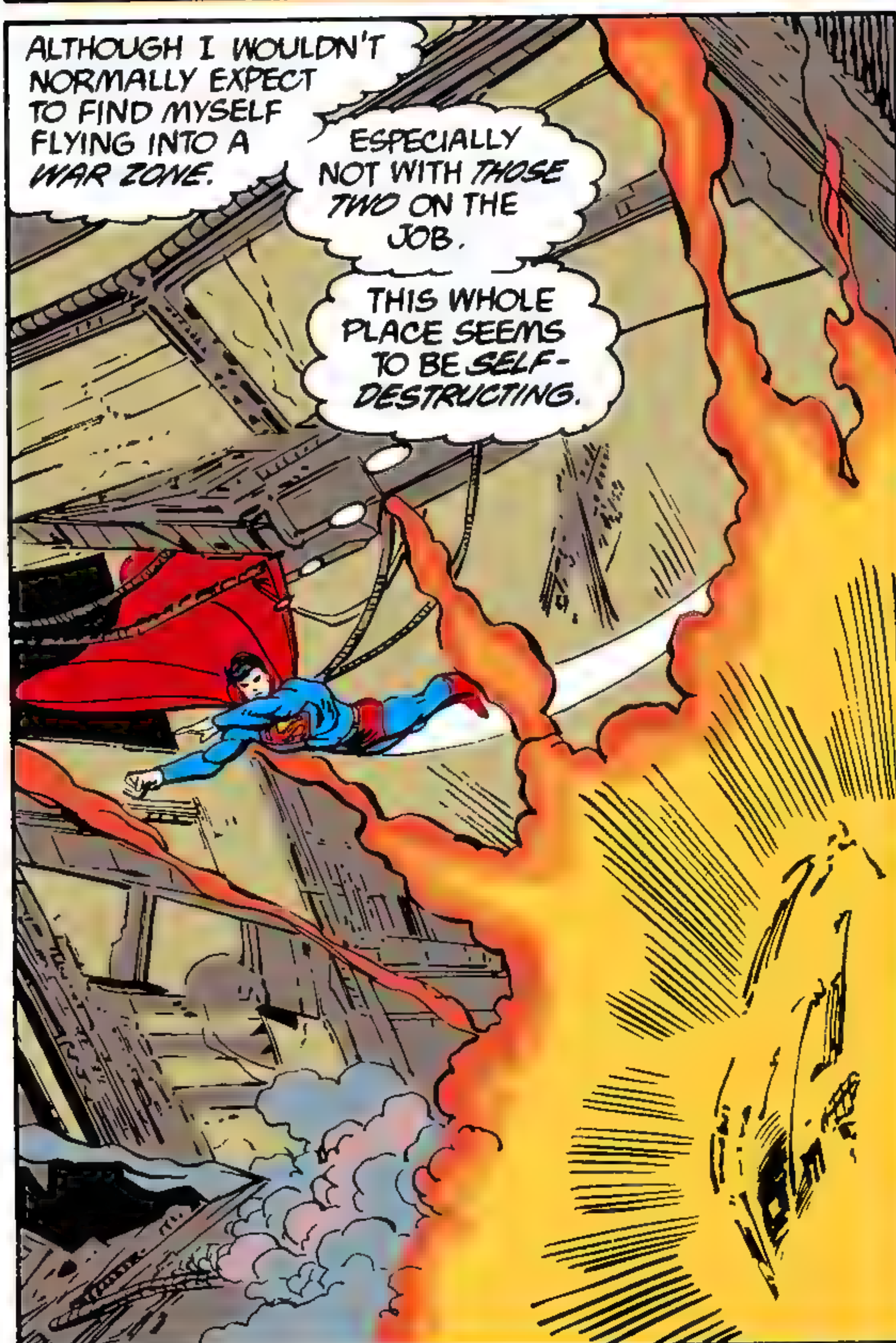




I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED IT WOULD BE THEM.

MIDWAY CITY HAS PRETTY MUCH ALWAYS BEEN THEIR TURF...

...OR SHOULD I SAY ROOST?



ALTHOUGH I WOULDN'T NORMALLY EXPECT TO FIND MYSELF FLYING INTO A WAR ZONE.

ESPECIALLY NOT WITH THOSE TWO ON THE JOB.

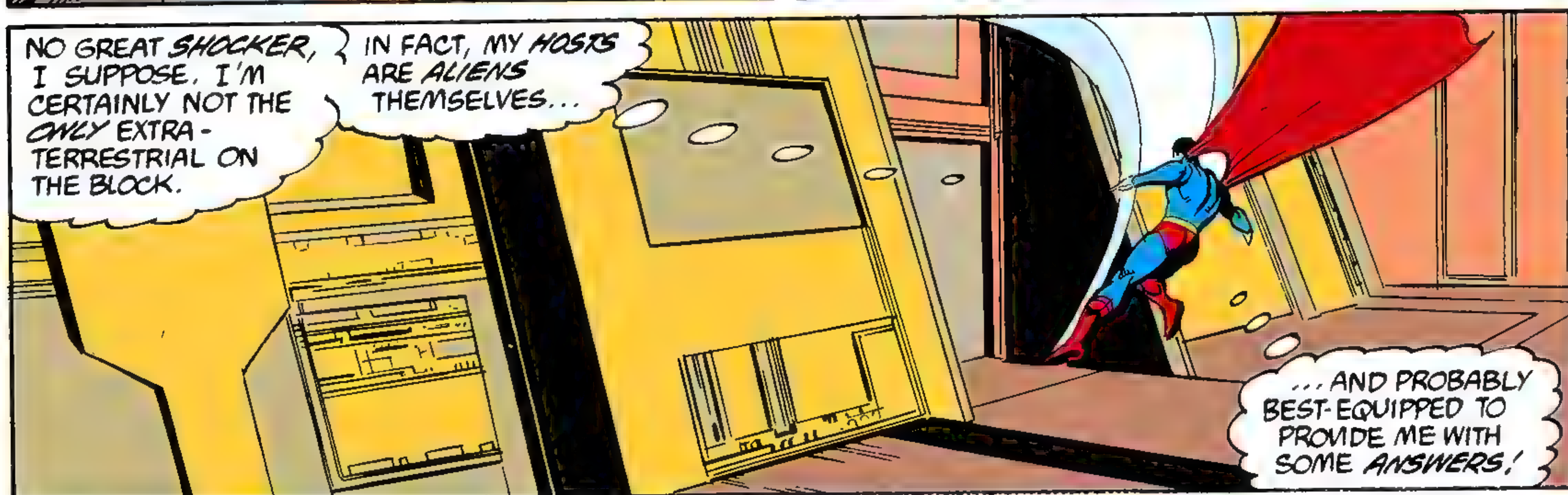
THIS WHOLE PLACE SEEMS TO BE SELF-DESTRUCTING.



HMMM...

IT'S LOOKING MORE AND MORE AS IF THIS BUSINESS GOES A LOT DEEPER THAN FIRST INSPECTION MIGHT SUGGEST.

A QUICK SCAN OF THESE ODDLY BARBED CASUALTIES REVEALS MANY OF THEM AREN'T EVEN HUMAN.



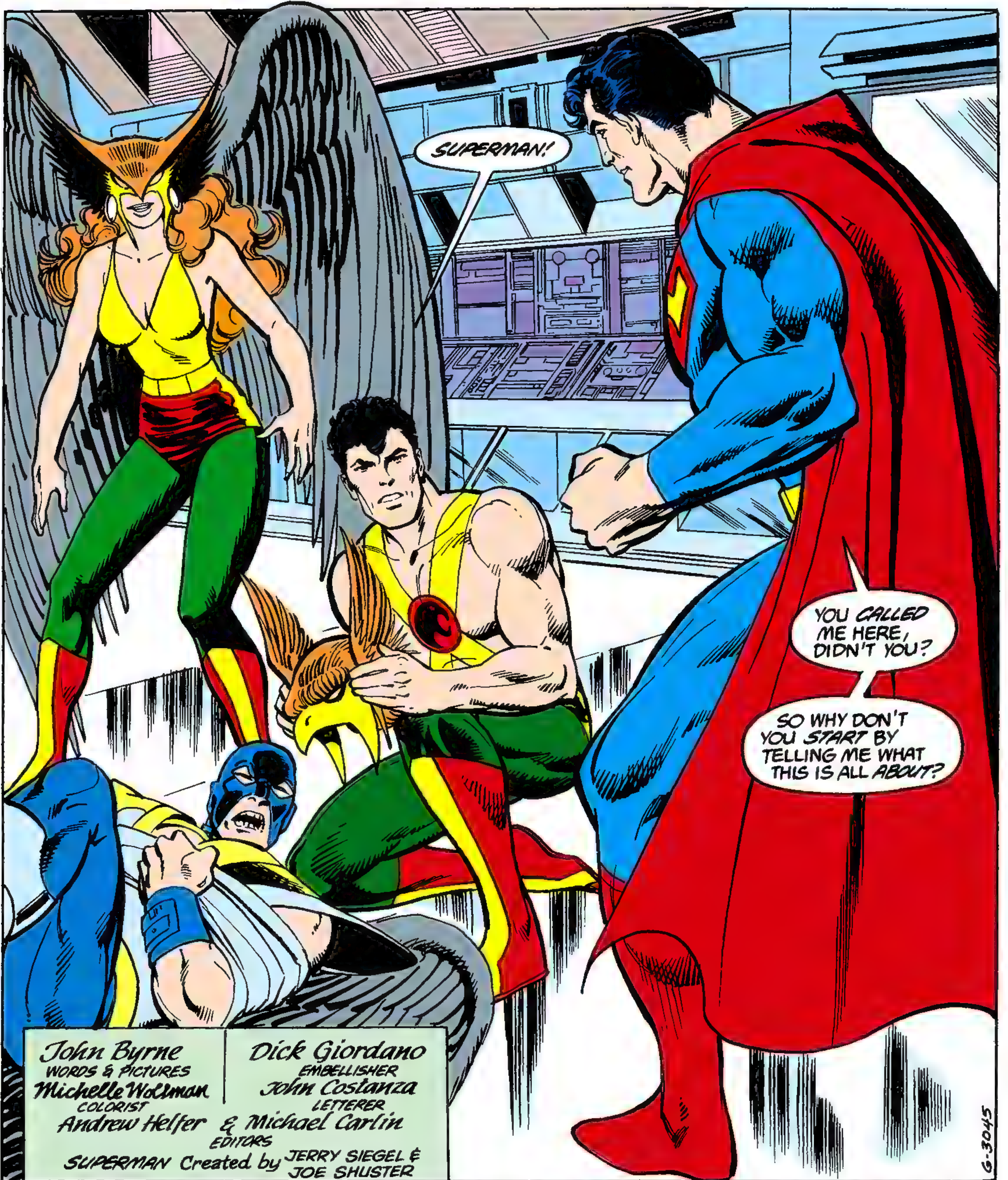
NO GREAT SHOCKER, I SUPPOSE. I'M CERTAINLY NOT THE ONLY EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL ON THE BLOCK.

IN FACT, MY HOSTS ARE ALIENS THEMSELVES...

...AND PROBABLY BEST-EQUIPPED TO PROVIDE ME WITH SOME ANSWERS!

SUPERMAN, HAWKMAN and HAWKWOMAN Starring in...

ALL WARS MUST END



John Byrne
WORDS & PICTURES
Michelle Wollman
COLORIST
Andrew Helfer & Michael Carlin
EDITORS

Dick Giordano
EMBELLISHER
John Costanza
LETTERER

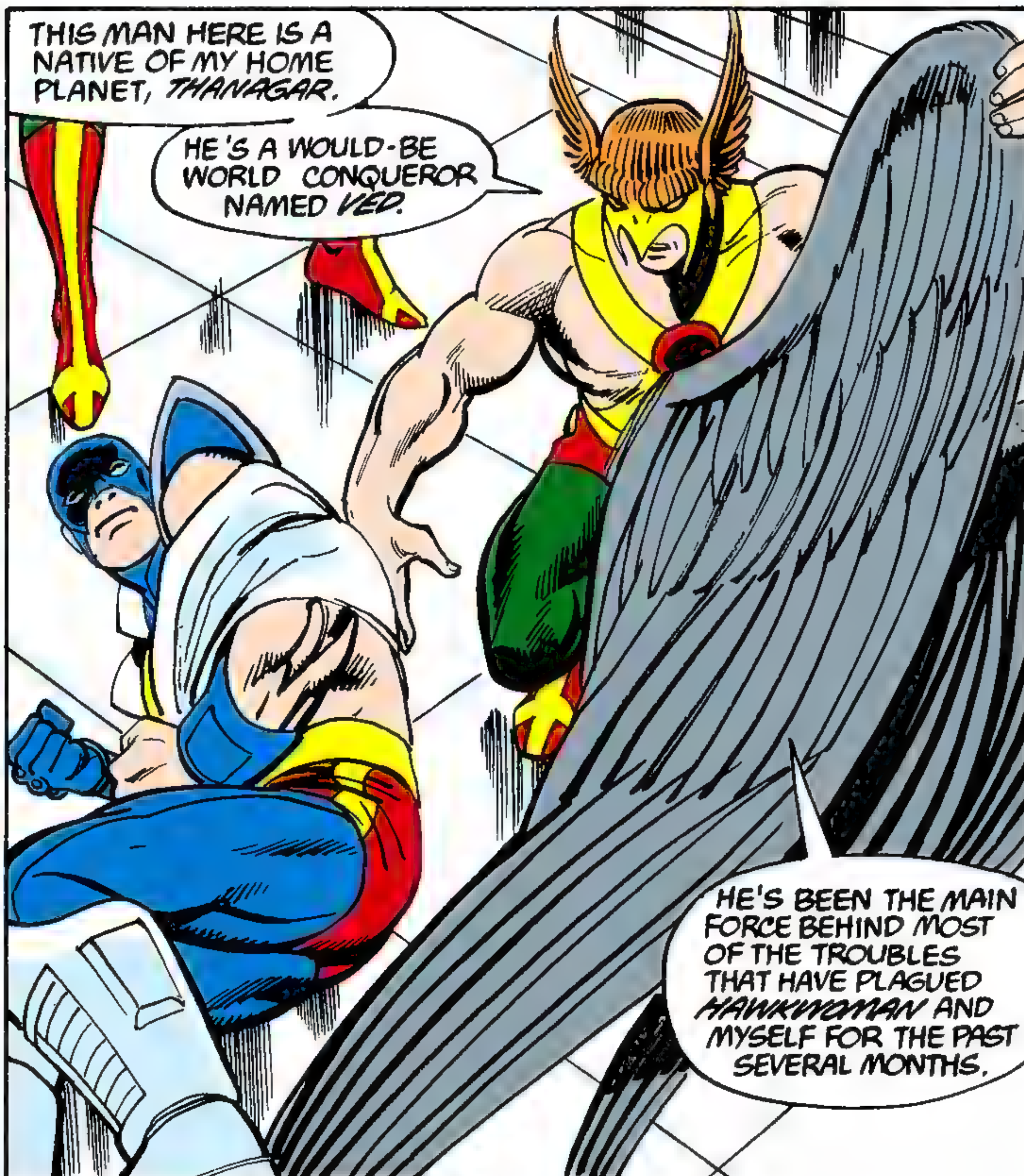
SUPERMAN Created by JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER

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THERE'S NOT REALLY ENOUGH TIME TO EXPLAIN EVERYTHING, SUPERMAN.

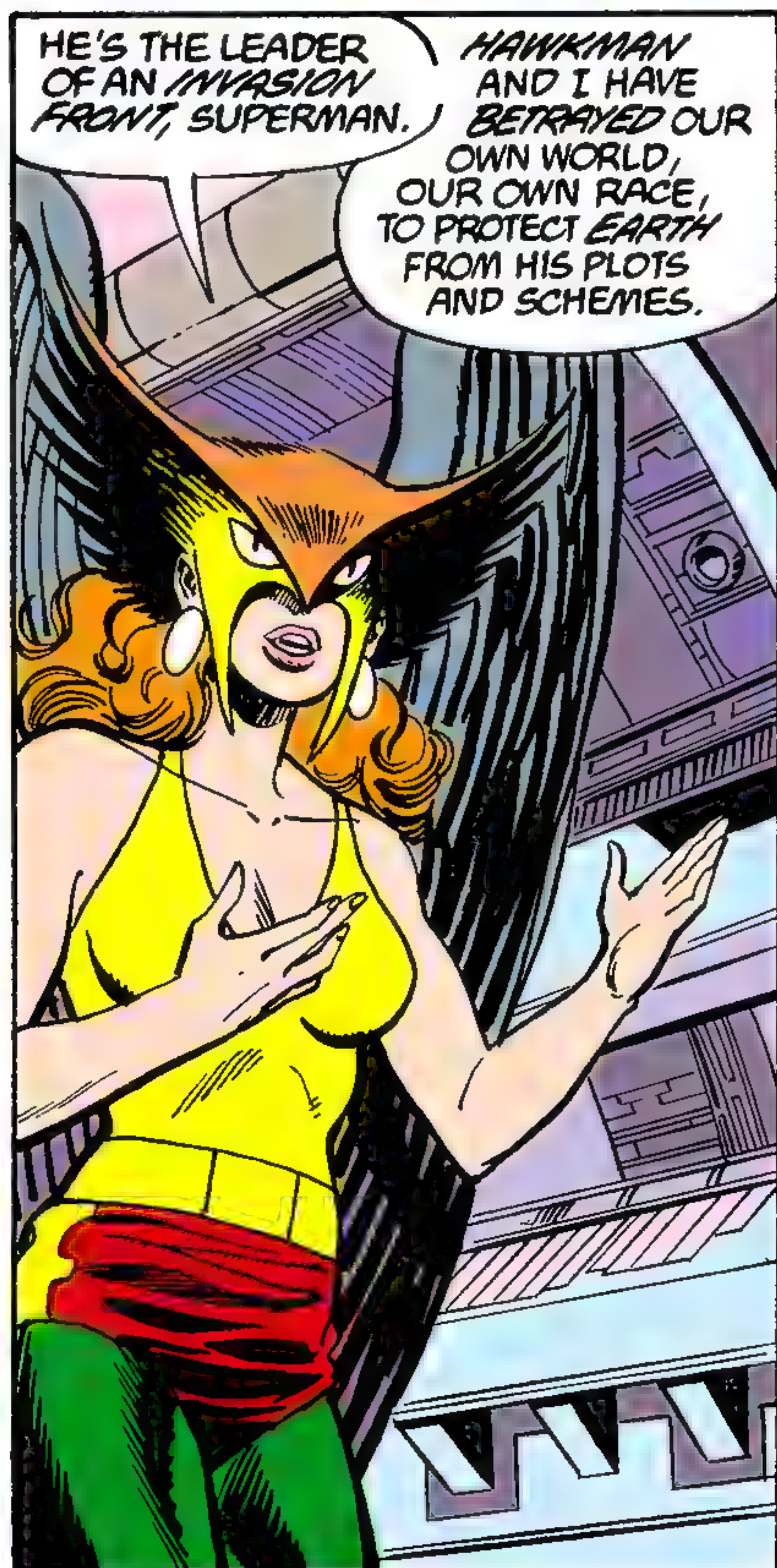
SUFFICE IT TO SAY...



THIS MAN HERE IS A NATIVE OF MY HOME PLANET, *THANAGAR*.

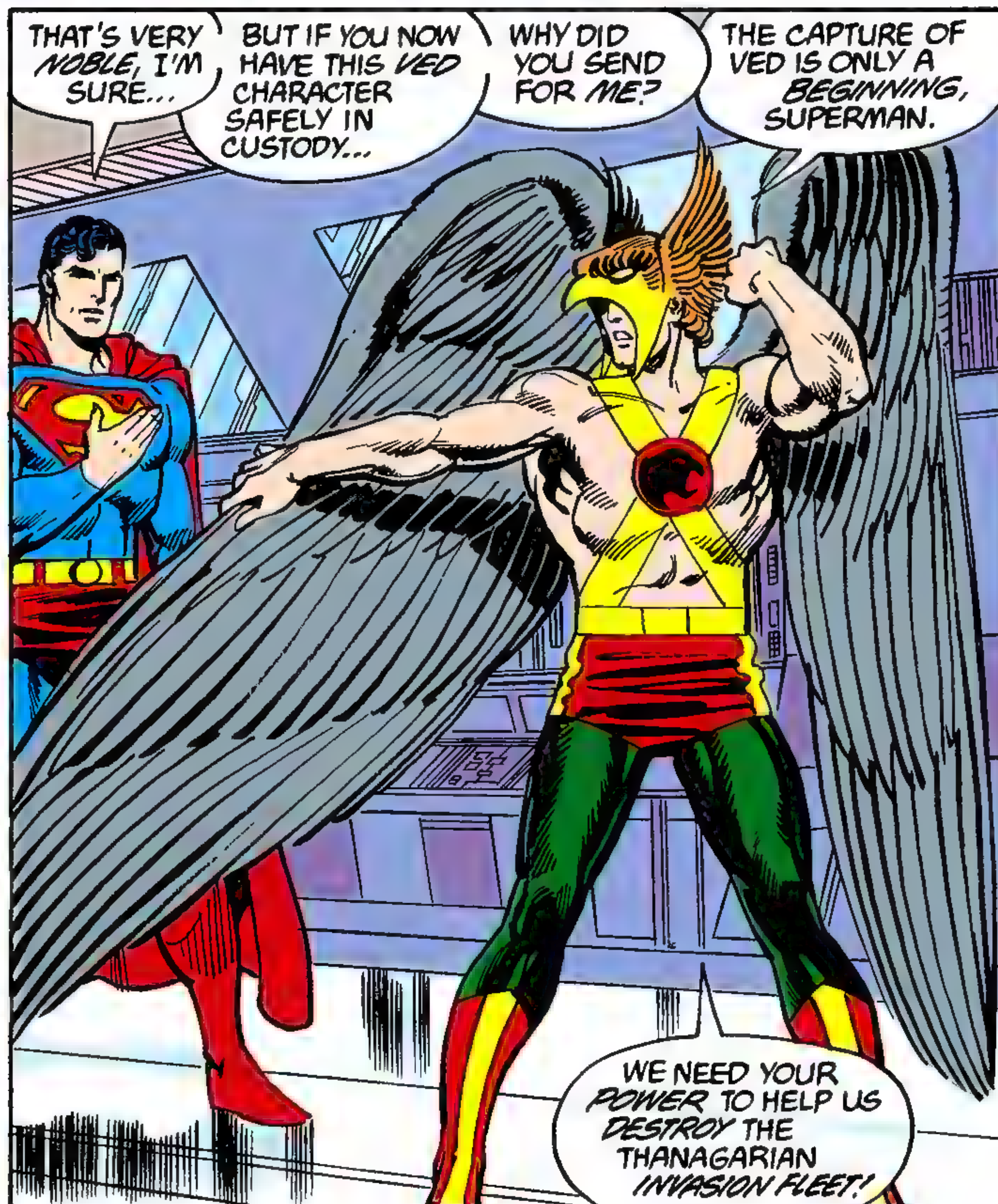
HE'S A WOULD-BE WORLD CONQUEROR NAMED *VED*.

HE'S BEEN THE MAIN FORCE BEHIND MOST OF THE TROUBLES THAT HAVE PLAGUED *HAWKMAN* AND MYSELF FOR THE PAST SEVERAL MONTHS.



HE'S THE LEADER OF AN *INVASION FRONT*, SUPERMAN.

HAWKMAN AND I HAVE BETRAYED OUR OWN WORLD, OUR OWN RACE, TO PROTECT *EARTH* FROM HIS PLOTS AND SCHEMES.



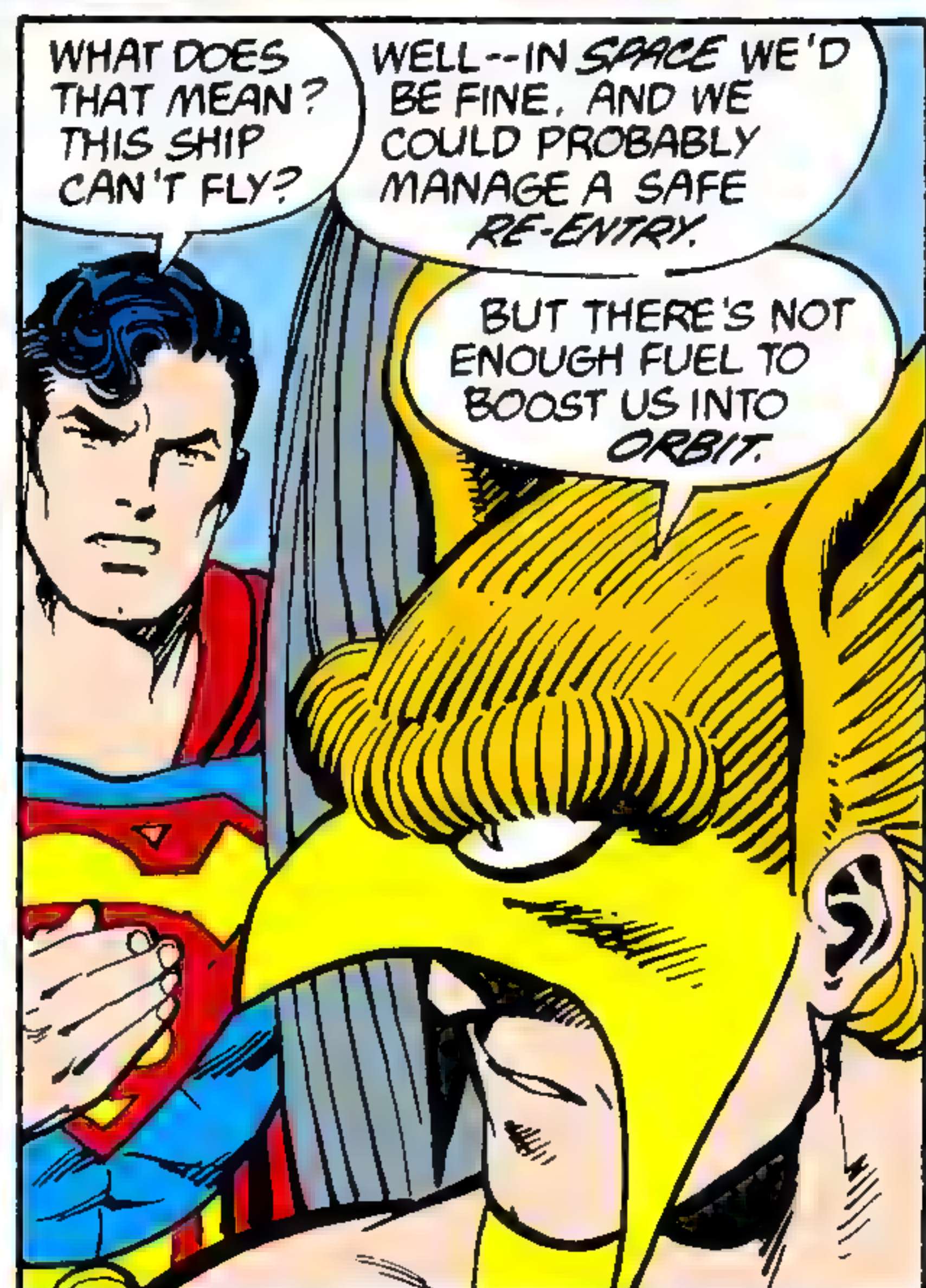
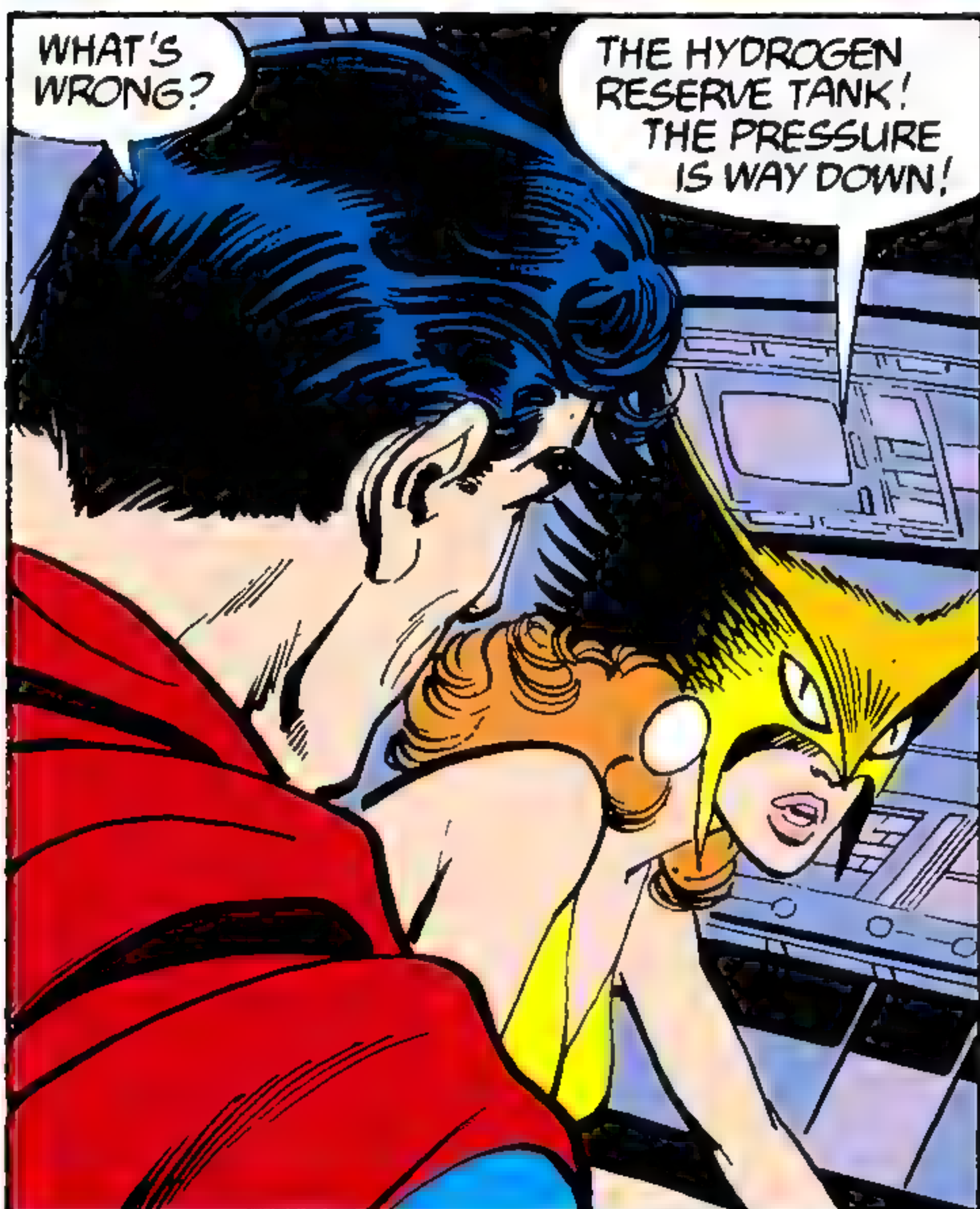
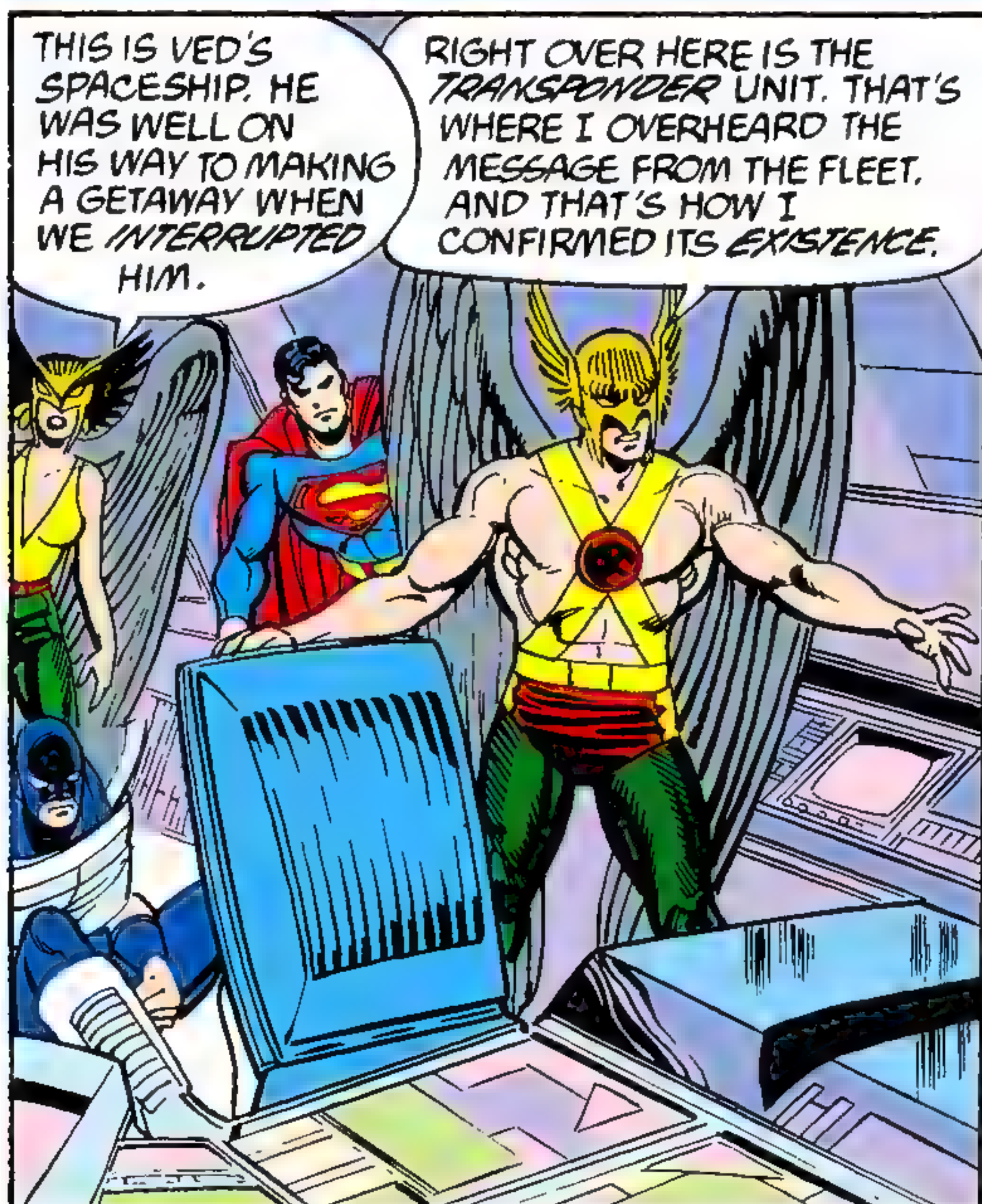
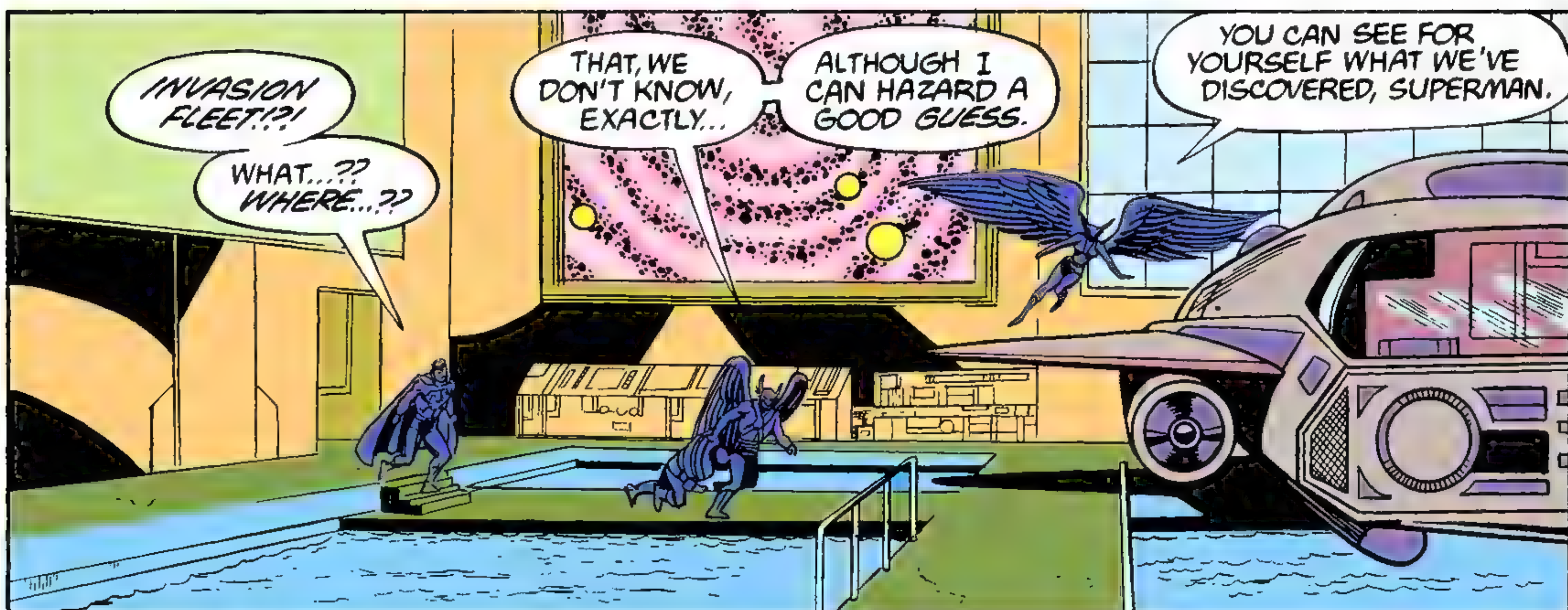
THAT'S VERY NOBLE, I'M SURE...

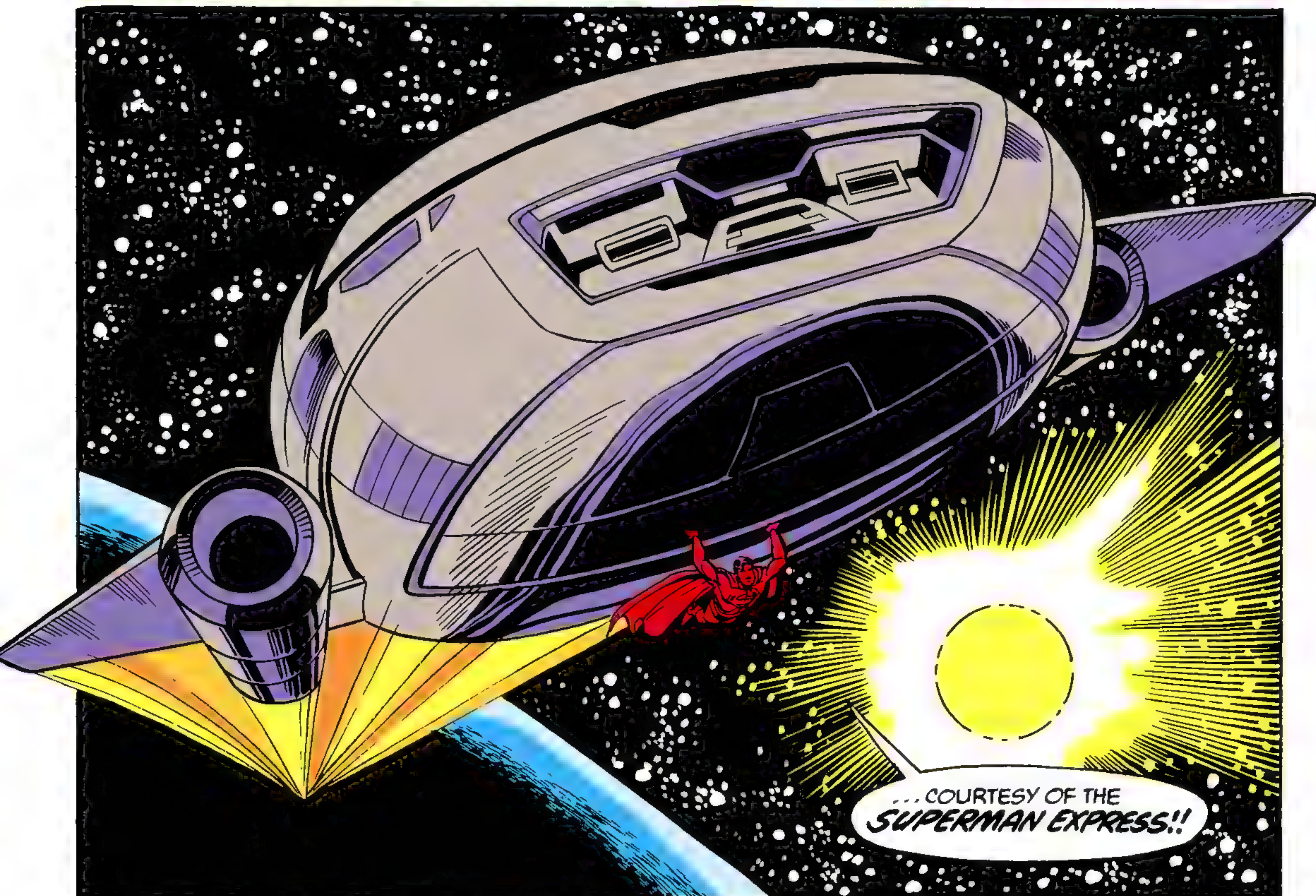
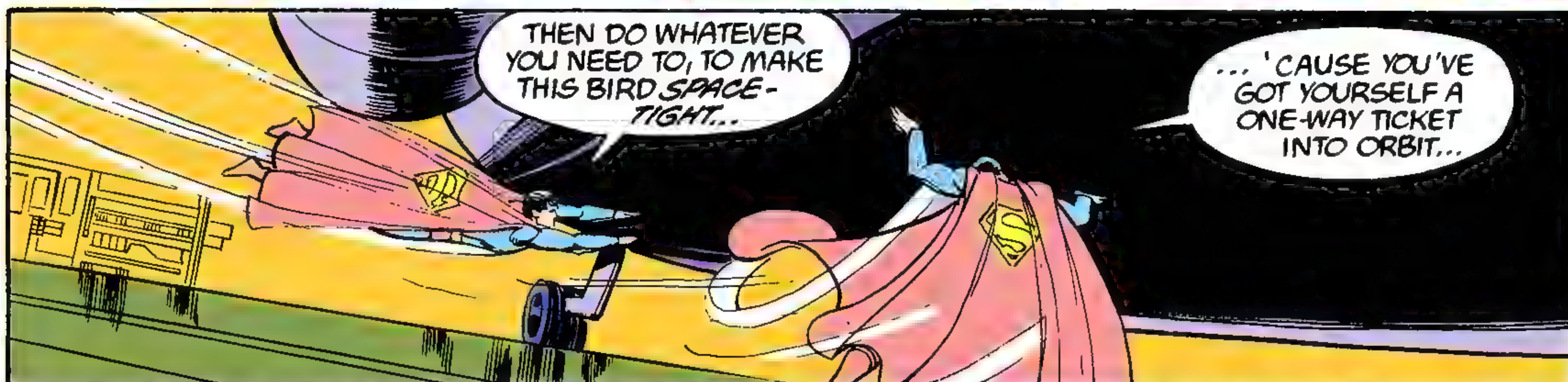
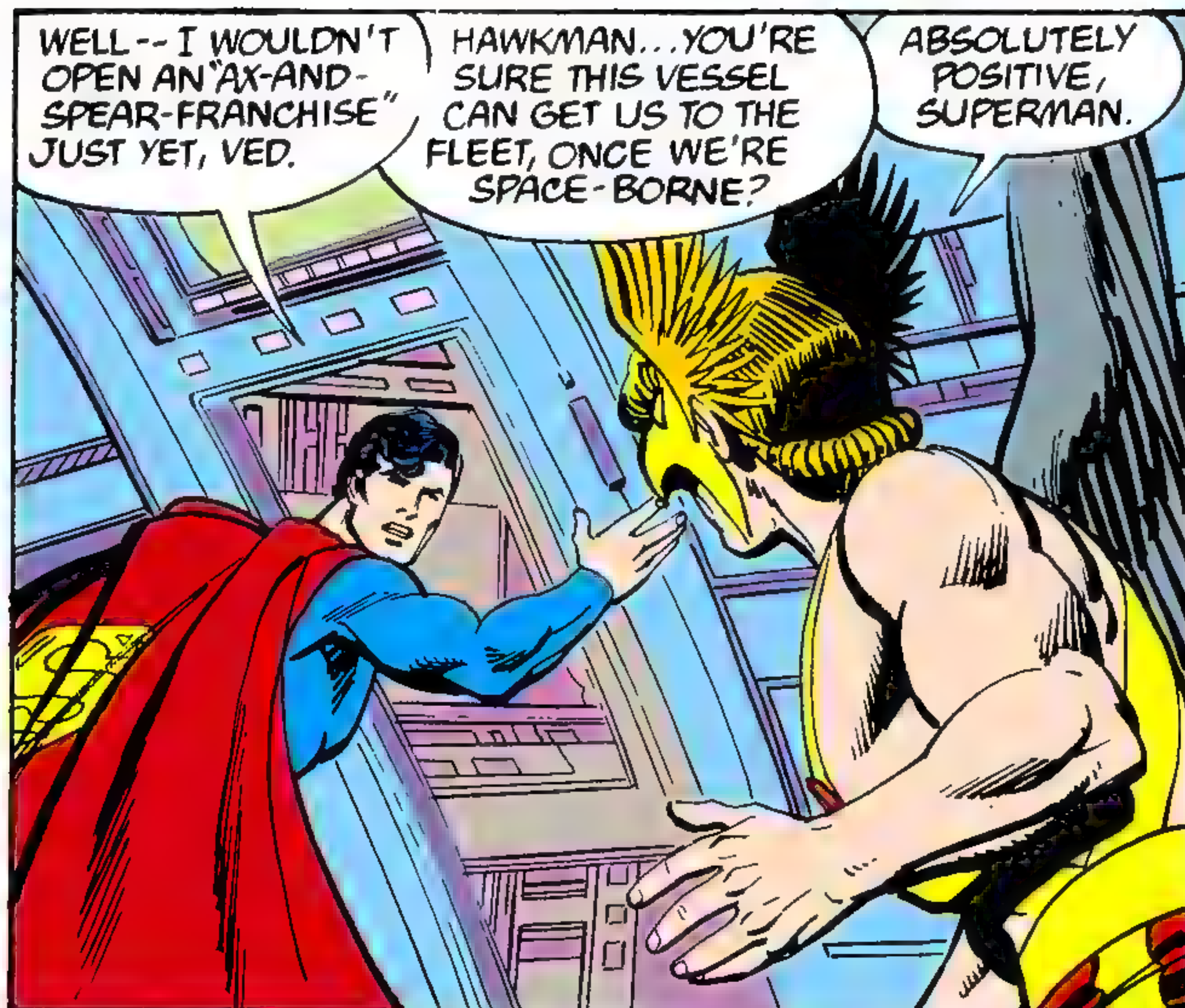
BUT IF YOU NOW HAVE THIS *VED* CHARACTER SAFELY IN CUSTODY...

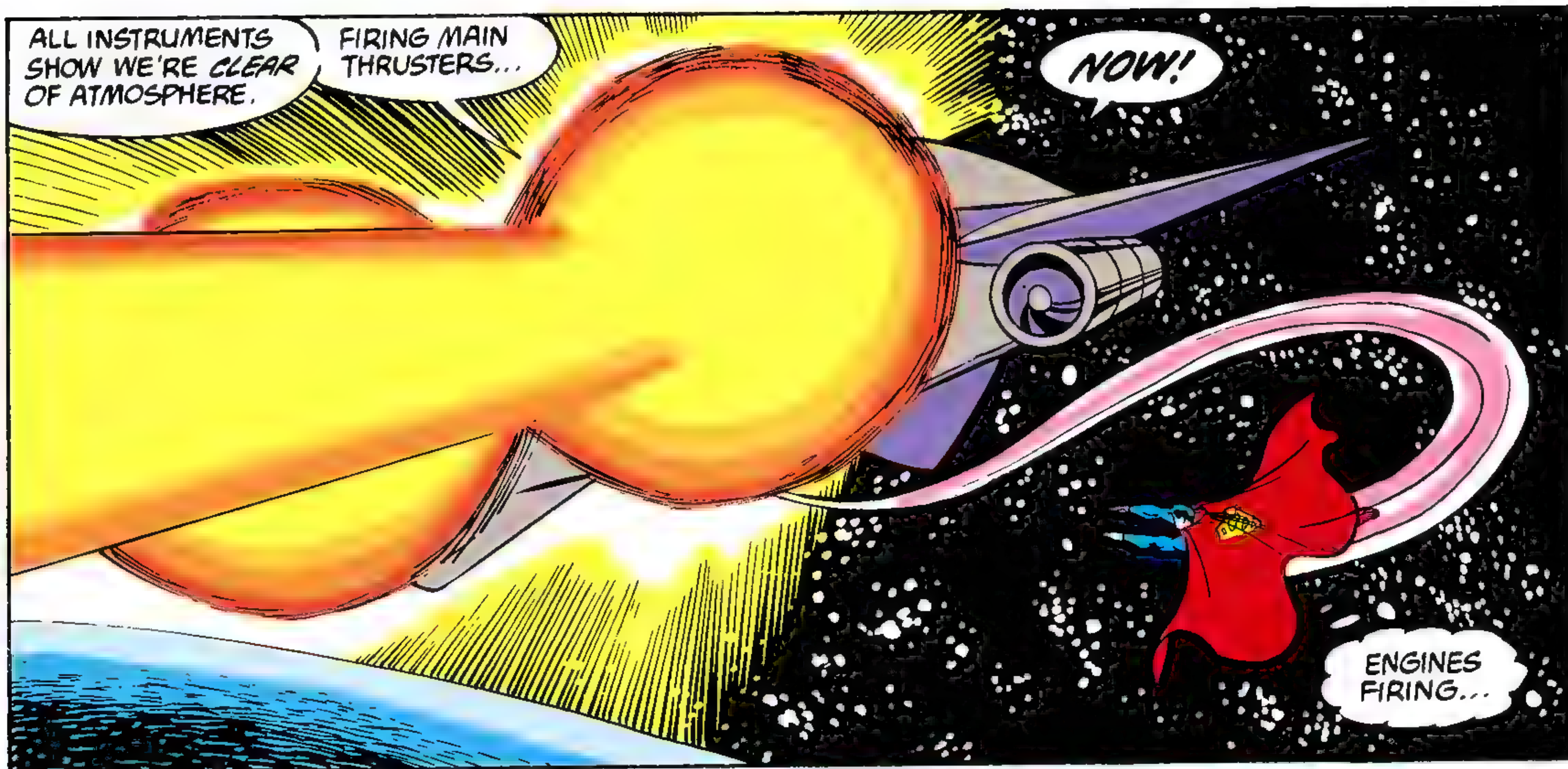
WHY DID YOU SEND FOR ME?

THE CAPTURE OF *VED* IS ONLY A BEGINNING, SUPERMAN.

WE NEED YOUR POWER TO HELP US DESTROY THE *THANAGARIAN INVASION FLEET*!





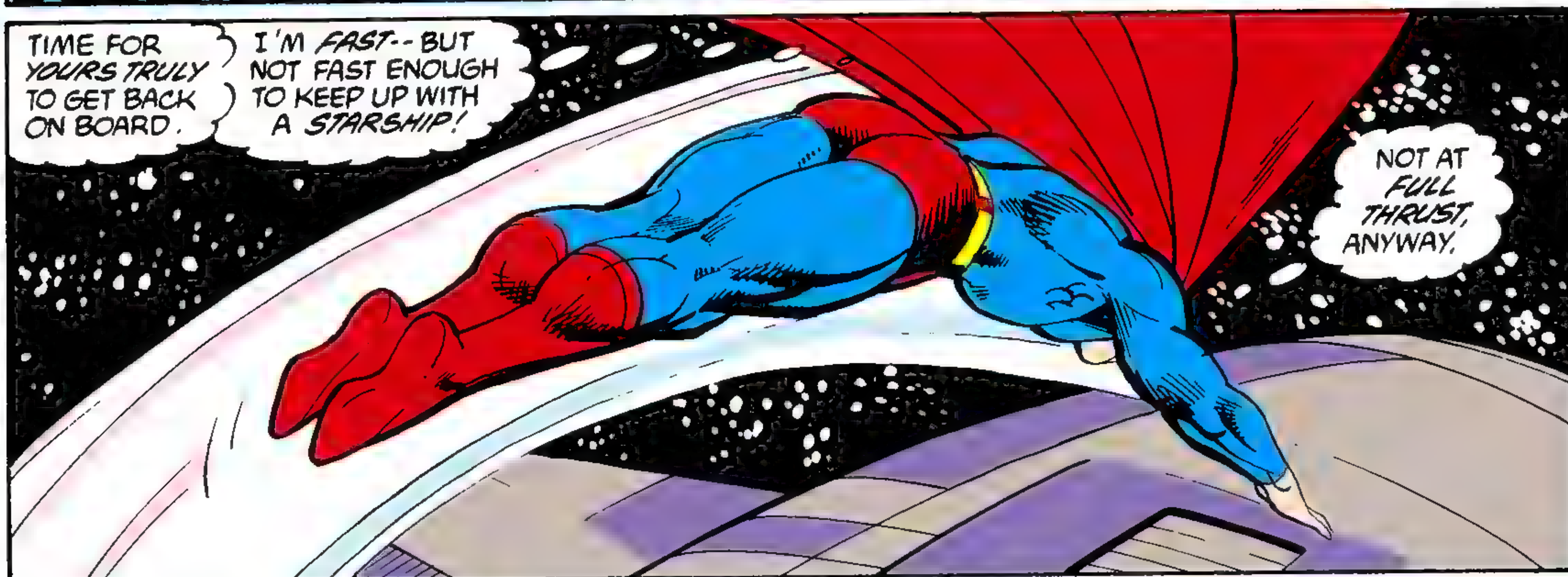


ALL INSTRUMENTS
SHOW WE'RE *CLEAR*
OF ATMOSPHERE.

FIRING MAIN
THRUSTERS...

NOW!

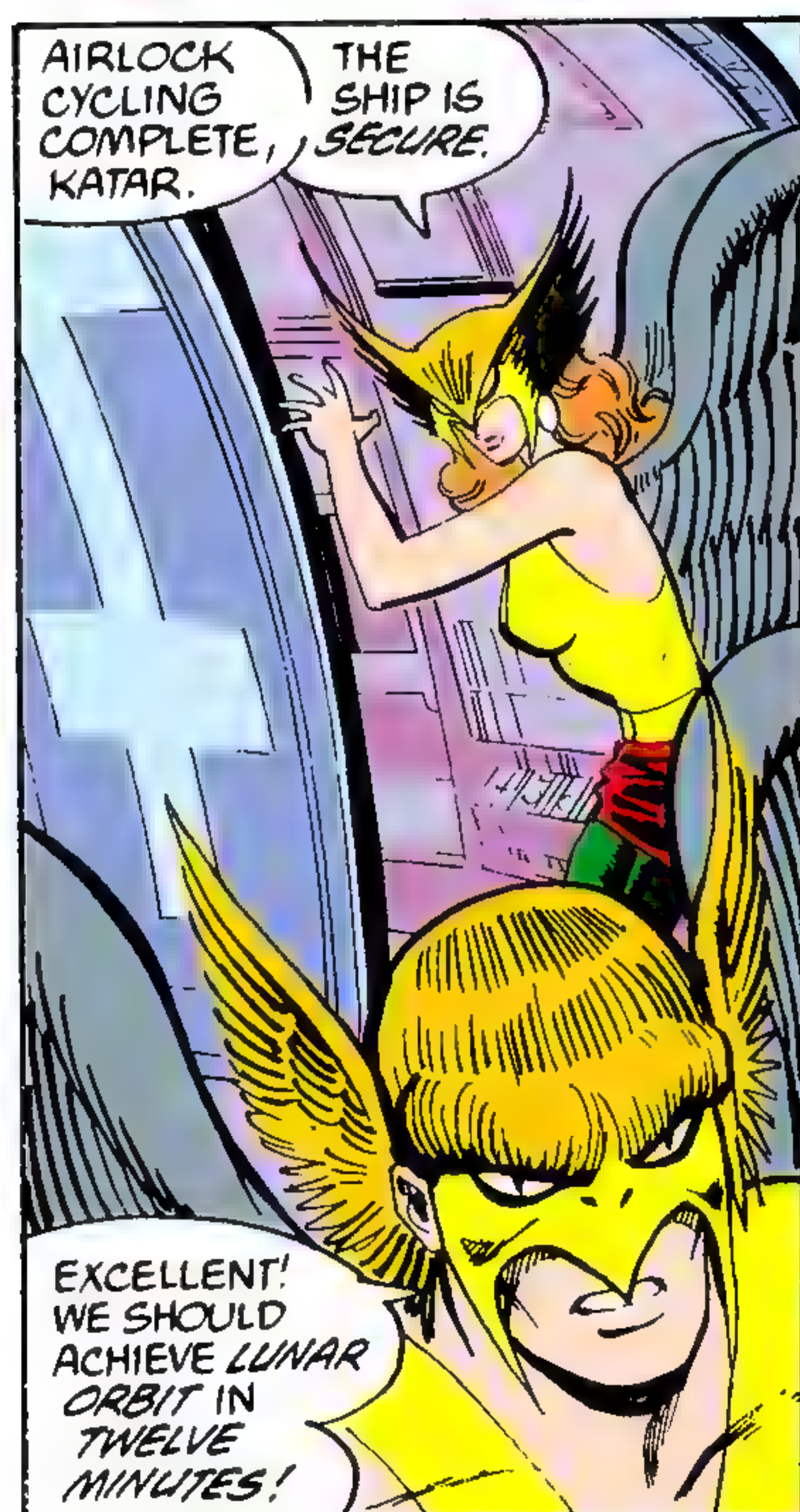
ENGINES
FIRING...



TIME FOR
YOURS TRULY
TO GET BACK
ON BOARD.

I'M *FAST*-- BUT
NOT FAST ENOUGH
TO KEEP UP WITH
A *STARSHIP*!

NOT AT
FULL
THRUST,
ANYWAY.



AIRLOCK
CYCLING
COMPLETE,
KATAR.

THE
SHIP IS
SECURE.

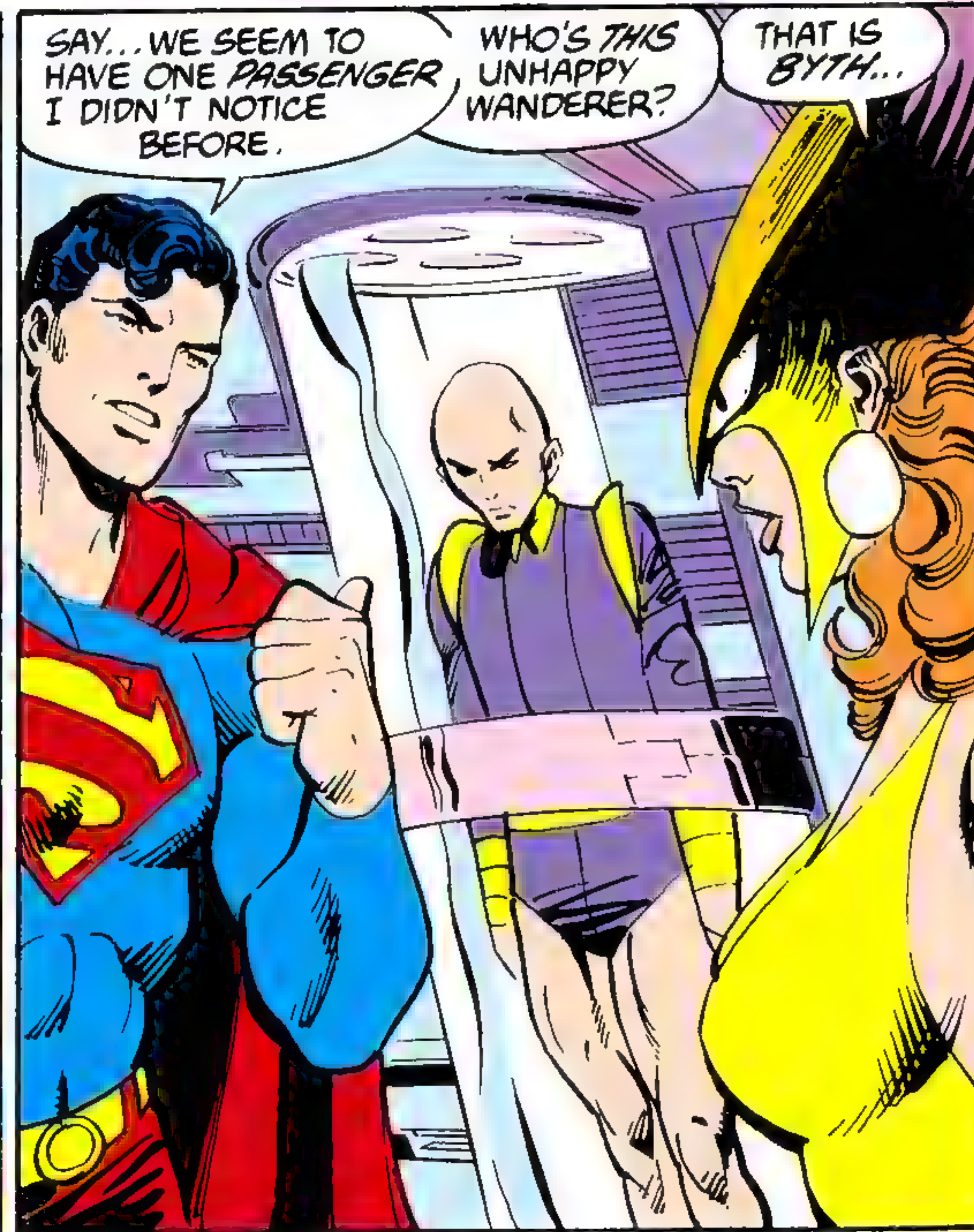
EXCELLENT!
WE SHOULD
ACHIEVE *LUNAR*
ORBIT IN
TWELVE
MINUTES!



LUNAR ORBIT?
SO YOUR
INVASION FLEET
IS *ON* OR NEAR
THE *MOON*?

THAT MAKES
SENSE. IT'S THE
PERFECT *STAGING*
GROUND FOR--

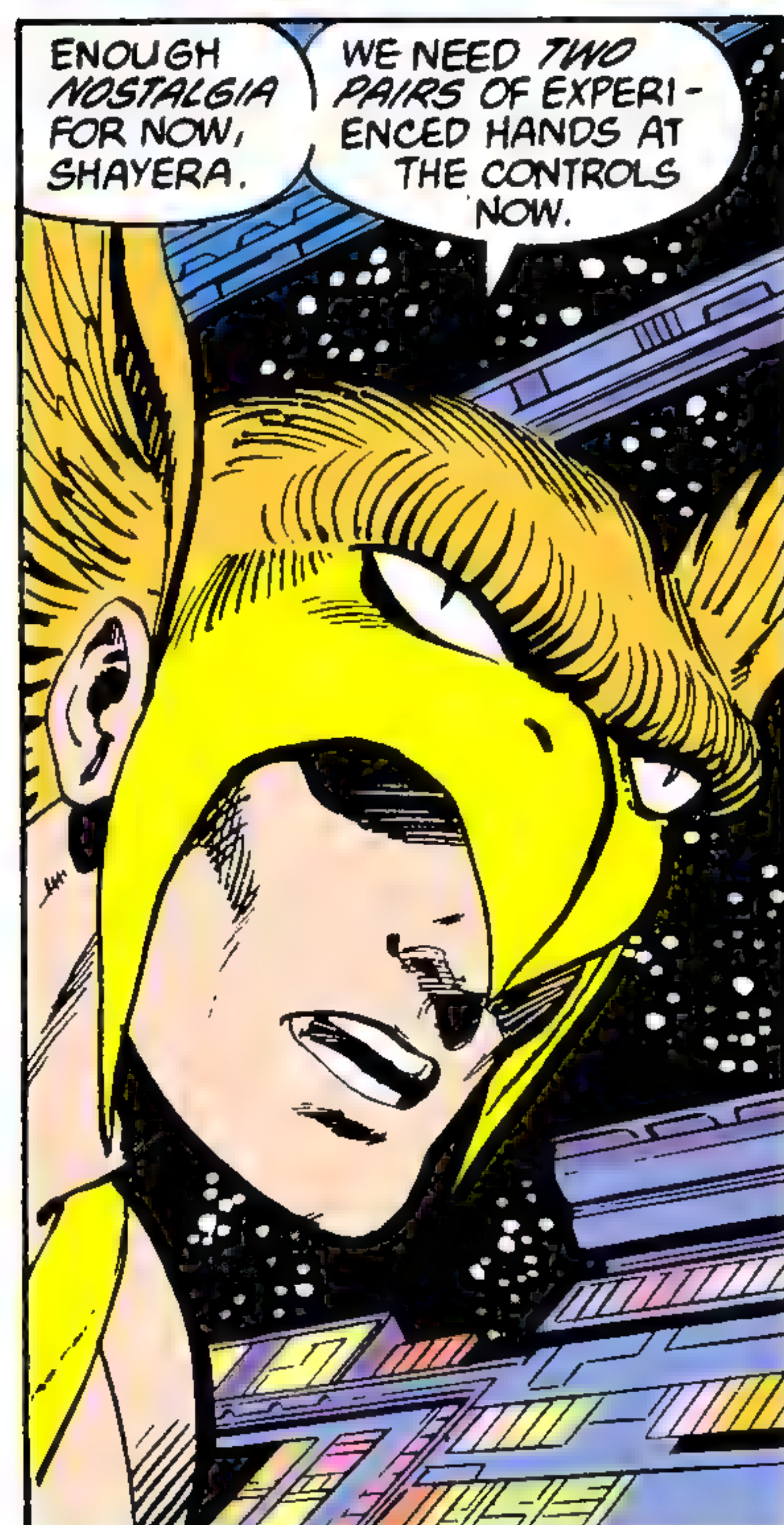
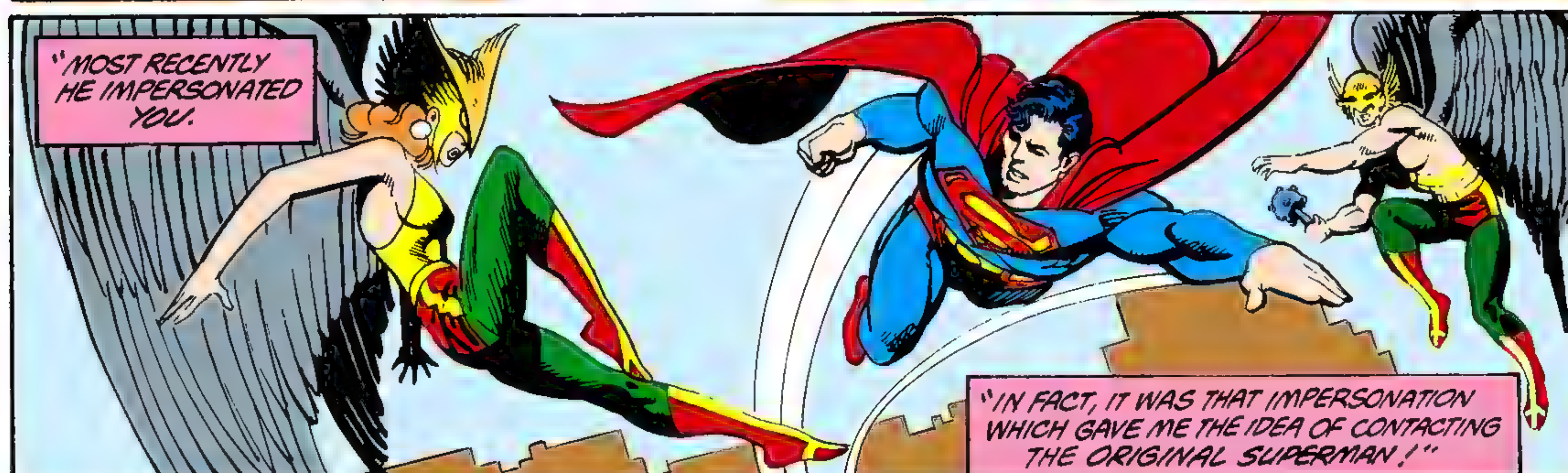
HM?

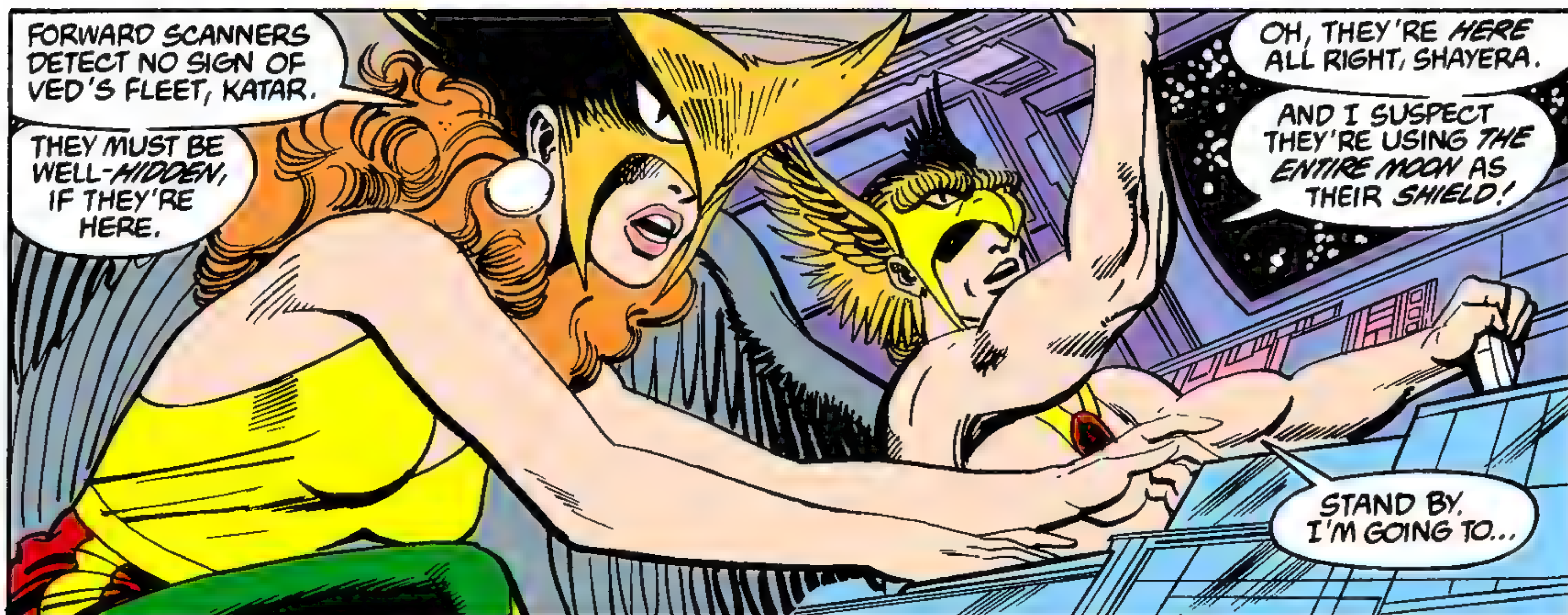


SAY... WE SEEM TO
HAVE ONE *PASSENGER*
I DIDN'T NOTICE
BEFORE.

WHO'S *THIS*
UNHAPPY
WANDERER?

THAT IS
BYTH...





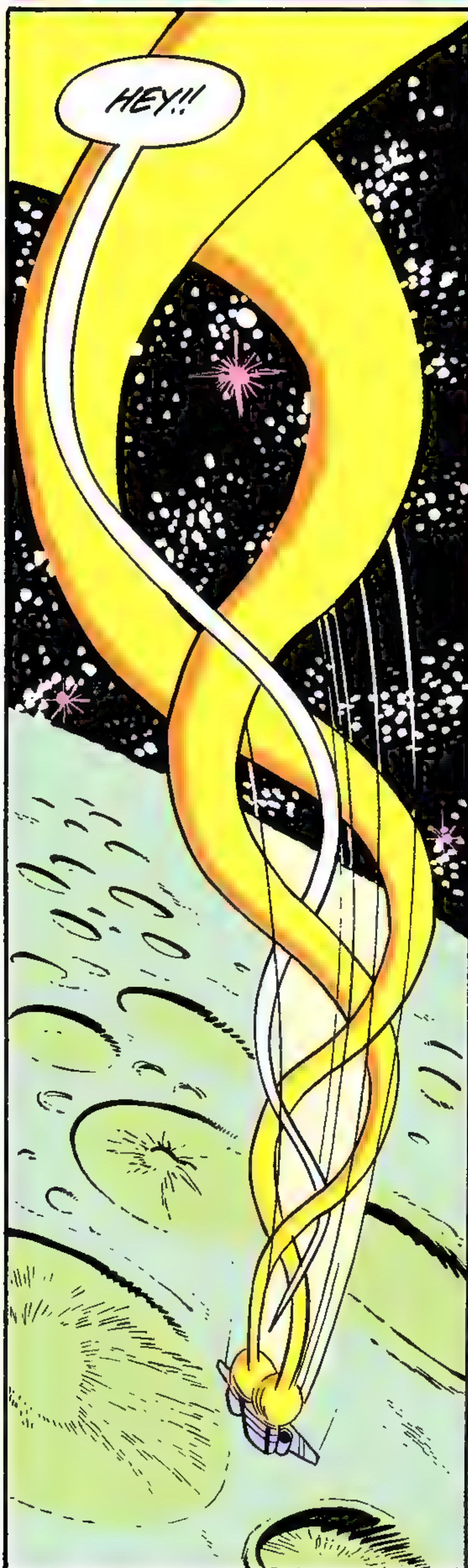
FORWARD SCANNERS
DETECT NO SIGN OF
VED'S FLEET, KATAR.

THEY MUST BE
WELL-HIDDEN,
IF THEY'RE
HERE.

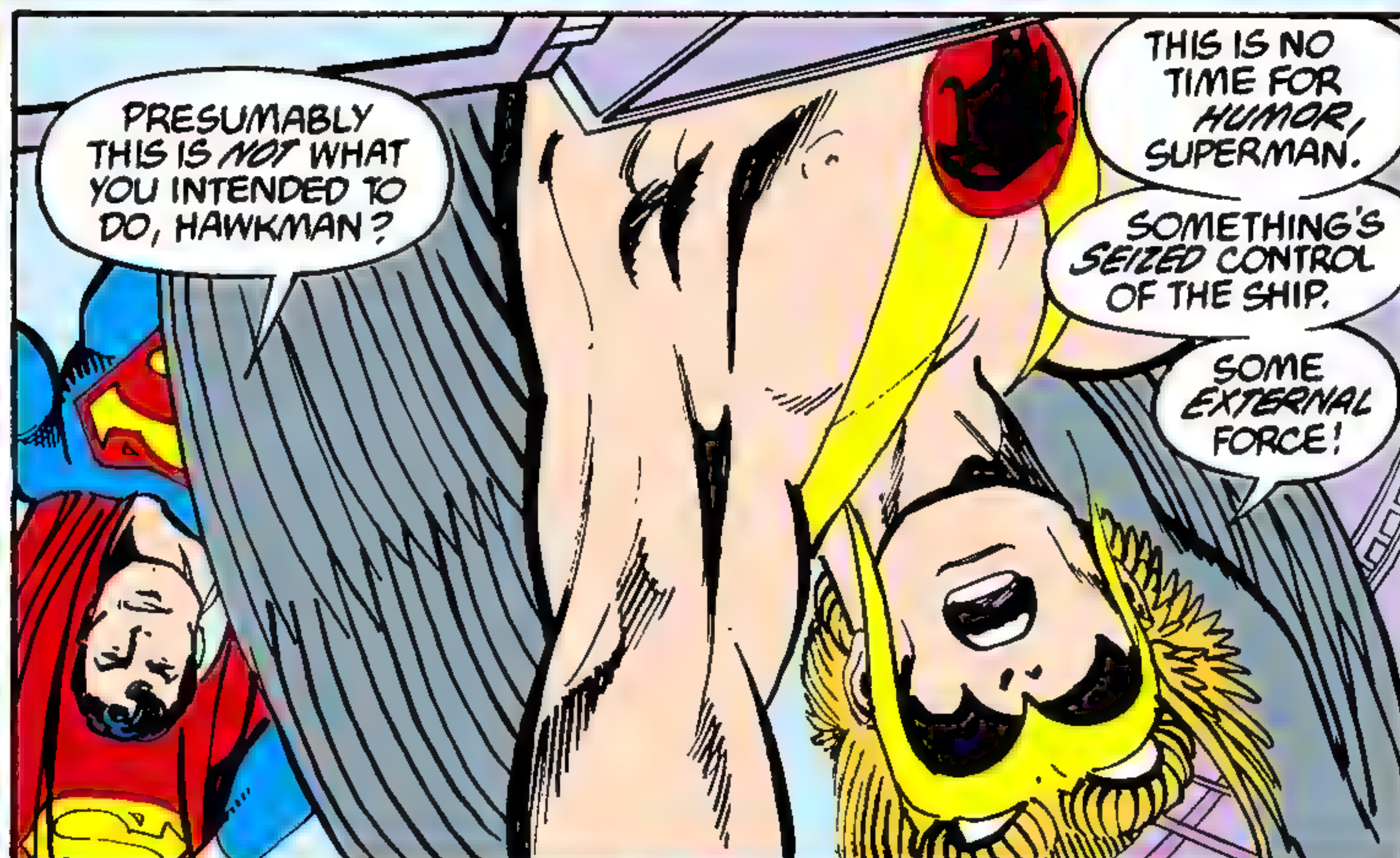
OH, THEY'RE *HERE*
ALL RIGHT, SHAYERA.

AND I SUSPECT
THEY'RE USING THE
ENTIRE MOON AS
THEIR SHIELD!

STAND BY.
I'M GOING TO...



HEY!!



PRESUMABLY
THIS IS *NOT* WHAT
YOU INTENDED TO
DO, HAWKMAN?

THIS IS NO
TIME FOR
HUMOR,
SUPERMAN.

SOMETHING'S
SEIZED CONTROL
OF THE SHIP.

SOME
EXTERNAL
FORCE!



SO YOU STILL
FAIL, KATAR
HOL!

WE ALL
DIE, FOR THE
GLORY OF
THANAGAR!!

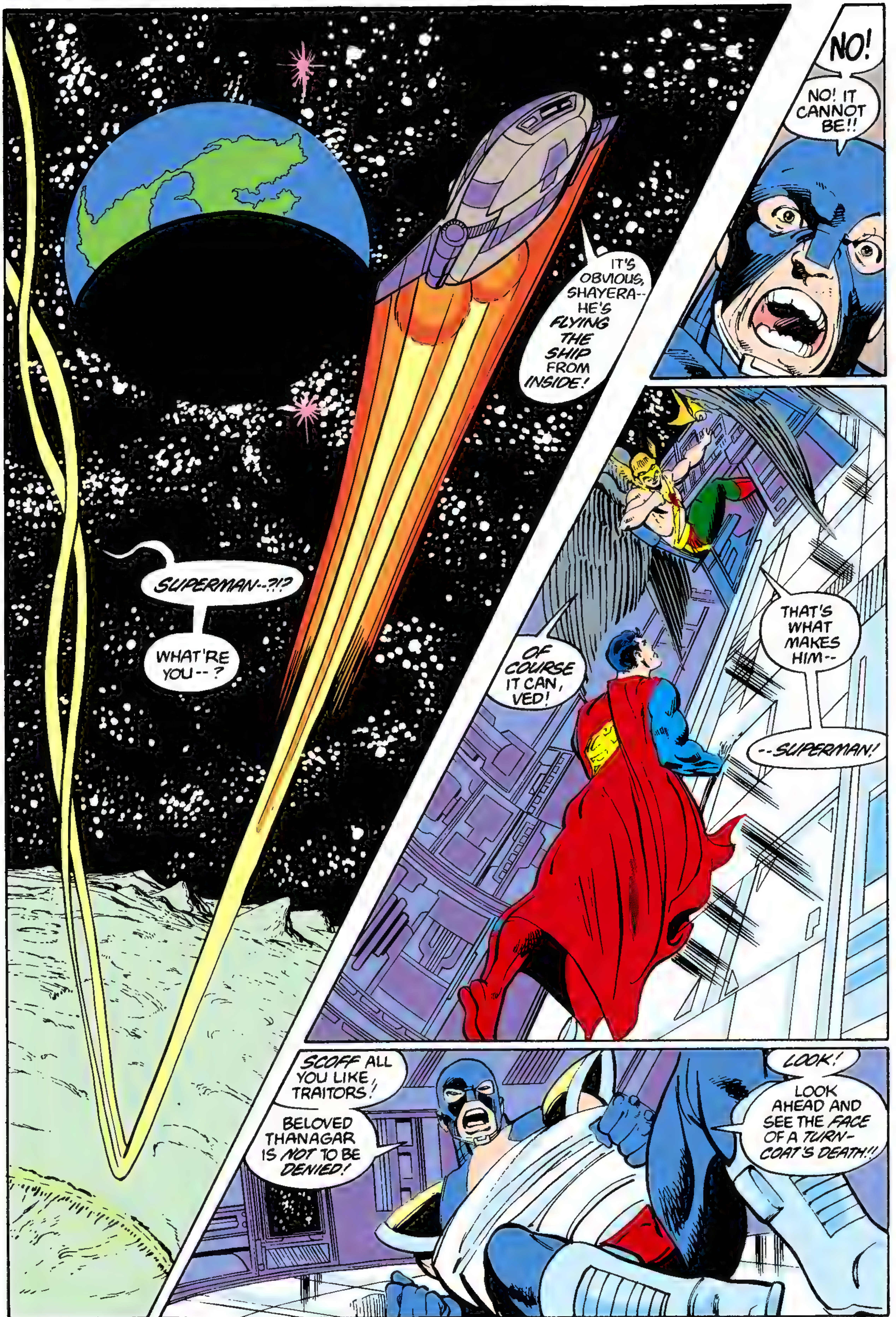
THERE YOU GO AGAIN,
GETTING AHEAD OF
YOURSELF, VED.

FORGIVE THE
IMMODESTY, BUT
WE'RE NOT QUITE DEAD
AS LONG AS I'M
HERE.



AND ASSUMING
THE SUPPORT
SUPERSTRUCTURE
OF THIS SHIP IS AS
STRONG AS I'M
GUESSING IT
MUST BE...

SHUNKTKT



NO!

NO! IT CANNOT BE!!

IT'S OBVIOUS, SHAYERA-- HE'S FLYING THE SHIP FROM INSIDE!

SUPERMAN--?!

WHAT'RE YOU--?

OF COURSE IT CAN, VED!

THAT'S WHAT MAKES HIM--

--SUPERMAN!

SCOFF ALL YOU LIKE, TRAITORS!

BELOVED THANAGAR IS NOT TO BE DENIED!

LOOK!

LOOK AHEAD AND SEE THE FACE OF A TURN-COAT'S DEATH!!



THE
THANAGARIAN
FLEET!!!



THEY'RE FIRING ON US!?!

DON'T THEY RECOGNIZE VED'S SHIP??



OF COURSE THEY DO, KATAR HOL! BUT THIS VESSEL DID NOT MAKE THE PROPER APPROACH!

THE FLEET COMMANDERS ARE UNDER STRICT ORDERS TO FIRE ON ANY SHIP WHICH FAILS TO FOLLOW ESTABLISHED PROTOCOL!



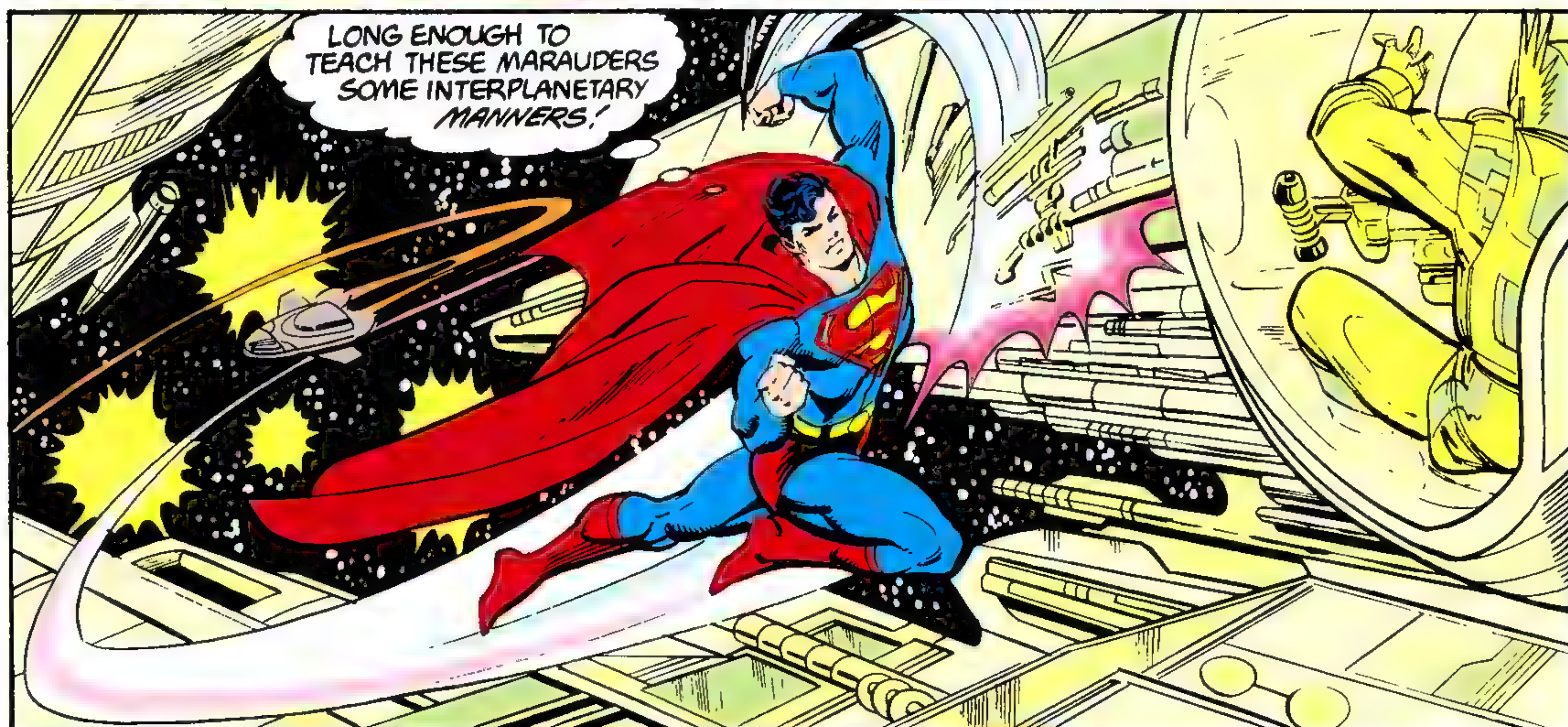
THEN IT'S TIME I LET YOU FLY THIS BABY AGAIN, HAWKMAN.

I'D BETTER GET OUT THERE AND RUN INTER-FERENCE!

WAIT, SUPERMAN! WE HAVE PORTABLE OXYGEN UNITS.

LET ME GET ONE FOR YOU.

NO TIME, HAWKWOMAN. LET ME JUST TAKE ONE GOOD, DEEP BREATH. THAT SHOULD HOLD ME FOR AN HOUR OR SO.



LONG ENOUGH TO TEACH THESE MARAUDERS SOME INTERPLANETARY MANNERS!



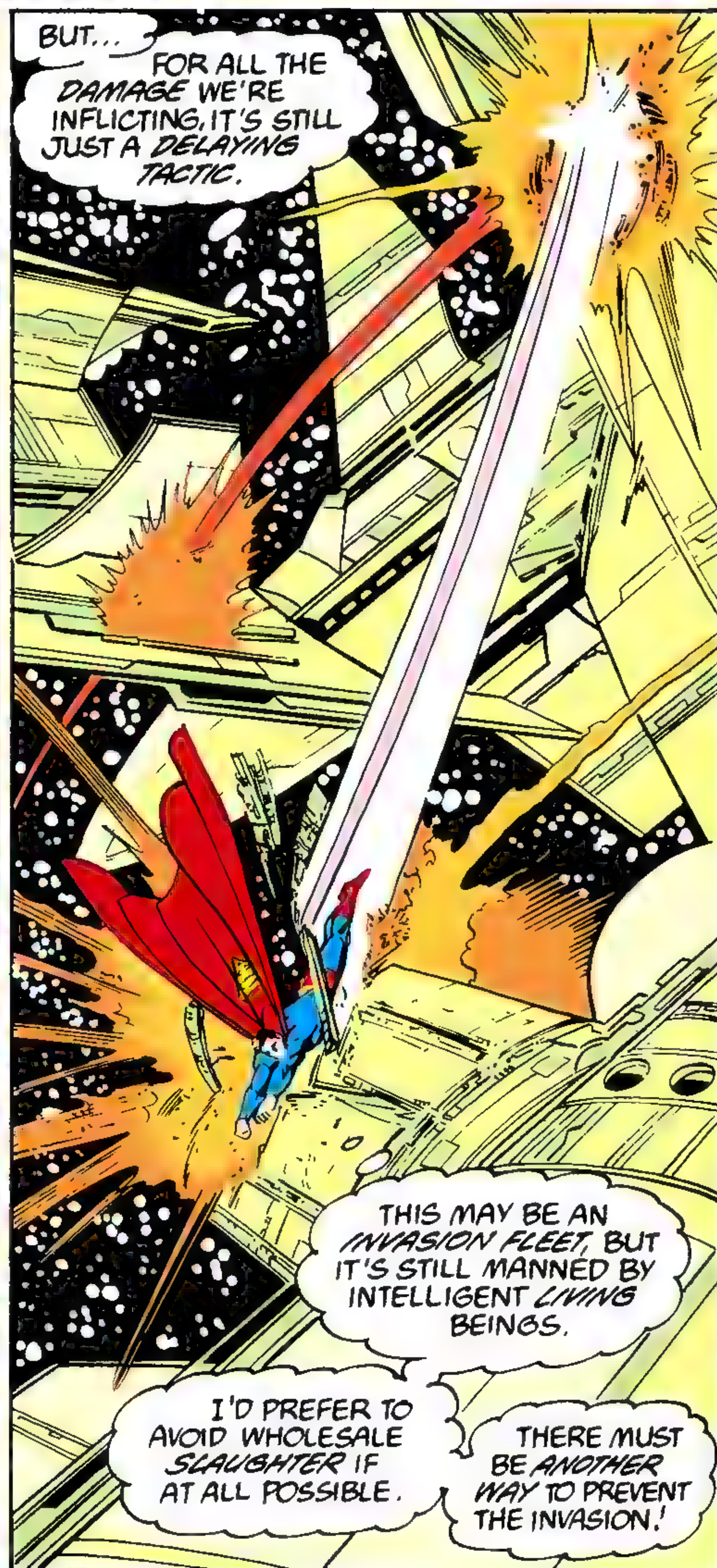
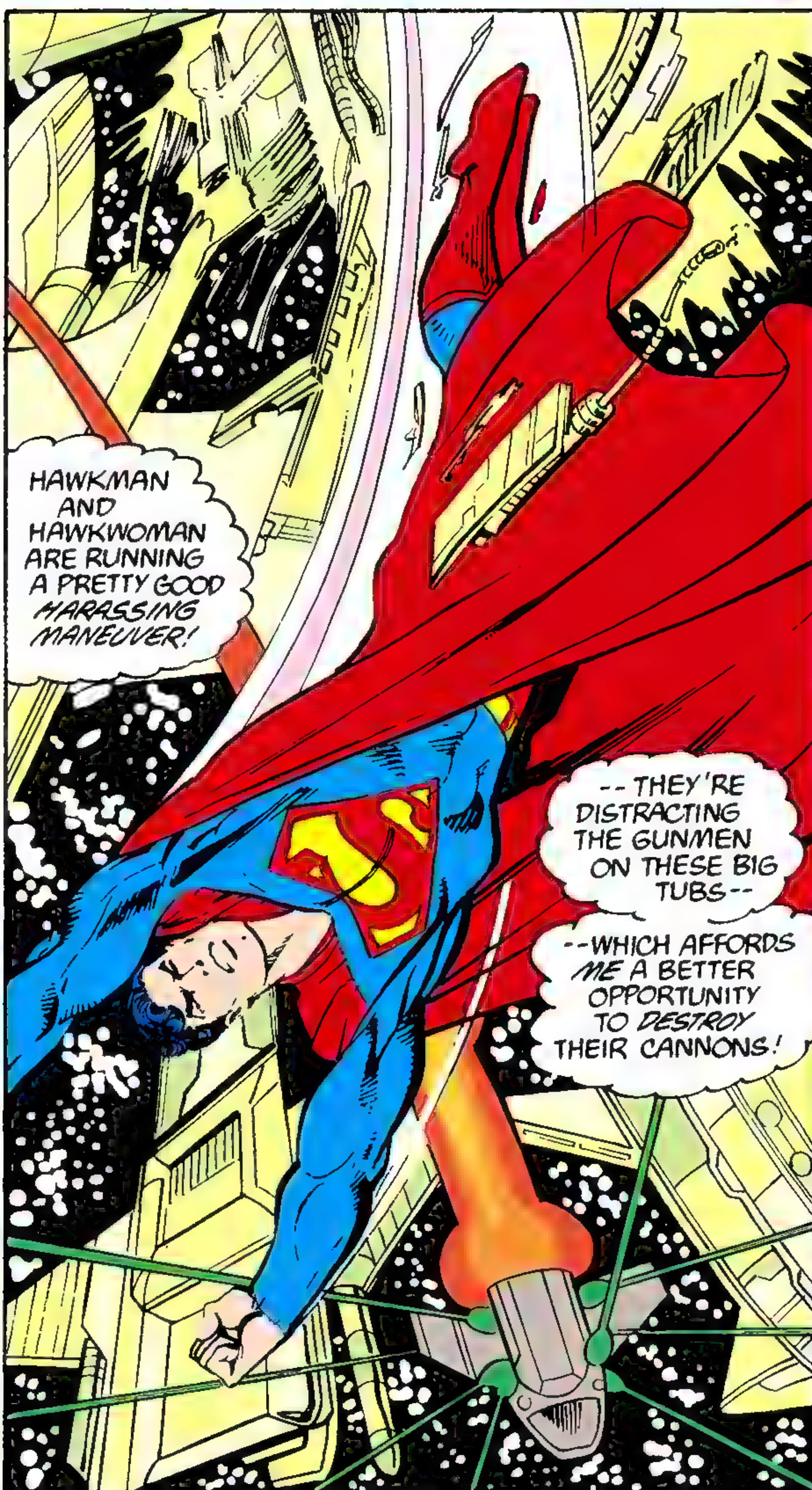
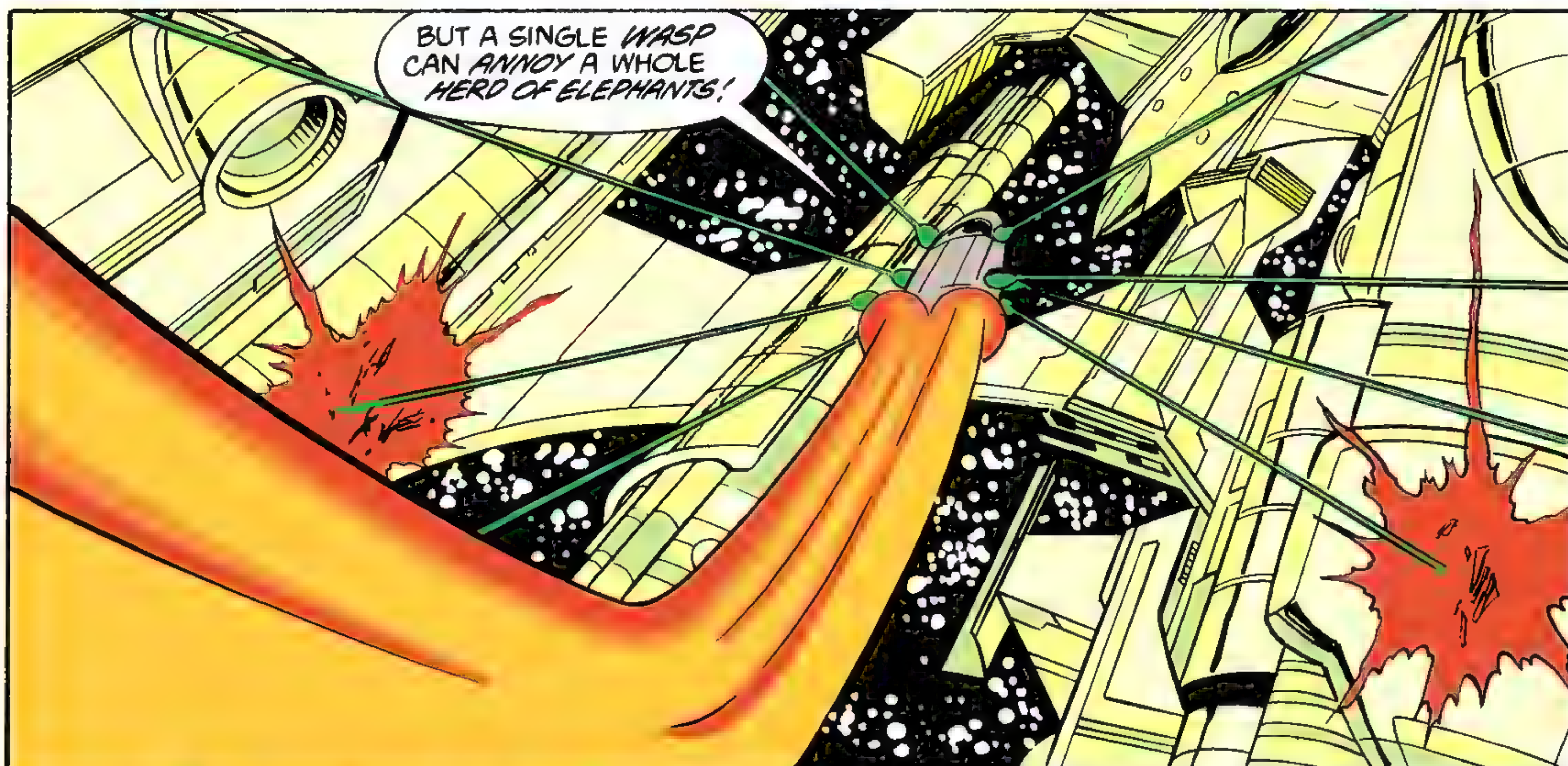
KATAR... HE'S SMASHING THROUGH THEIR HYPER-ATOMIC CANNONS!

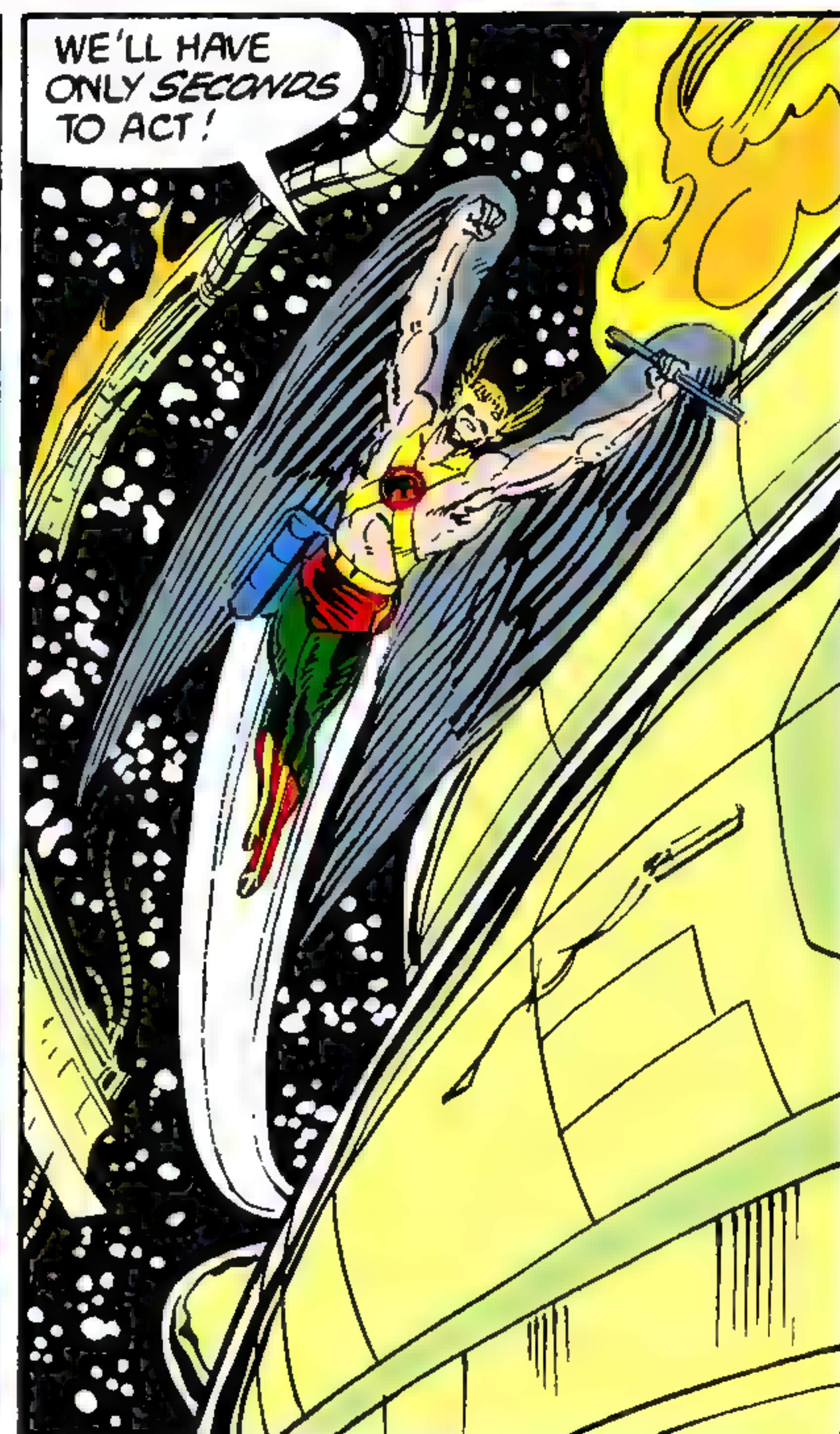
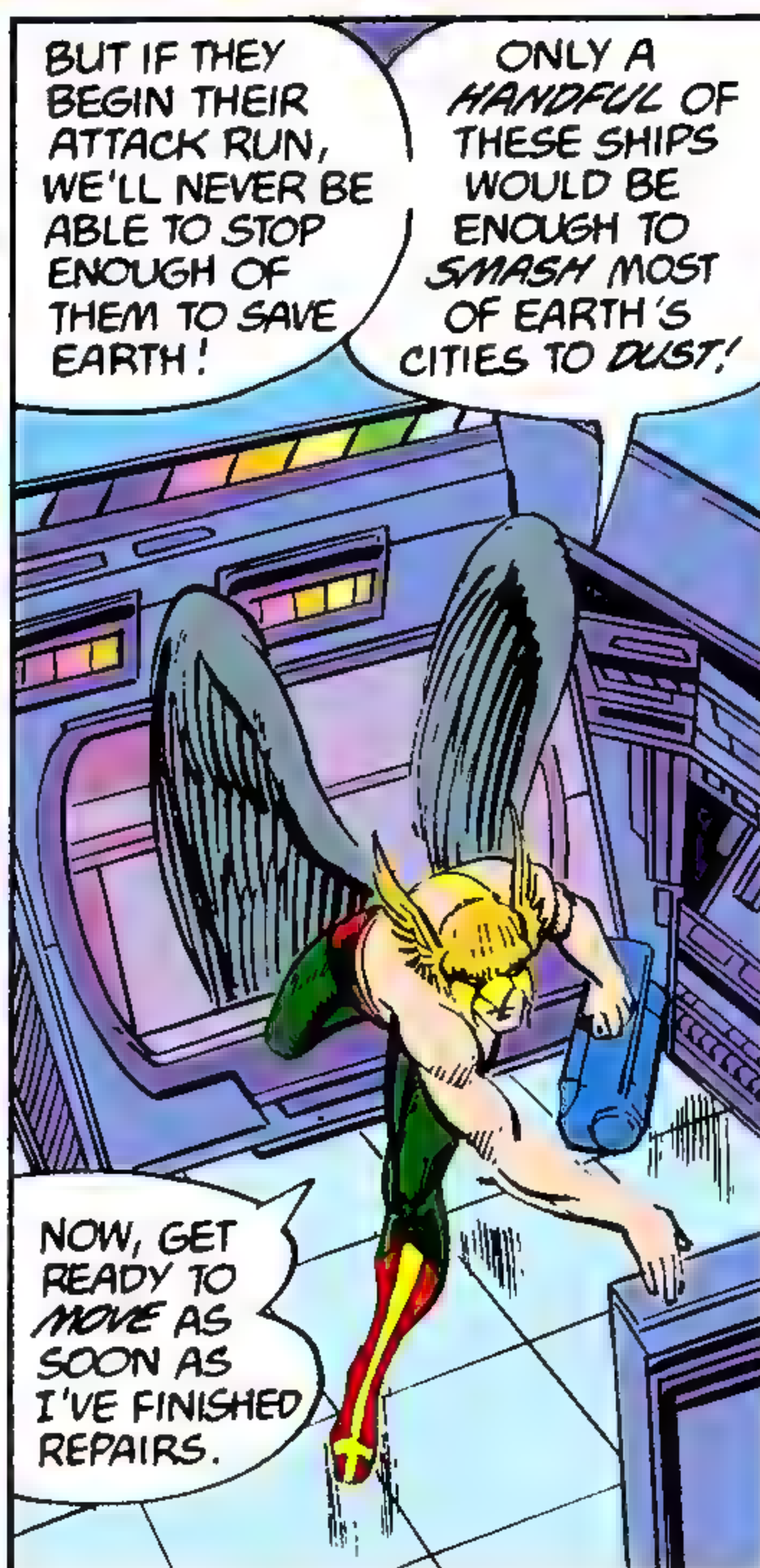
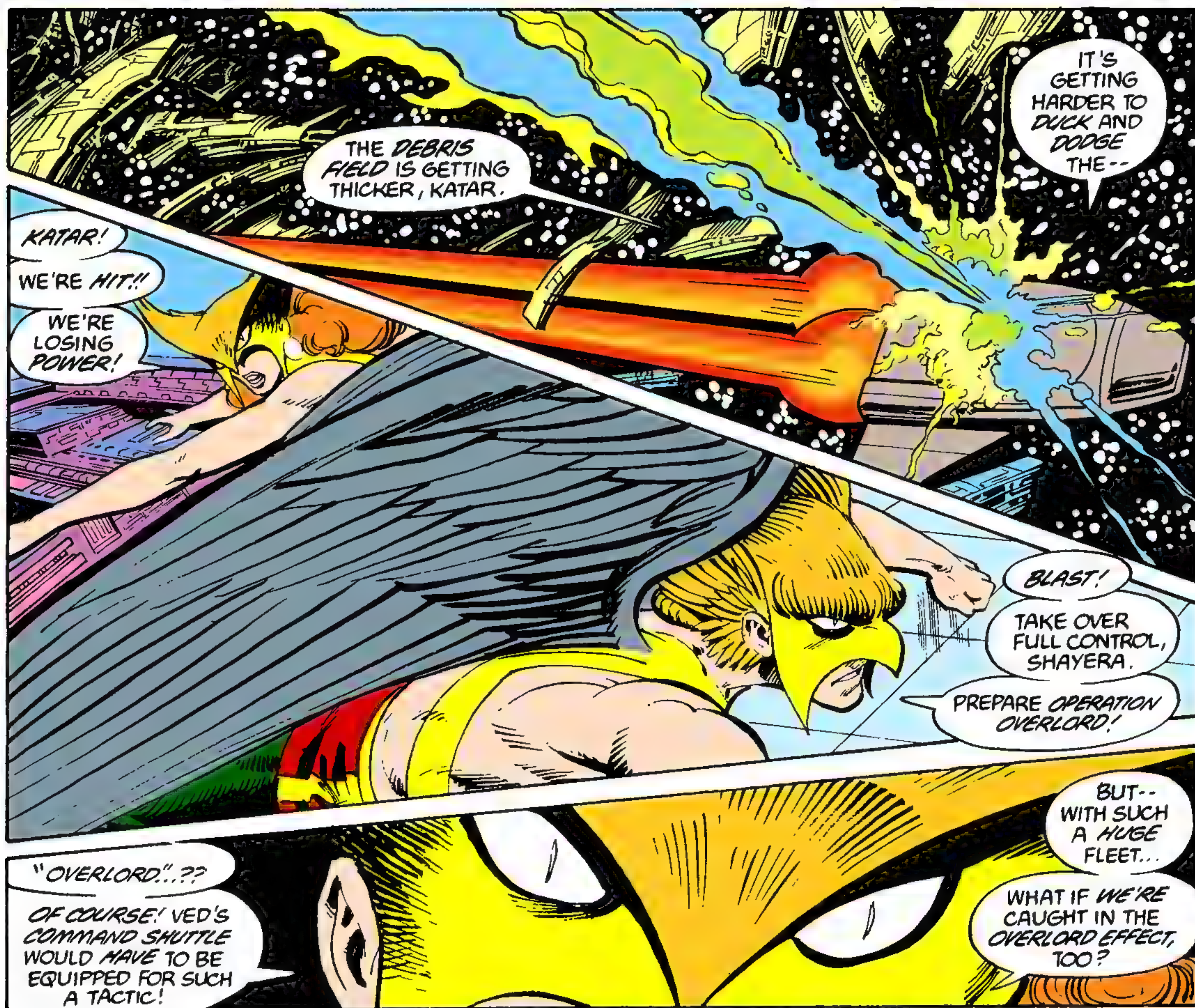
BUT... THE FLEET IS SO HUGE! NOT EVEN SUPERMAN CAN DISABLE ALL THE SHIPS!

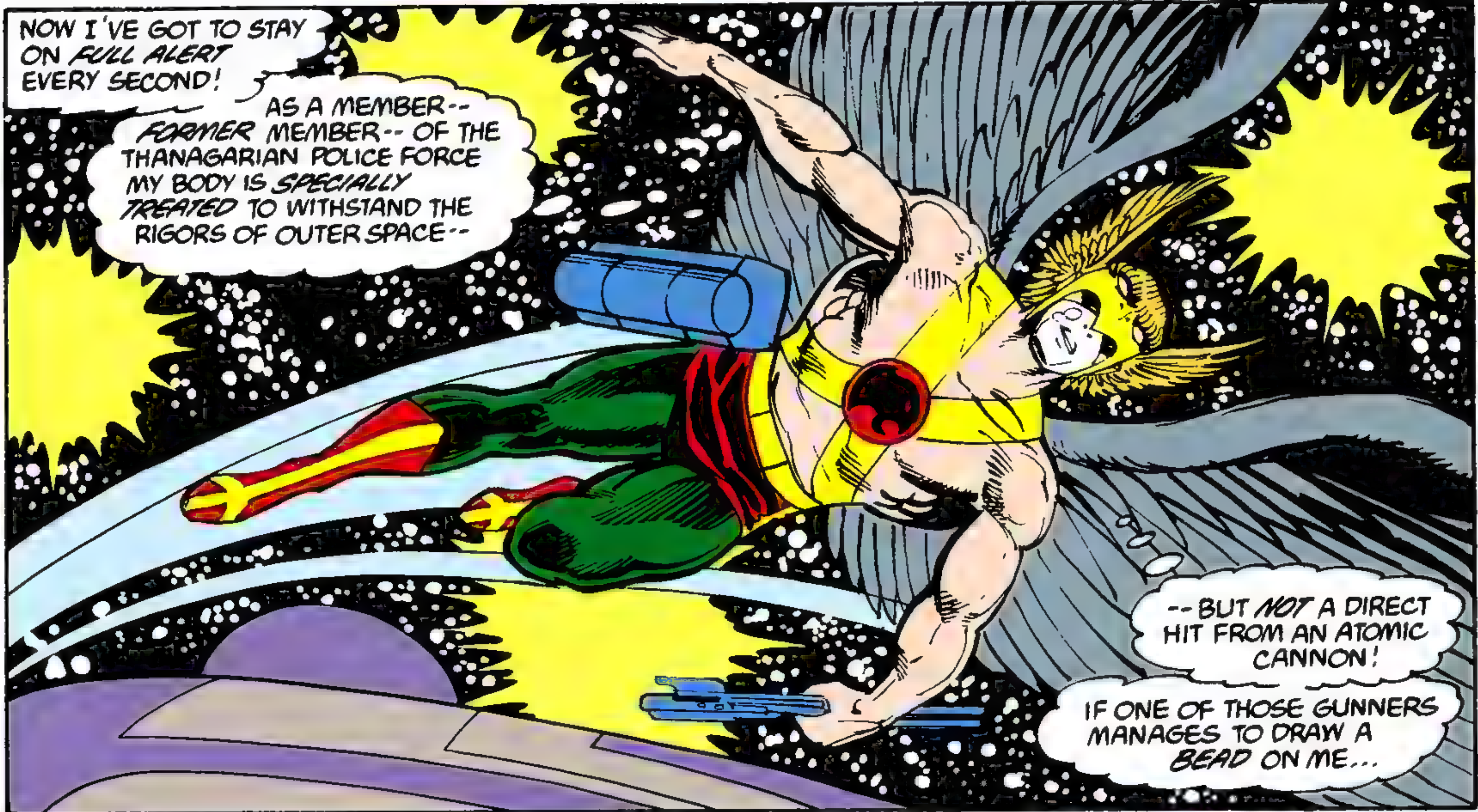
NOT BY HIMSELF, ANYWAY.

ACTIVATE THE WEAPONS CONTROL CONSOLE, SHAYERA.

WE DON'T HAVE ANYTHING LIKE THE MASSIVE FIREPOWER OF THOSE WARSHIPS...





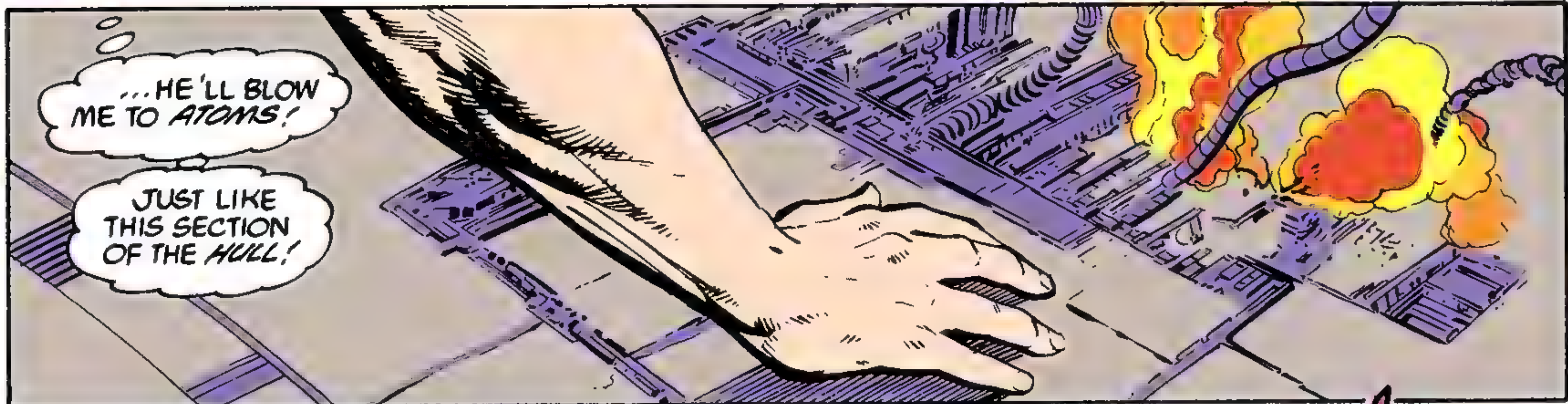


NOW I'VE GOT TO STAY ON FULL ALERT EVERY SECOND!

AS A MEMBER-- FORMER MEMBER-- OF THE THANAGARIAN POLICE FORCE MY BODY IS *SPECIALLY TREATED* TO WITHSTAND THE RIGORS OF OUTER SPACE--

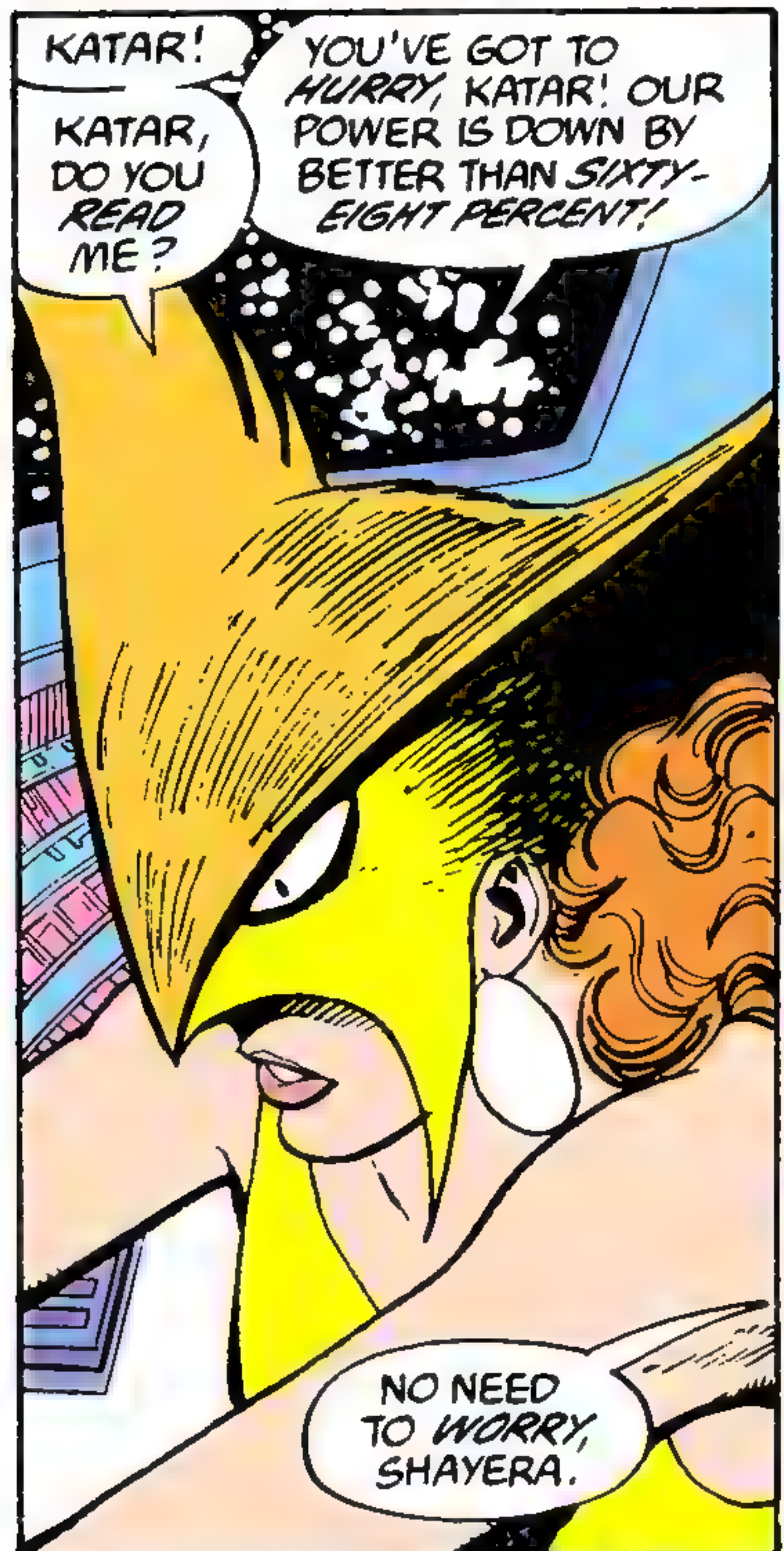
-- BUT *NOT* A DIRECT HIT FROM AN ATOMIC CANNON!

IF ONE OF THOSE GUNNERS MANAGES TO DRAW A BEAD ON ME...



...HE'LL BLOW ME TO ATOMS!

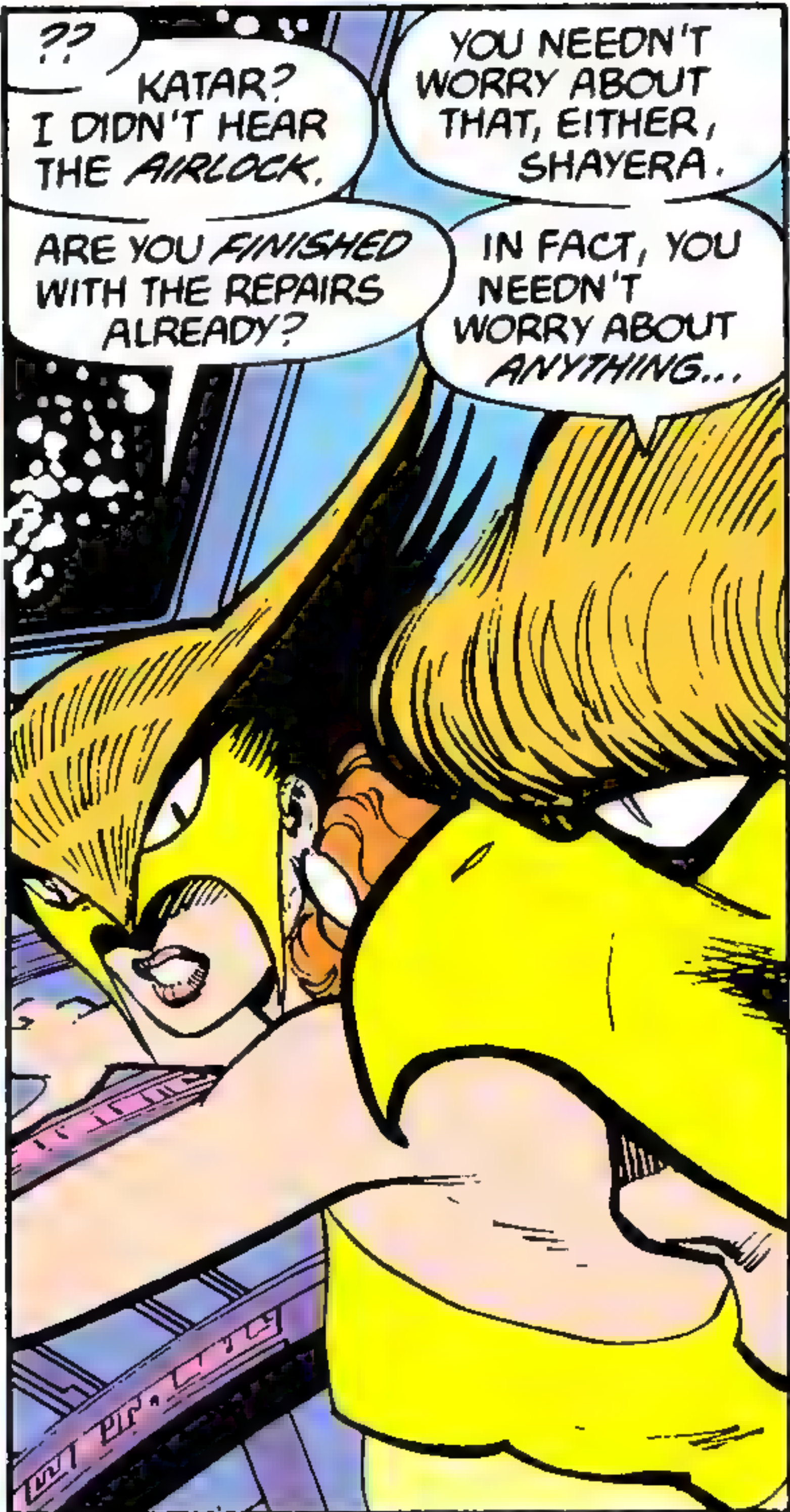
JUST LIKE THIS SECTION OF THE HULL!



KATAR! KATAR, DO YOU READ ME?

YOU'VE GOT TO HURRY, KATAR! OUR POWER IS DOWN BY BETTER THAN SIXTY-EIGHT PERCENT!

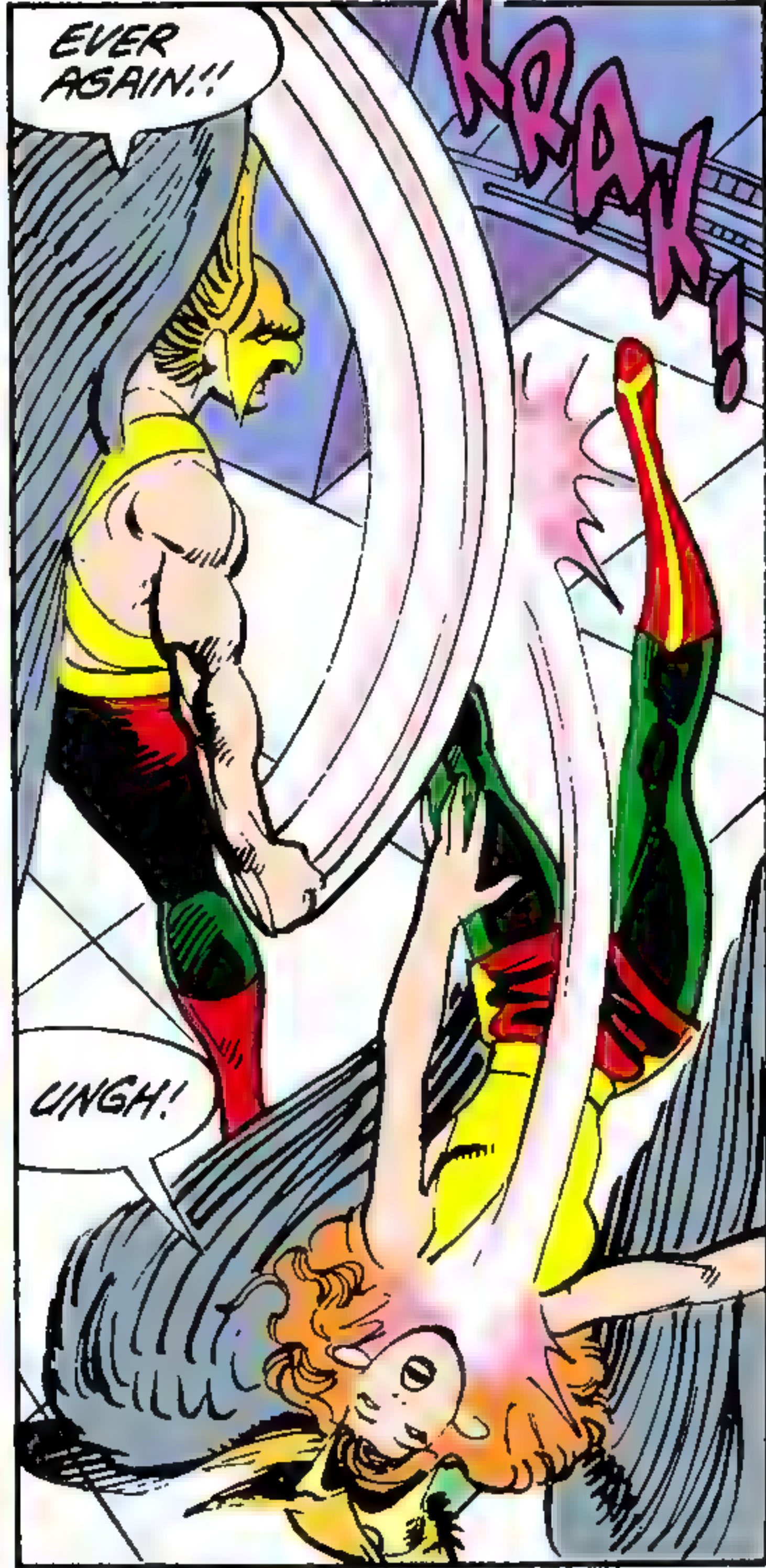
NO NEED TO WORRY, SHAYERA.



?? KATAR? I DIDN'T HEAR THE AIRLOCK. ARE YOU FINISHED WITH THE REPAIRS ALREADY?

YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, EITHER, SHAYERA.

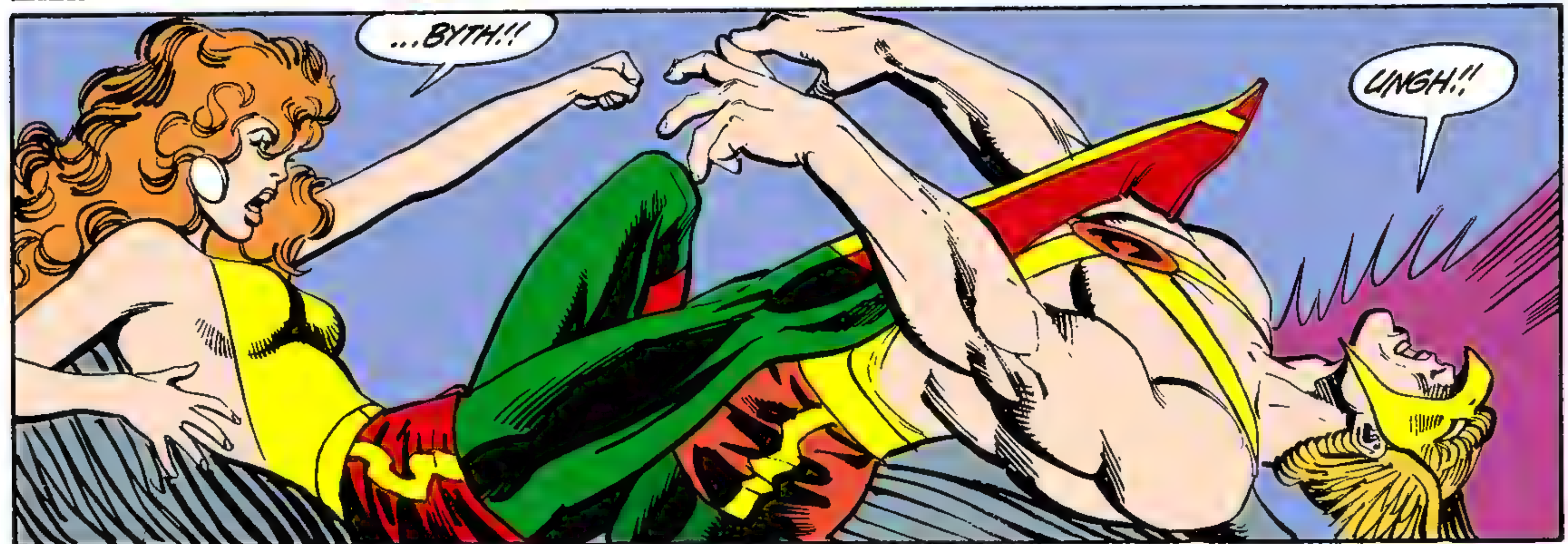
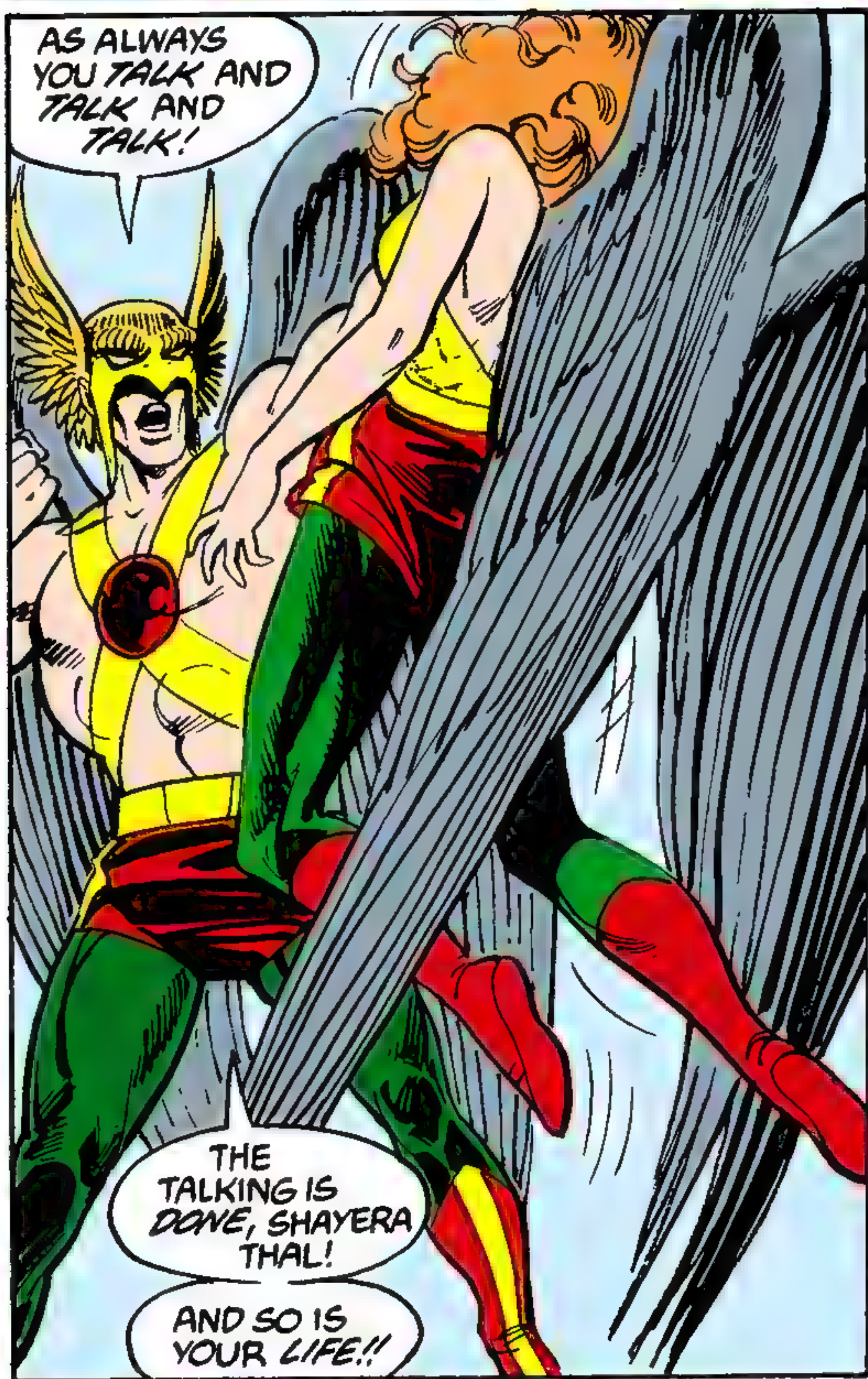
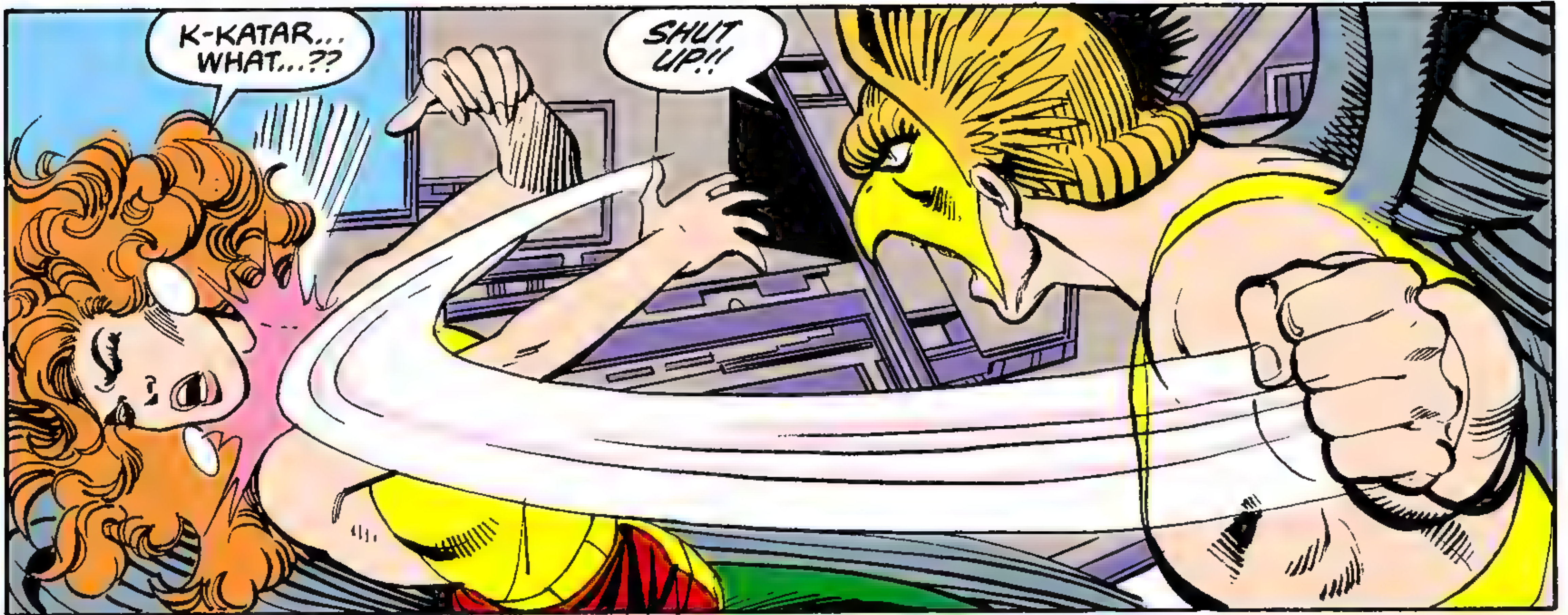
IN FACT, YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT ANYTHING...

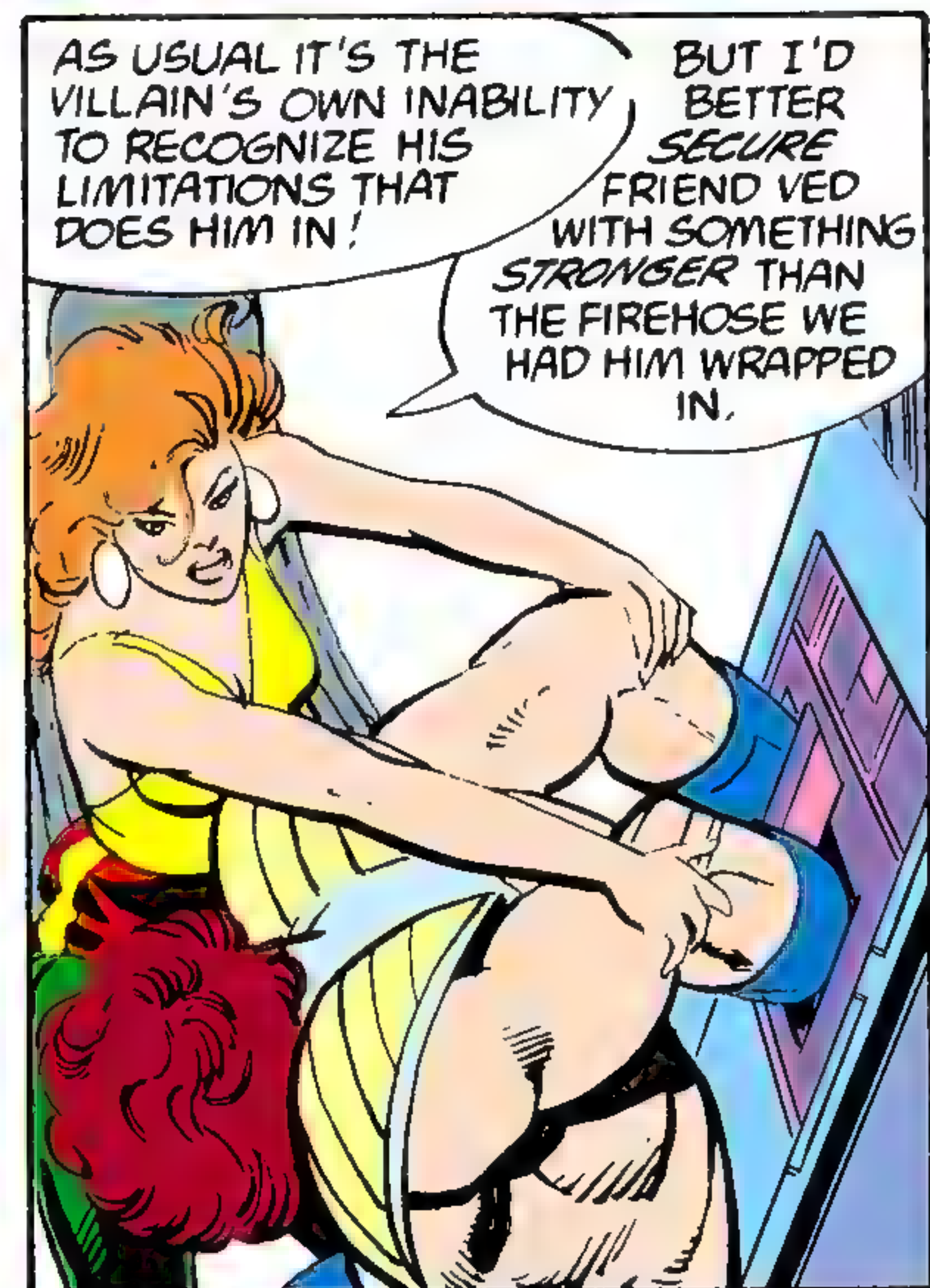
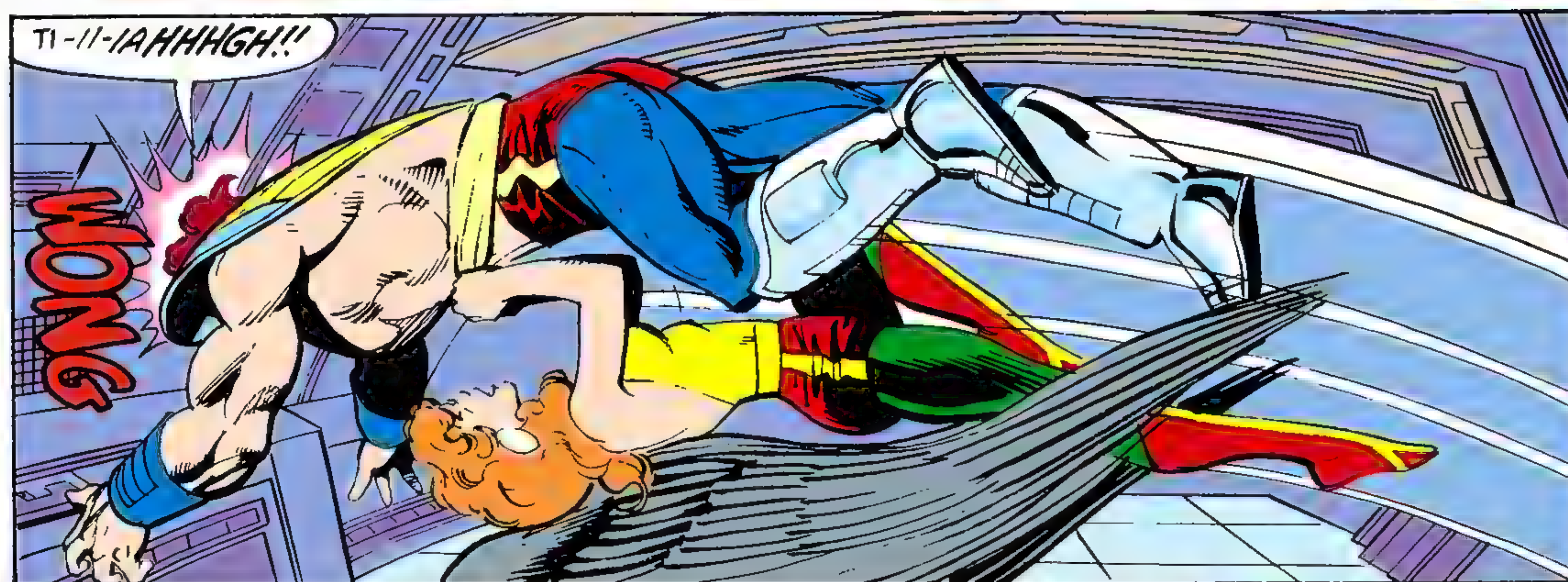
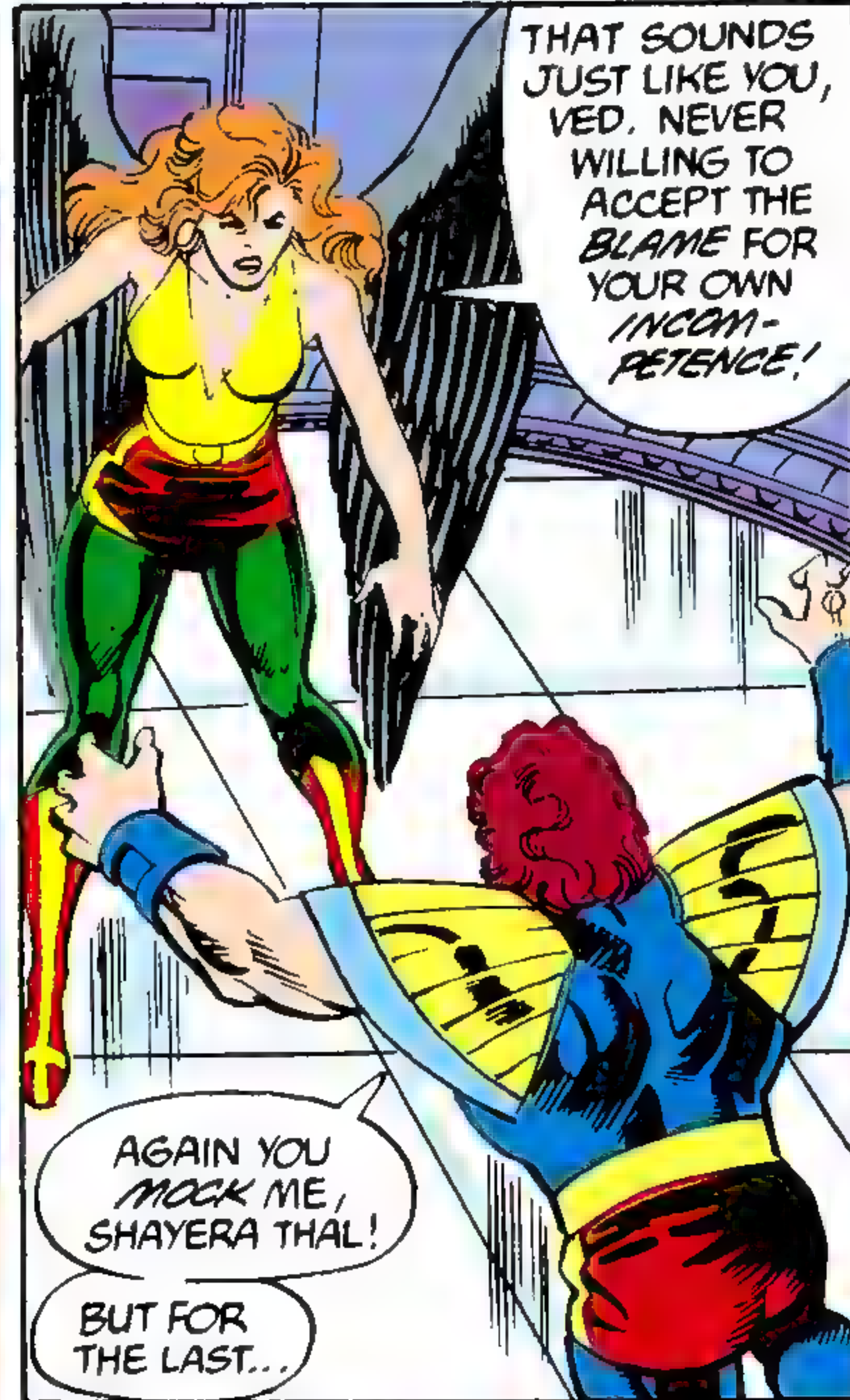
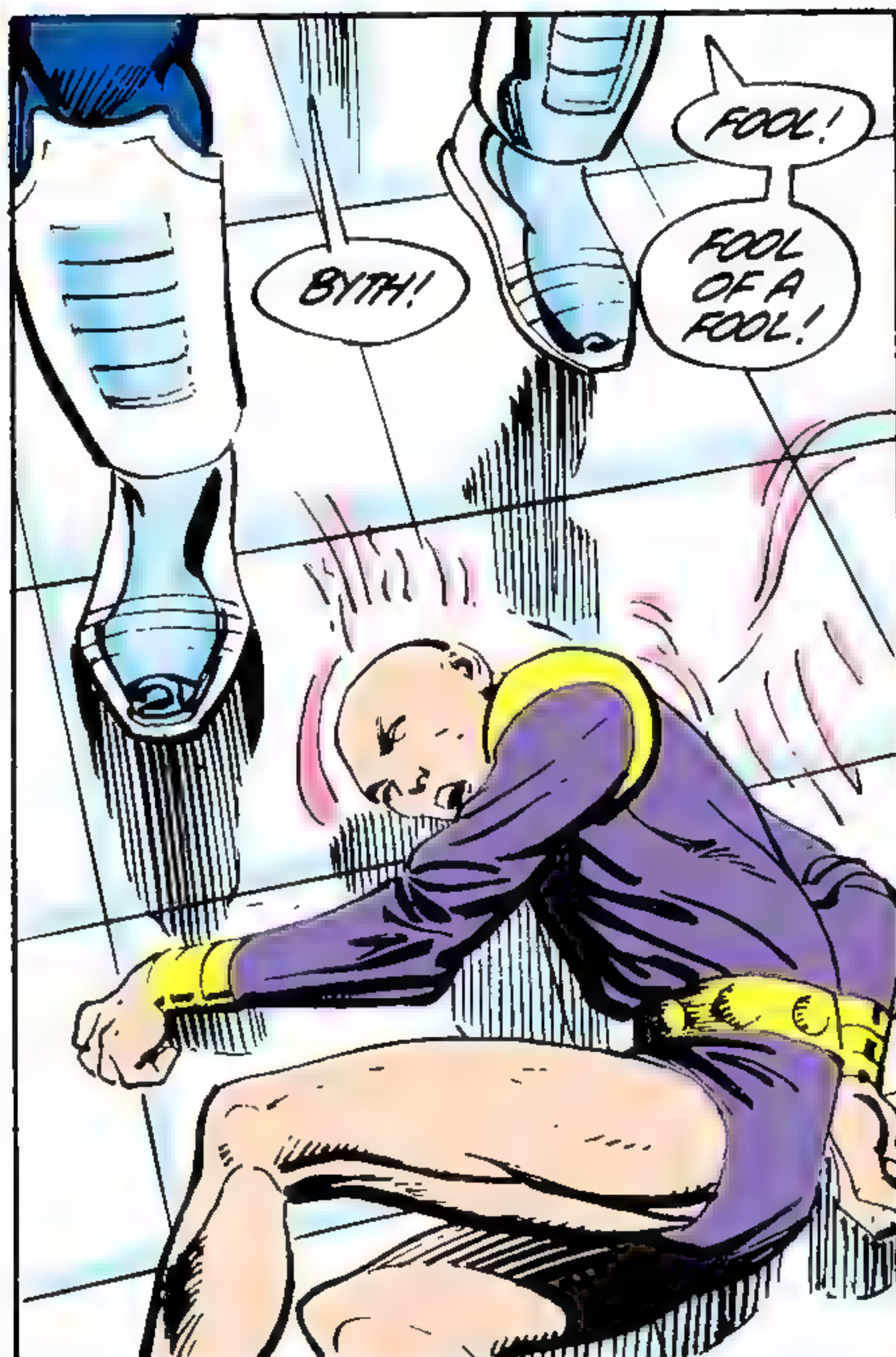


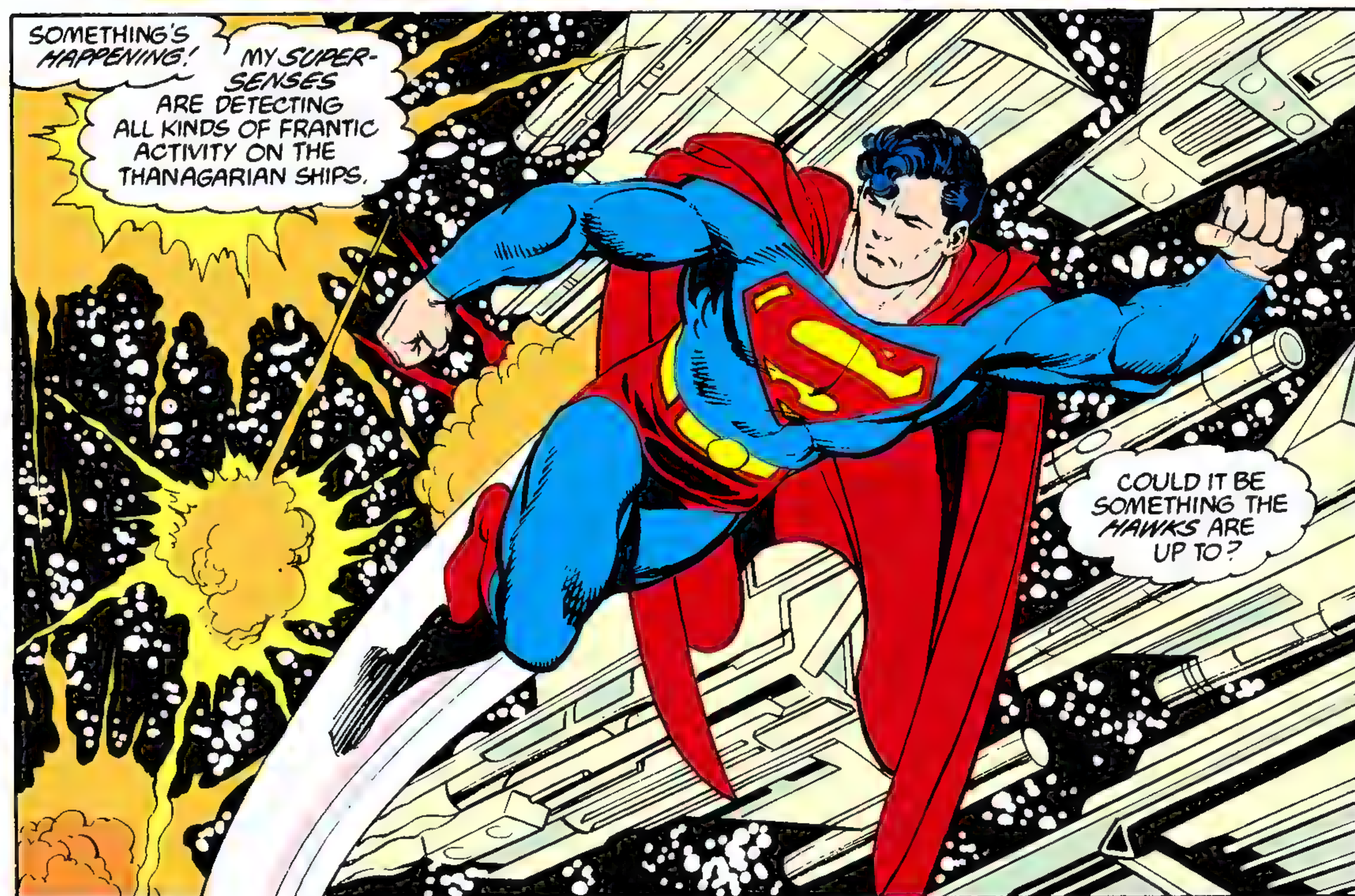
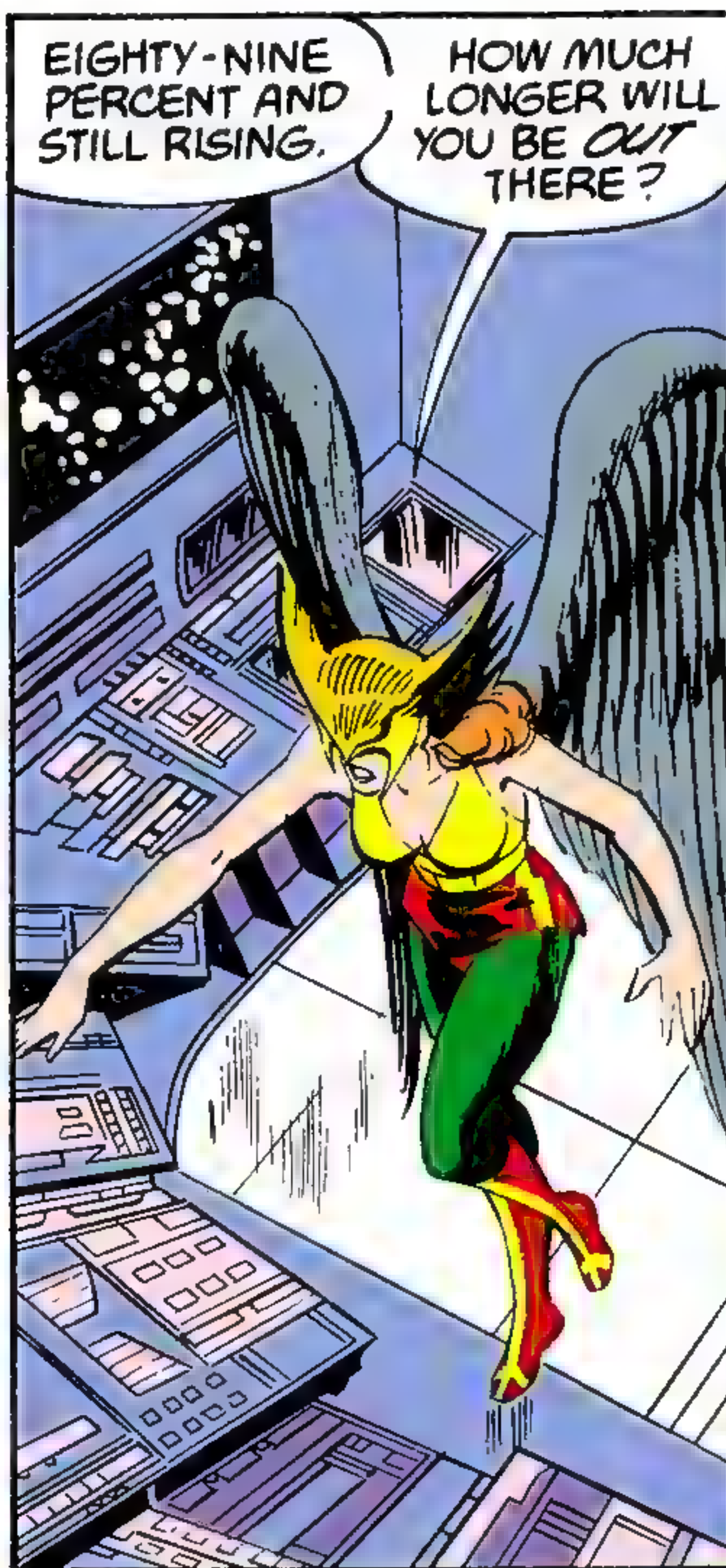
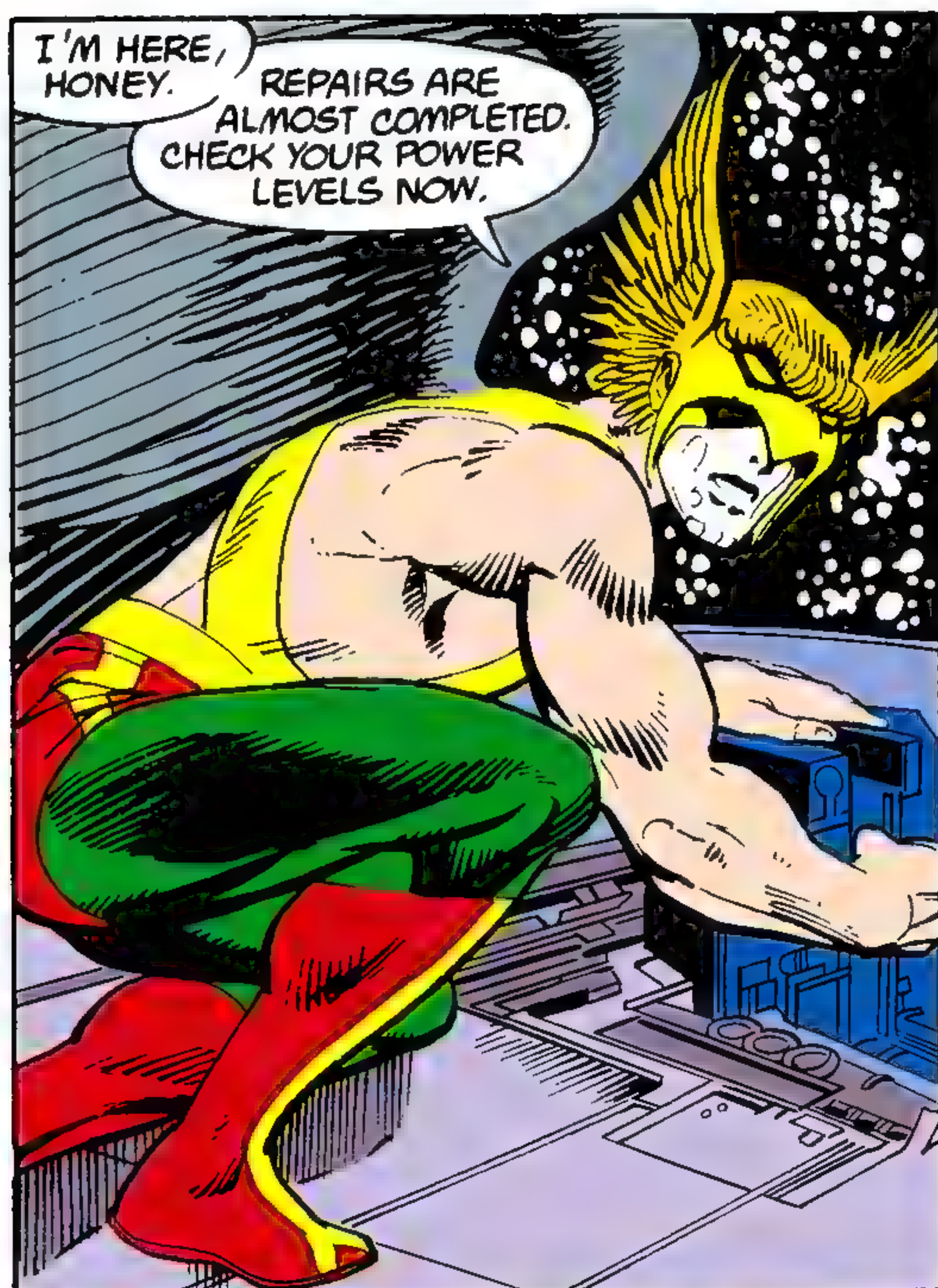
EVER AGAIN!!

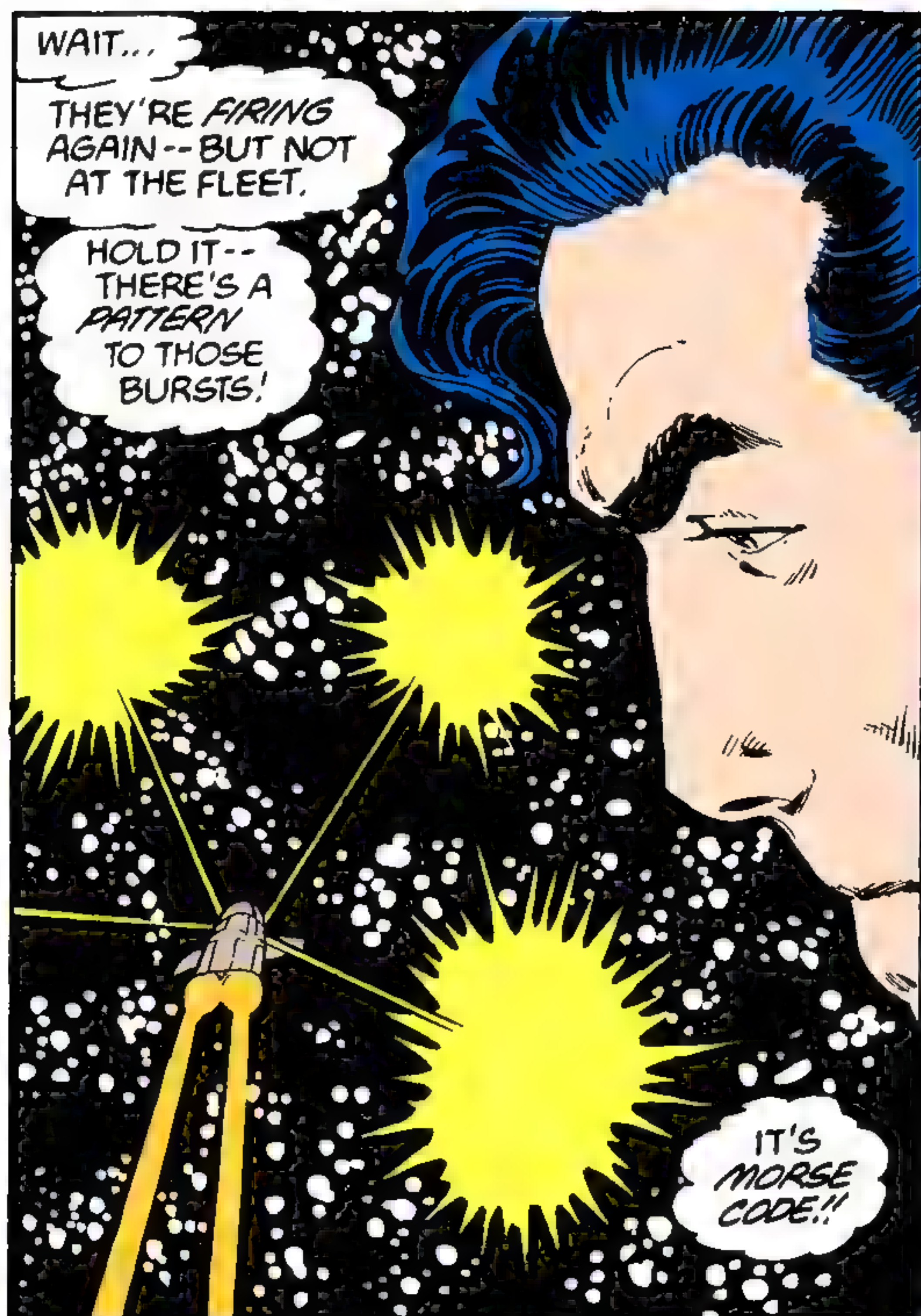
UNGH!

KRAK!









WAIT...

THEY'RE FIRING AGAIN-- BUT NOT AT THE FLEET.

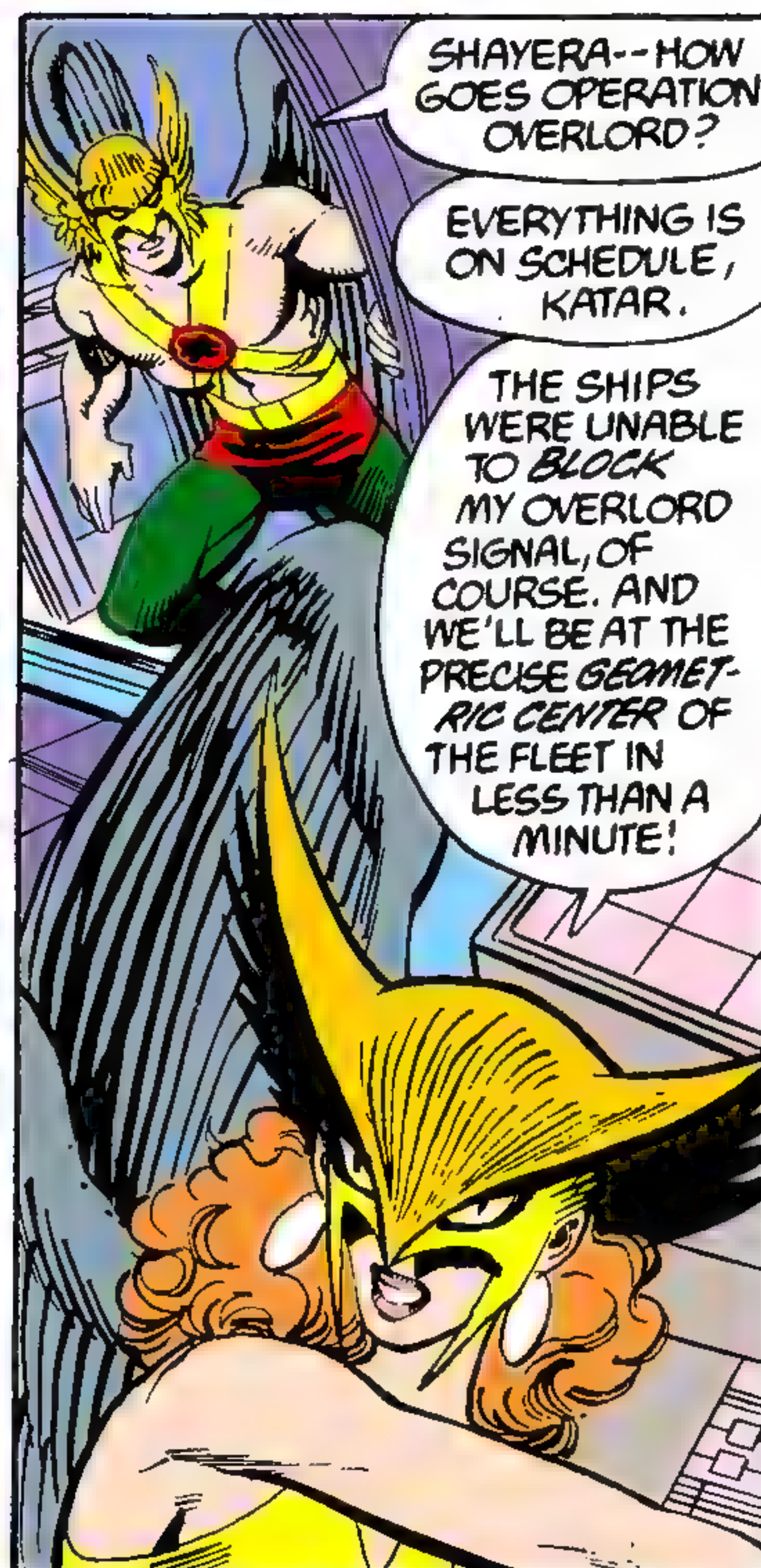
HOLD IT-- THERE'S A PATTERN TO THOSE BURSTS!

IT'S MORSE CODE!!



SHAYERA'S CALLING ME BACK TO THE SHIP...

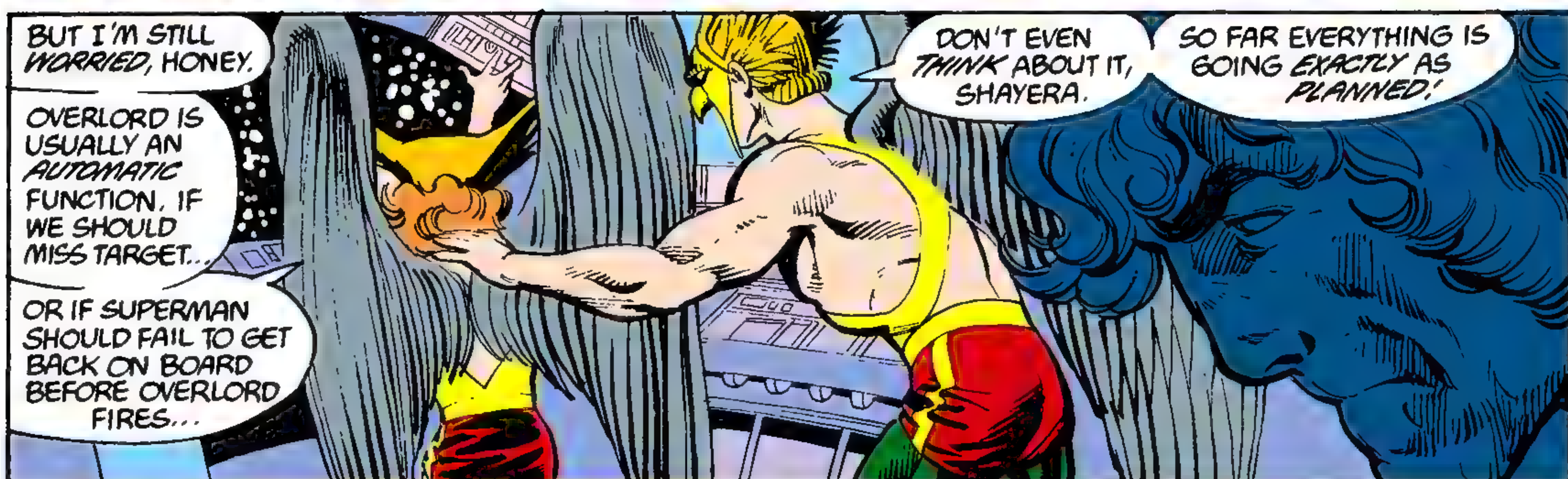
... AND PRONTO!!



SHAYERA-- HOW GOES OPERATION OVERLORD?

EVERYTHING IS ON SCHEDULE, KATAR.

THE SHIPS WERE UNABLE TO BLOCK MY OVERLORD SIGNAL, OF COURSE. AND WE'LL BE AT THE PRECISE GEOMETRIC CENTER OF THE FLEET IN LESS THAN A MINUTE!



BUT I'M STILL WORRIED, HONEY.

OVERLORD IS USUALLY AN AUTOMATIC FUNCTION. IF WE SHOULD MISS TARGET...

OR IF SUPERMAN SHOULD FAIL TO GET BACK ON BOARD BEFORE OVERLORD FIRES...

DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT, SHAYERA.

SO FAR EVERYTHING IS GOING EXACTLY AS PLANNED!



OH NO!!

THE AUXILIARY BOOSTERS ARE FIRING BY THEMSELVES!

IT'S THAT OUTSIDE SIGNAL AGAIN!

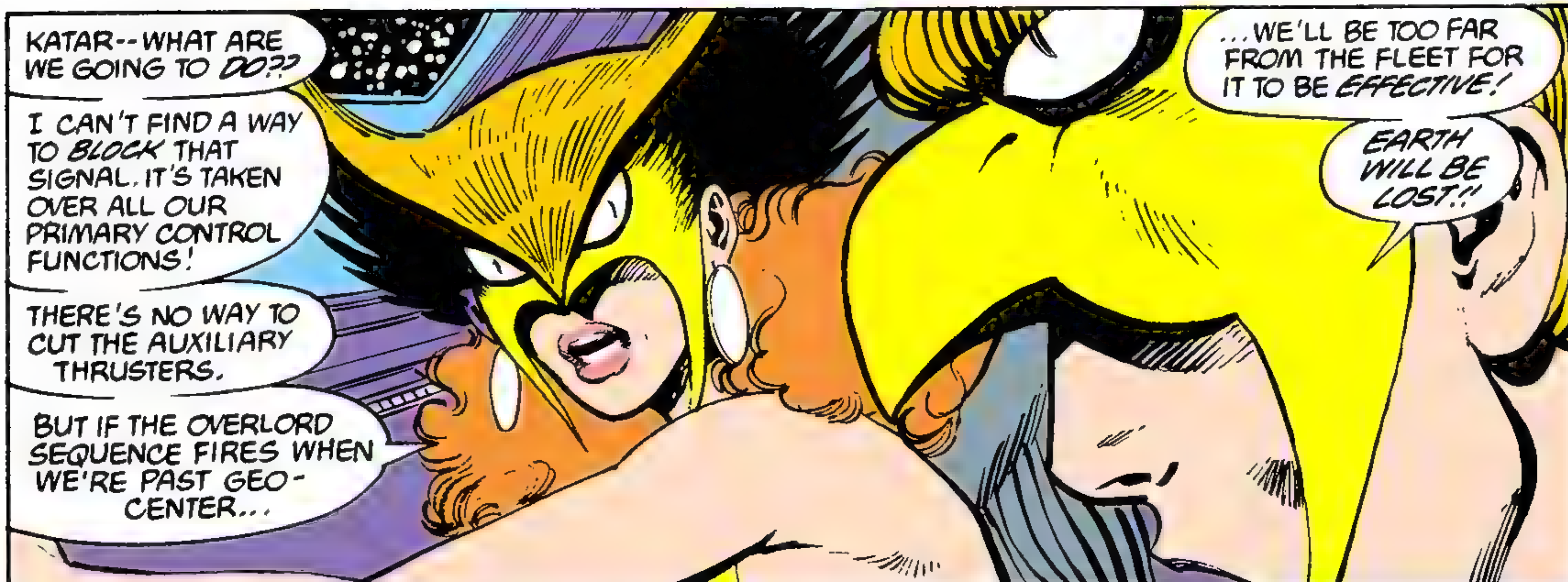
WE'RE ACCELERATING!!



WHAT THE...?!?

VED'S SHIP IS PULLING AWAY AT MAXIMUM THRUST!

HOW DO HAWKMAN AND HAWKWOMAN EXPECT ME TO CATCH UP?



KATAR--WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO???

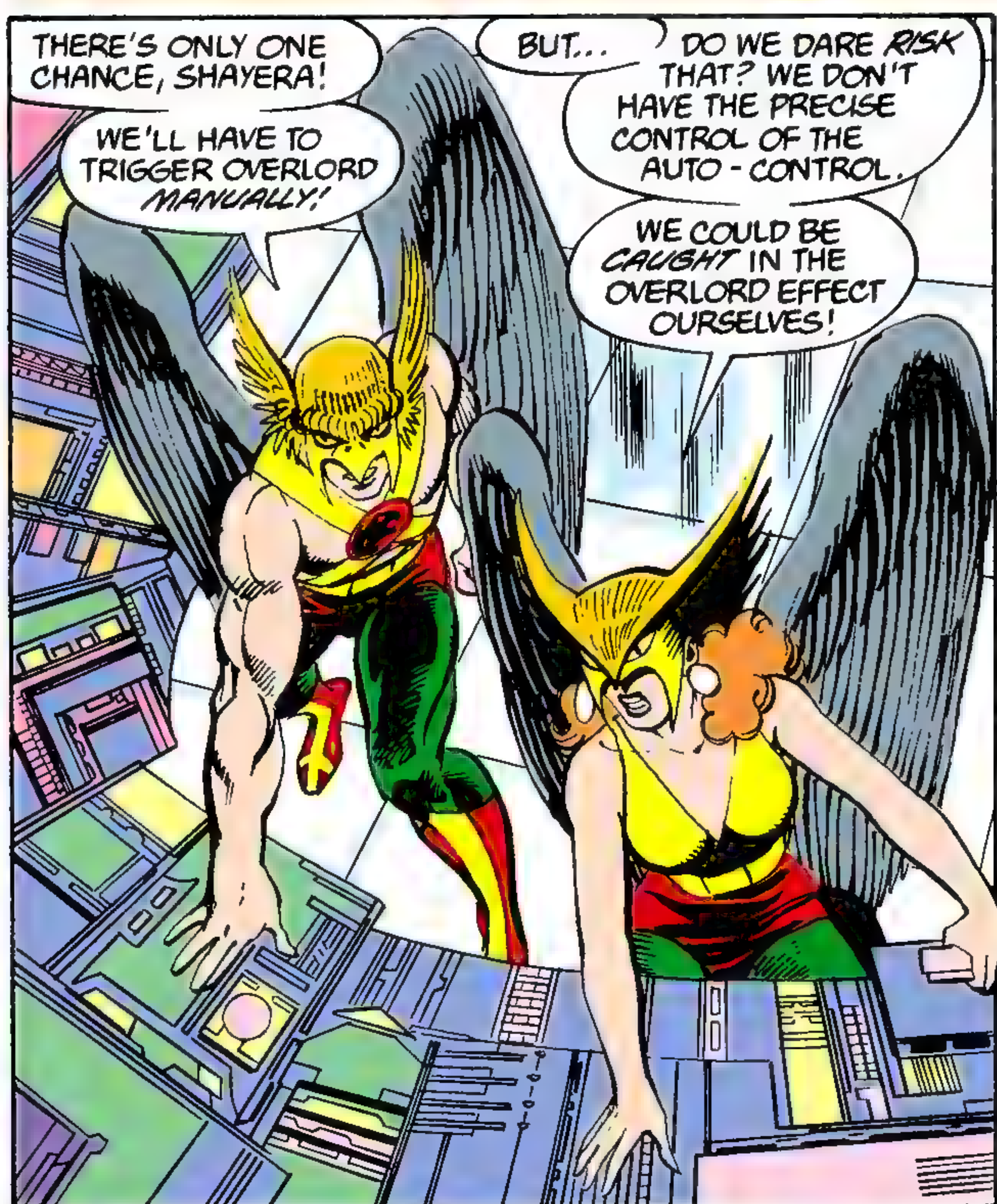
I CAN'T FIND A WAY TO BLOCK THAT SIGNAL. IT'S TAKEN OVER ALL OUR PRIMARY CONTROL FUNCTIONS!

THERE'S NO WAY TO CUT THE AUXILIARY THRUSTERS.

BUT IF THE OVERLORD SEQUENCE FIRES WHEN WE'RE PAST GEO-CENTER...

...WE'LL BE TOO FAR FROM THE FLEET FOR IT TO BE EFFECTIVE!

EARTH WILL BE LOST!!



THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE, SHAYERA!

WE'LL HAVE TO TRIGGER OVERLORD MANUALLY!

BUT...

DO WE DARE RISK THAT? WE DON'T HAVE THE PRECISE CONTROL OF THE AUTO-CONTROL.

WE COULD BE CAUGHT IN THE OVERLORD EFFECT OURSELVES!

WE'VE BEEN PREPARED TO DIE FOR EARTH'S SAKE FOR SOME TIME NOW, SHAYERA.

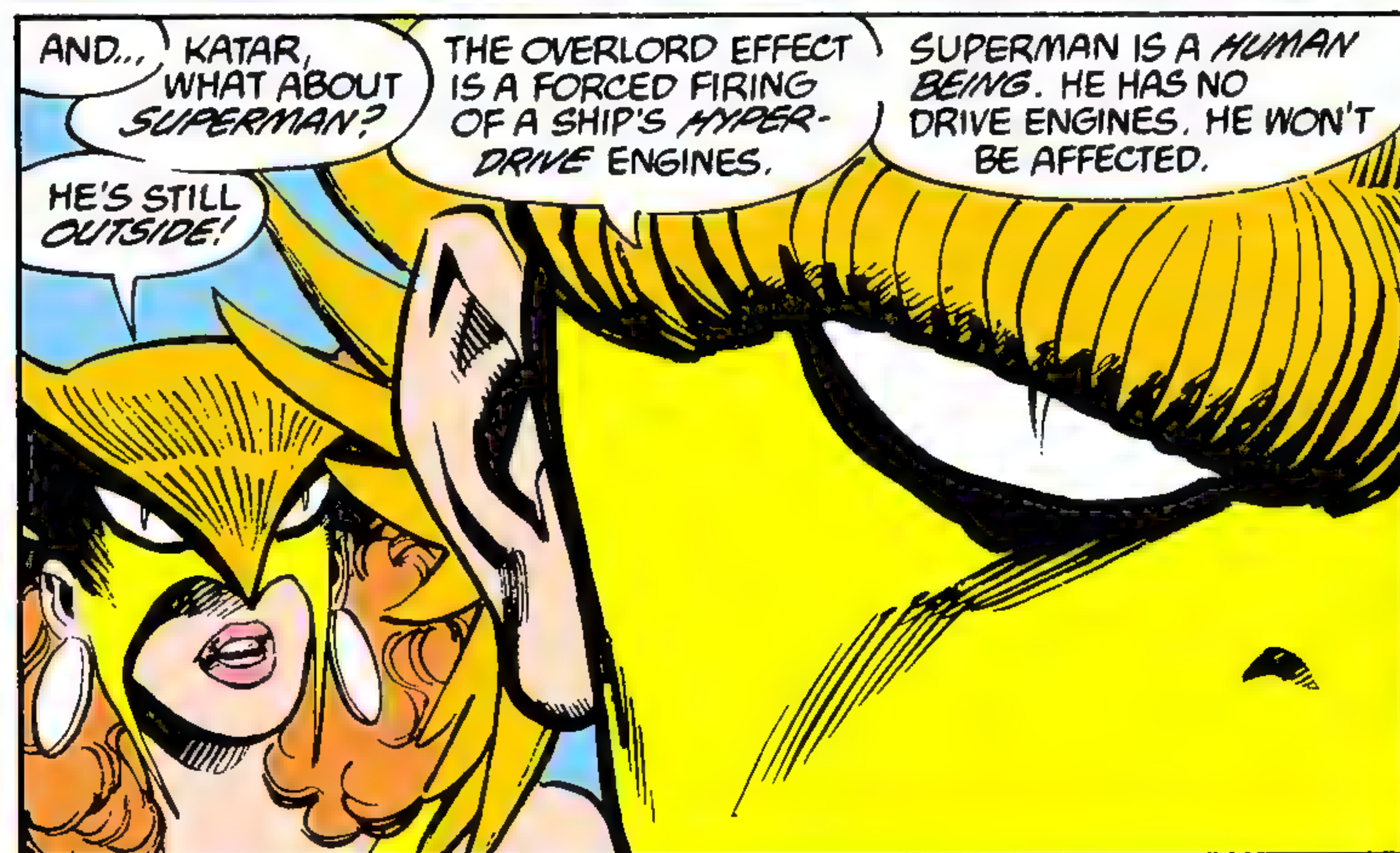
AT LEAST THIS WAY WE'LL HAVE A CHANCE FOR LIFE!

YES...

BUT A BILLION LIGHT-YEARS FROM ANYWHERE!

THAT'S WHERE OVERLORD WILL THROW THE SHIPS OF THIS FLEET.

CLEAR ACROSS THE UNIVERSE FROM WHERE THEY ARE NOW!



AND... KATAR, WHAT ABOUT SUPERMAN?

HE'S STILL OUTSIDE!

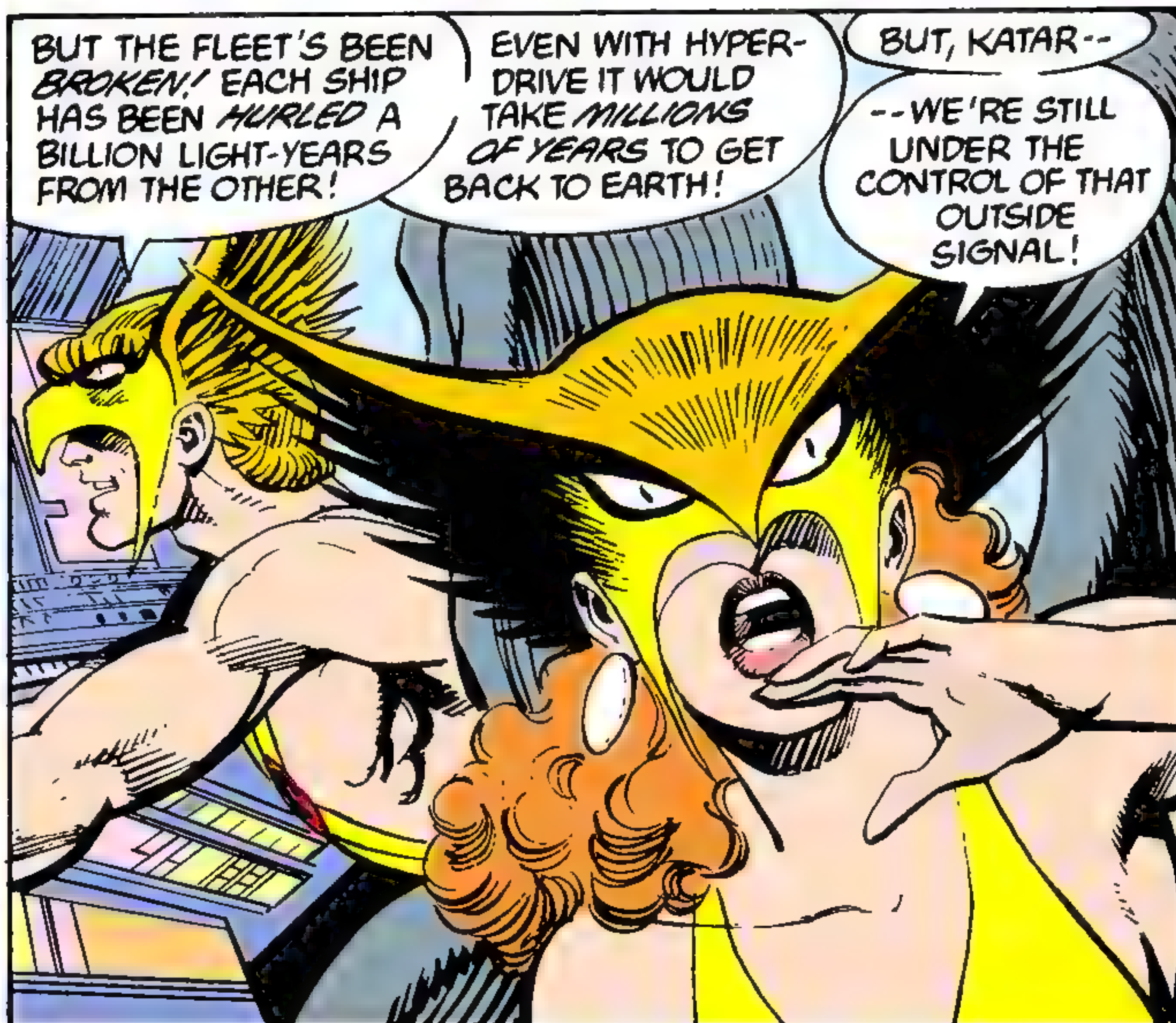
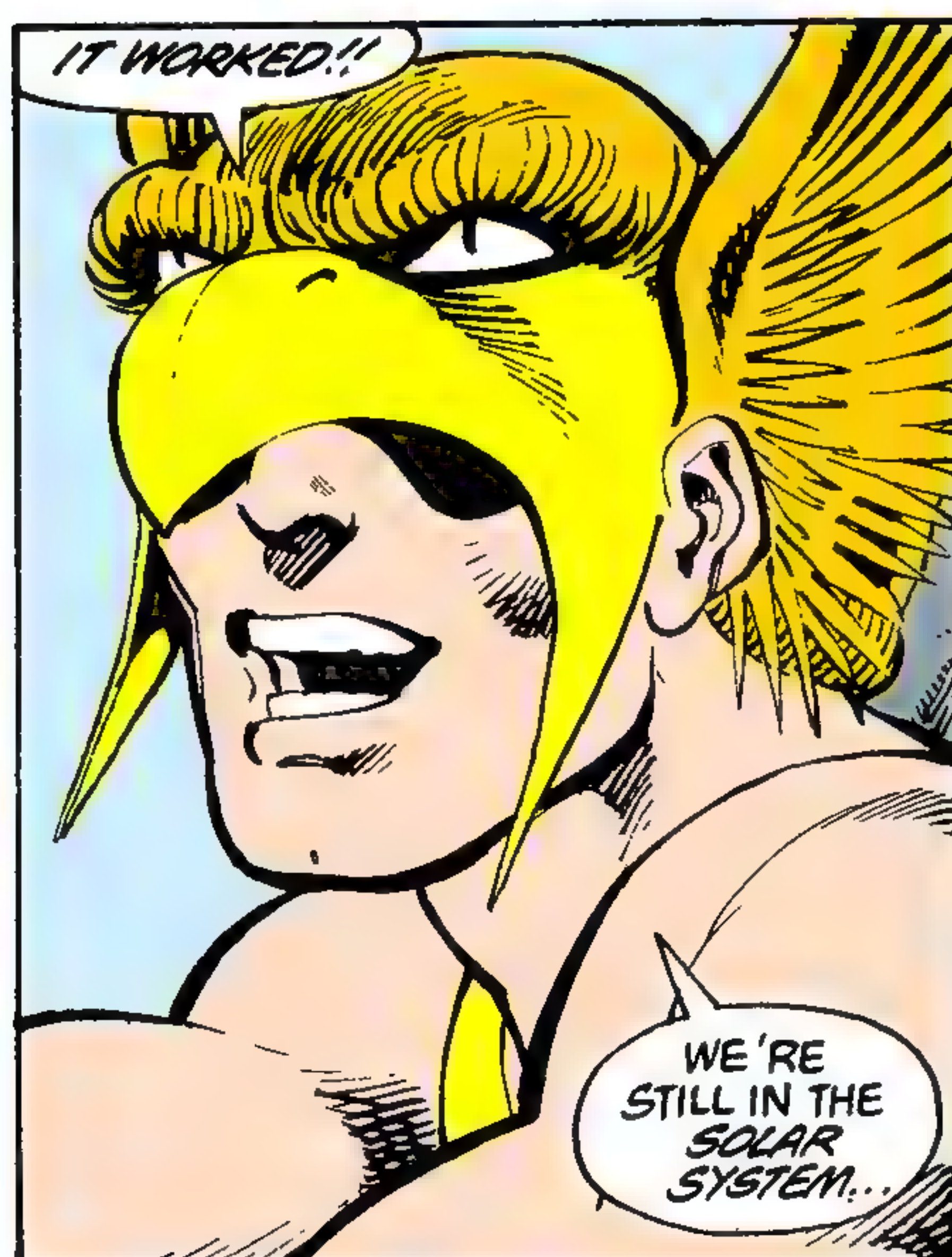
THE OVERLORD EFFECT IS A FORCED FIRING OF A SHIP'S HYPER-DRIVE ENGINES.

SUPERMAN IS A HUMAN BEING. HE HAS NO DRIVE ENGINES. HE WON'T BE AFFECTED.



AT LEAST--THAT'S THE THEORY.

DAMN! THERE'S JUST NO MORE TIME TO WASTE THINKING ABOUT IT!

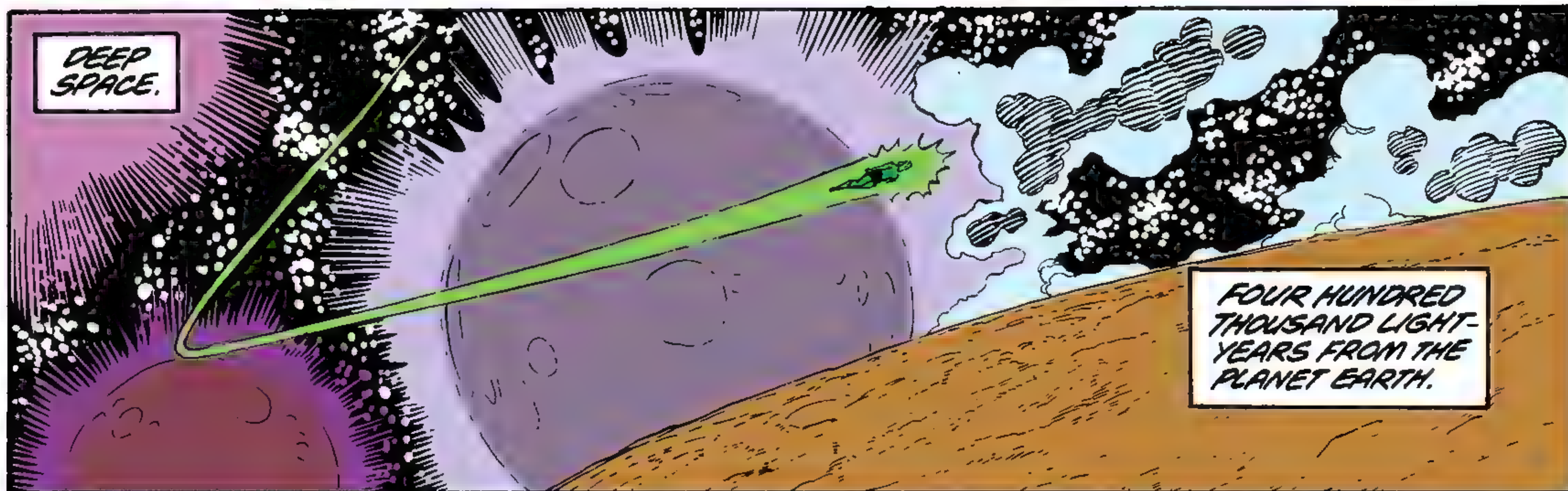




WE'RE
HEADING
STRAIGHT
FOR THE
SUN!

AND THERE'S NO
SIGN OF SUPERMAN
ANYWHERE!!

TO BE CONTINUED...
in the pages of
HAWKMAN #11
and
ACTION #589!



SUPERMAN and the GREEN LANTERN CORPS in...

GREEN ON GREEN



John Byrne . Dick Giordano . Tom Ziuko . John Costanza
words and pictures Embellisher colorist letterer
Michael Carlin & Andrew Helfer - editors
SUPERMAN CREATED BY JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER

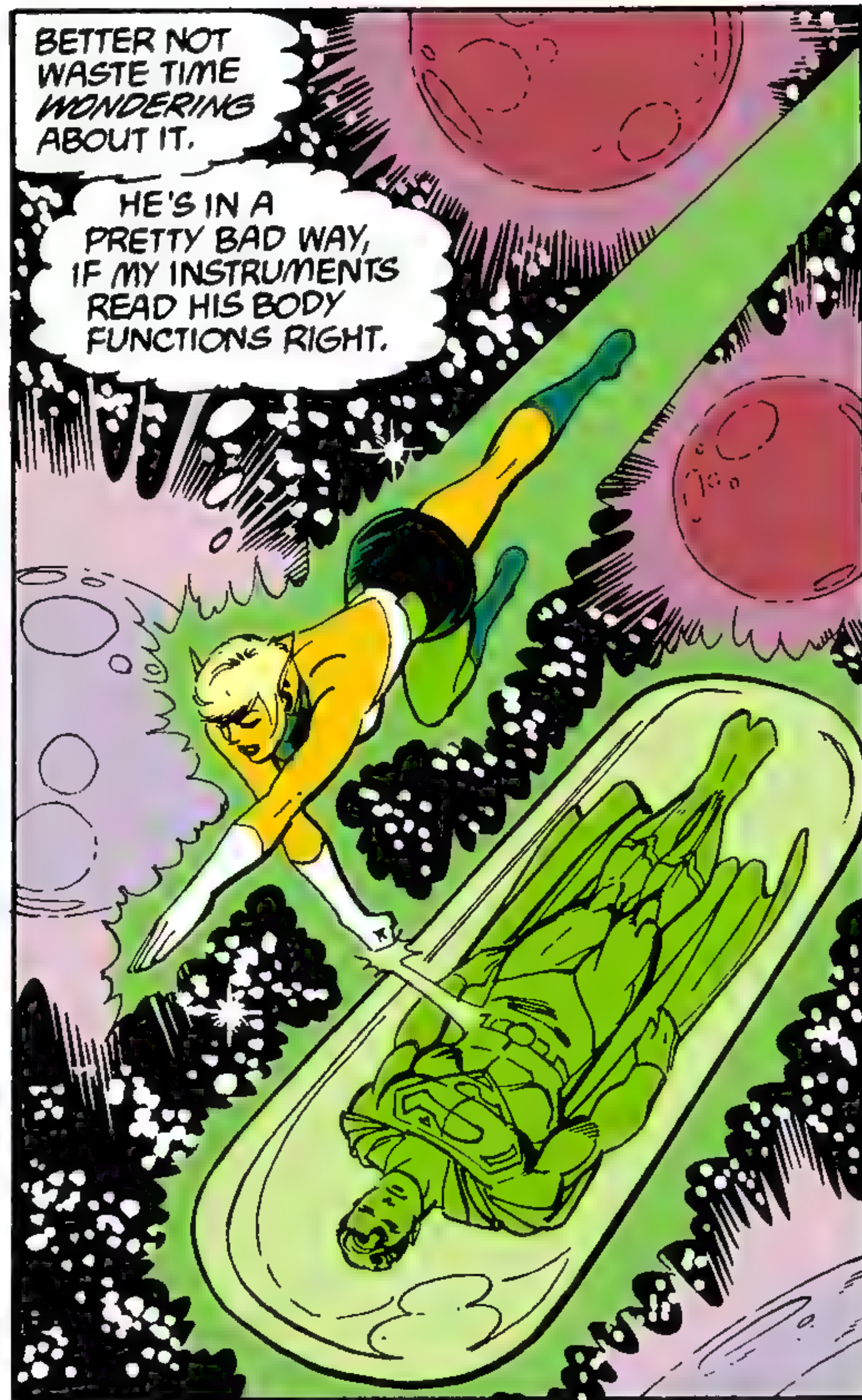
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HE'S ALIVE.

BUT, WHAT'S HE DOING WAY OUT HERE?

I DIDN'T THINK SUPERMAN COULD GET THIS FAR INTO SPACE UNDER HIS OWN POWER.



BETTER NOT WASTE TIME WONDERING ABOUT IT.

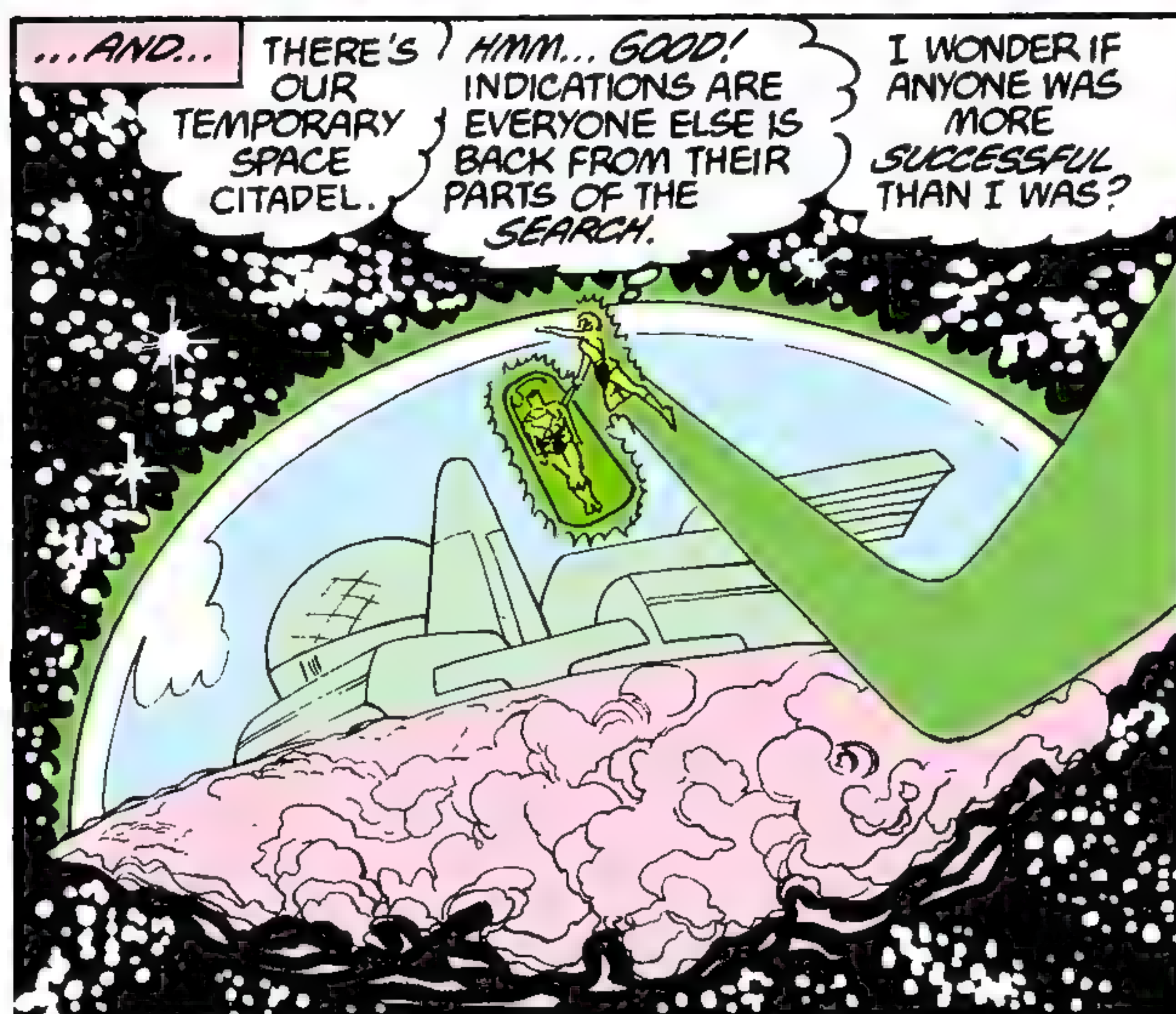
HE'S IN A PRETTY BAD WAY, IF MY INSTRUMENTS READ HIS BODY FUNCTIONS RIGHT.



GOT TO GET HIM BACK TO BASE.

KILOMOG WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO TO SAVE HIM!

SPACE AND TIME POLITELY BEND ASIDE...

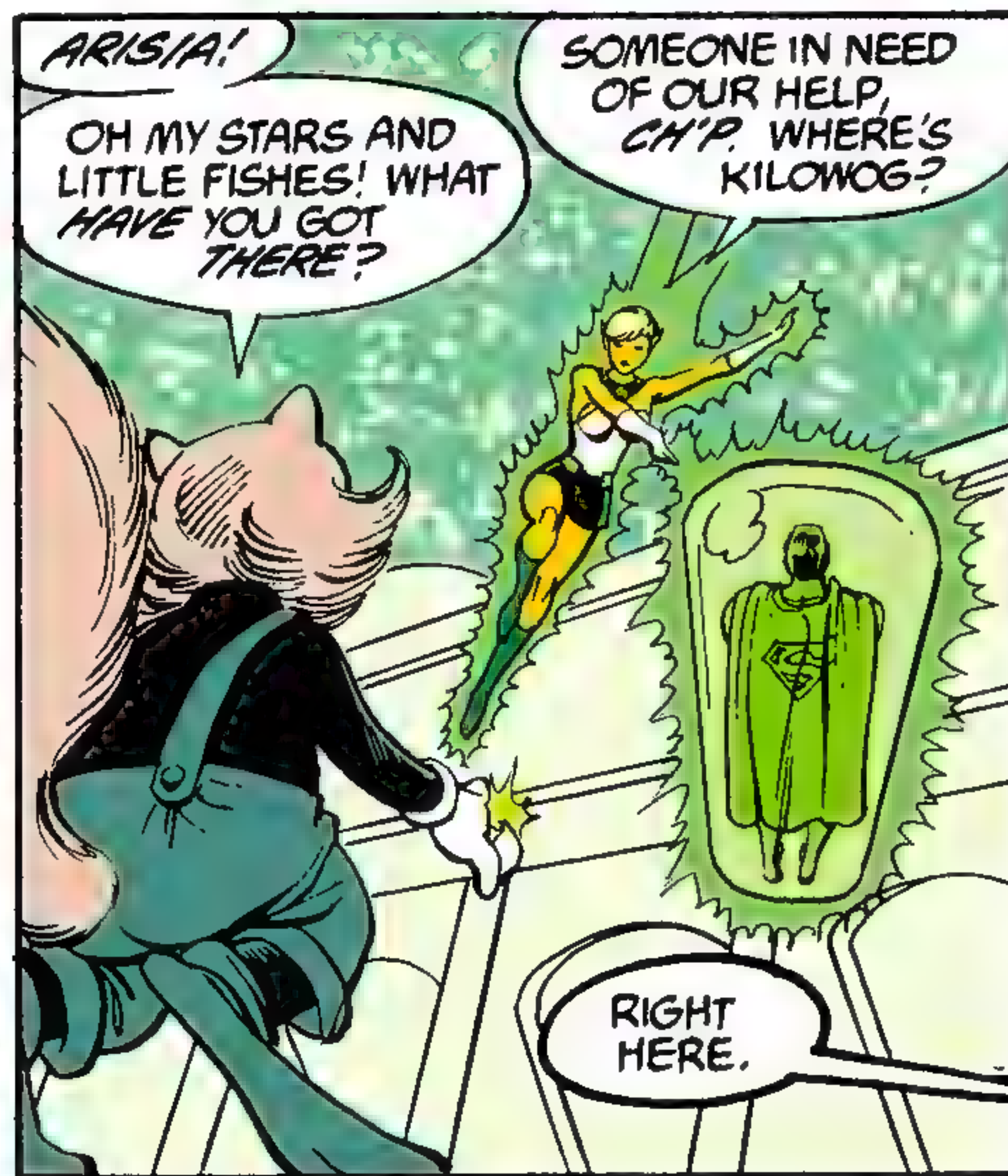


...AND...

THERE'S OUR TEMPORARY SPACE CITADEL.

HMM... GOOD! INDICATIONS ARE EVERYONE ELSE IS BACK FROM THEIR PARTS OF THE SEARCH.

I WONDER IF ANYONE WAS MORE SUCCESSFUL THAN I WAS?

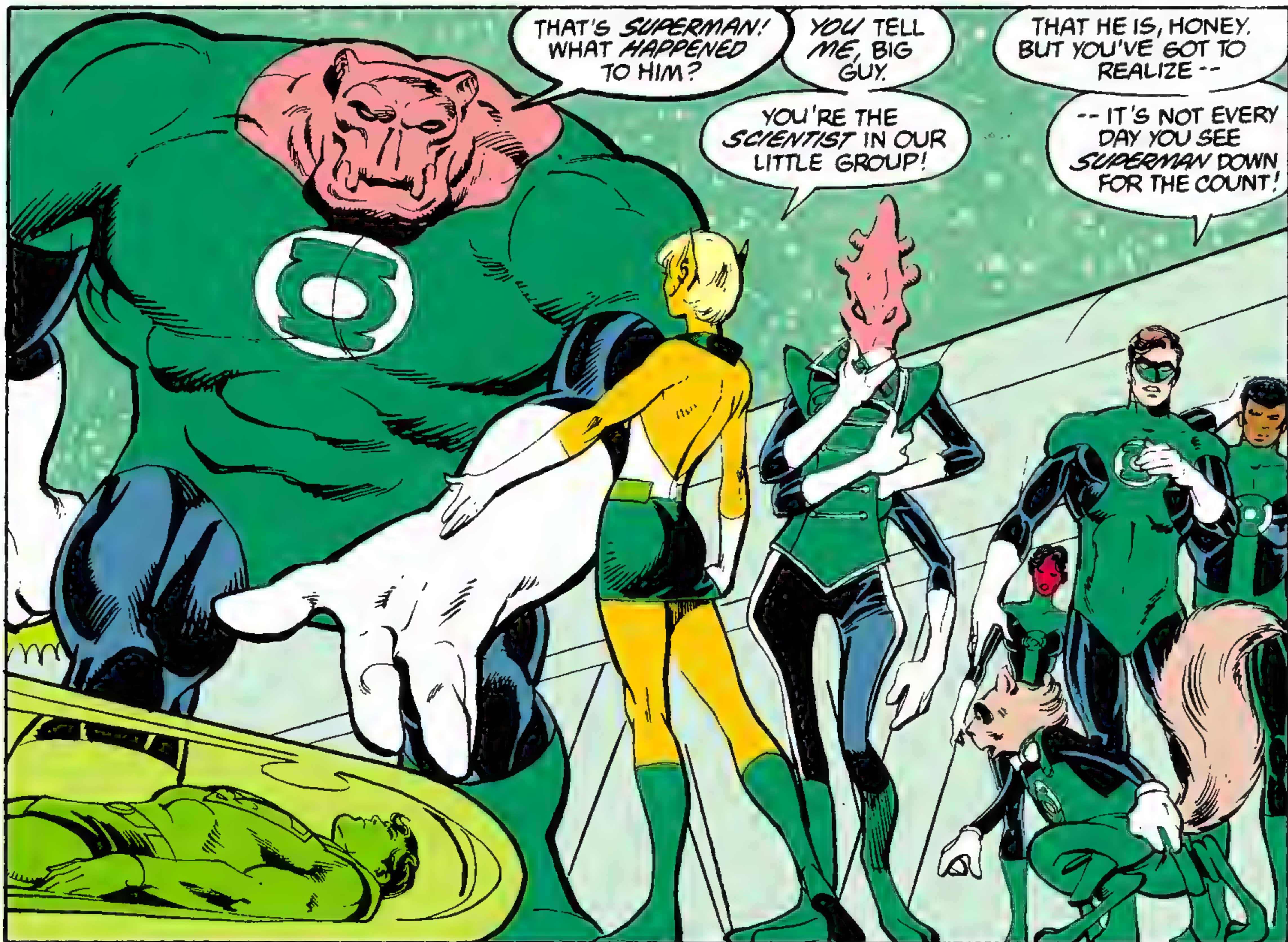


ARISIA!

OH MY STARS AND LITTLE FISHES! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE?

SOMEONE IN NEED OF OUR HELP, CH'P. WHERE'S KILOMOG?

RIGHT HERE.



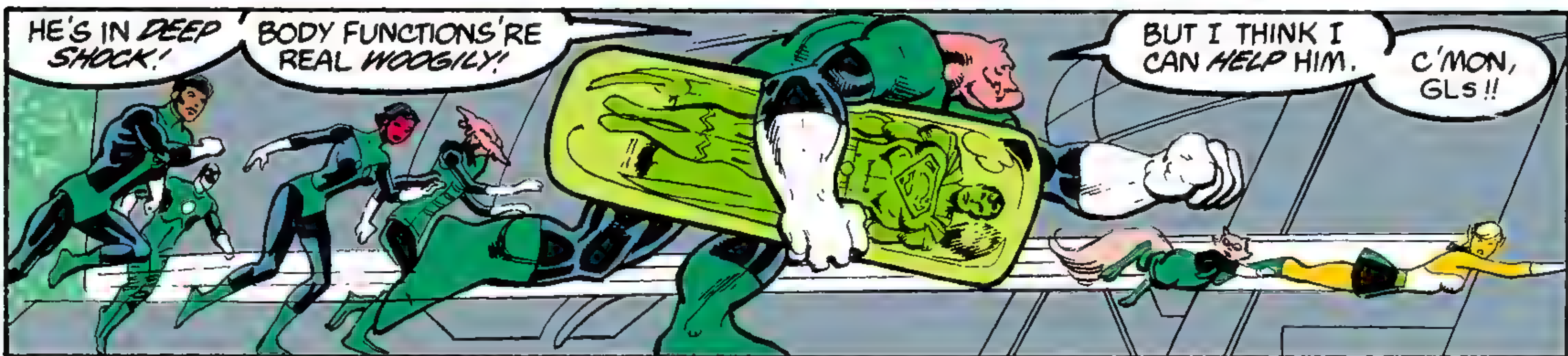
THAT'S *SUPERMAN*!
WHAT *HAPPENED*
TO HIM?

YOU TELL
ME, BIG
GUY.

THAT HE IS, HONEY.
BUT YOU'VE GOT TO
REALIZE --

YOU'RE THE
SCIENTIST IN OUR
LITTLE GROUP!

-- IT'S NOT EVERY
DAY YOU SEE
SUPERMAN DOWN
FOR THE COUNT!

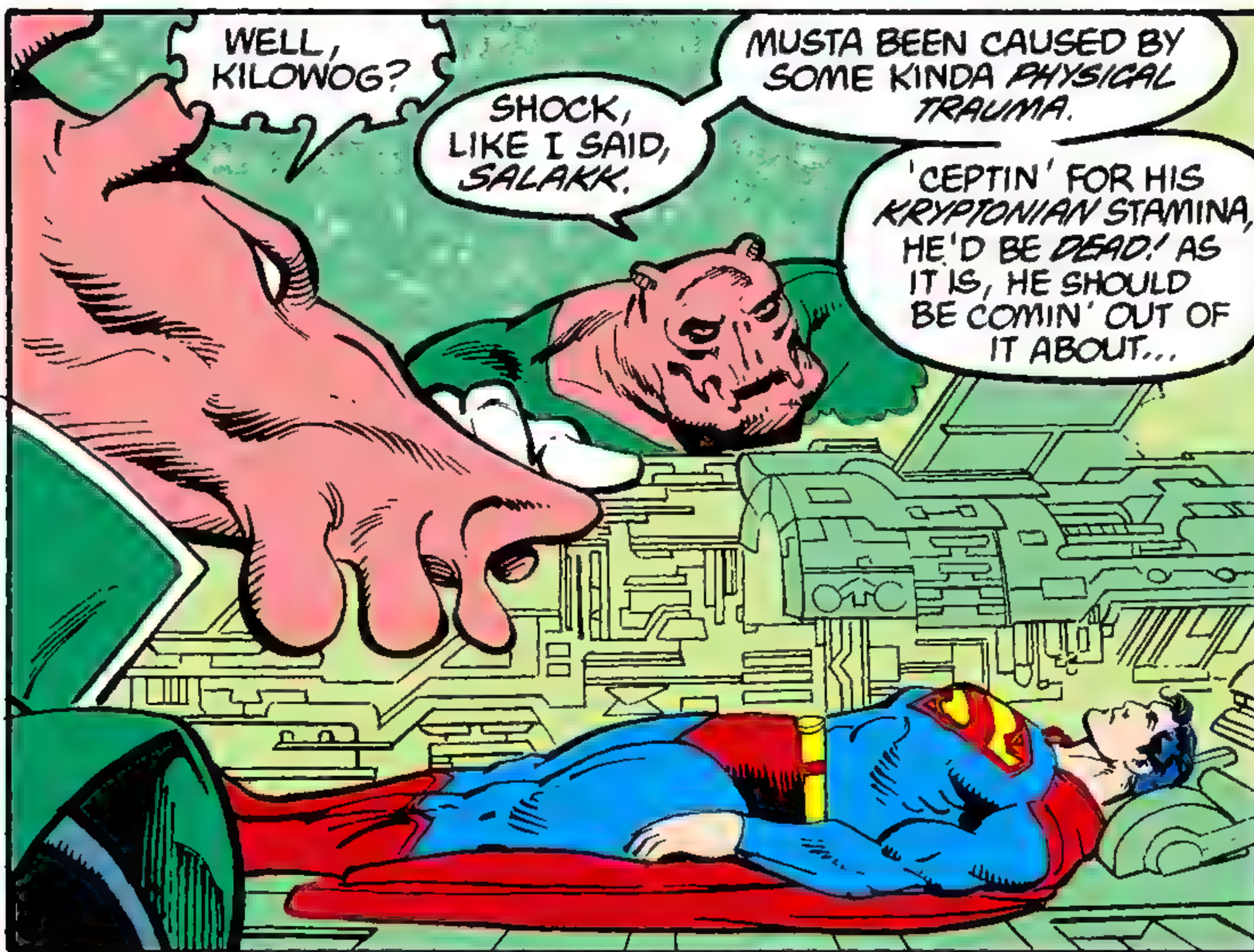


HE'S IN *DEEP*
SHOCK!

BODY FUNCTIONS'RE
REAL *WOOGLY*!

BUT I THINK I
CAN *HELP* HIM.

C'MON,
GLs!!



WELL,
KILOWOG?

SHOCK,
LIKE I SAID,
SALAKK.

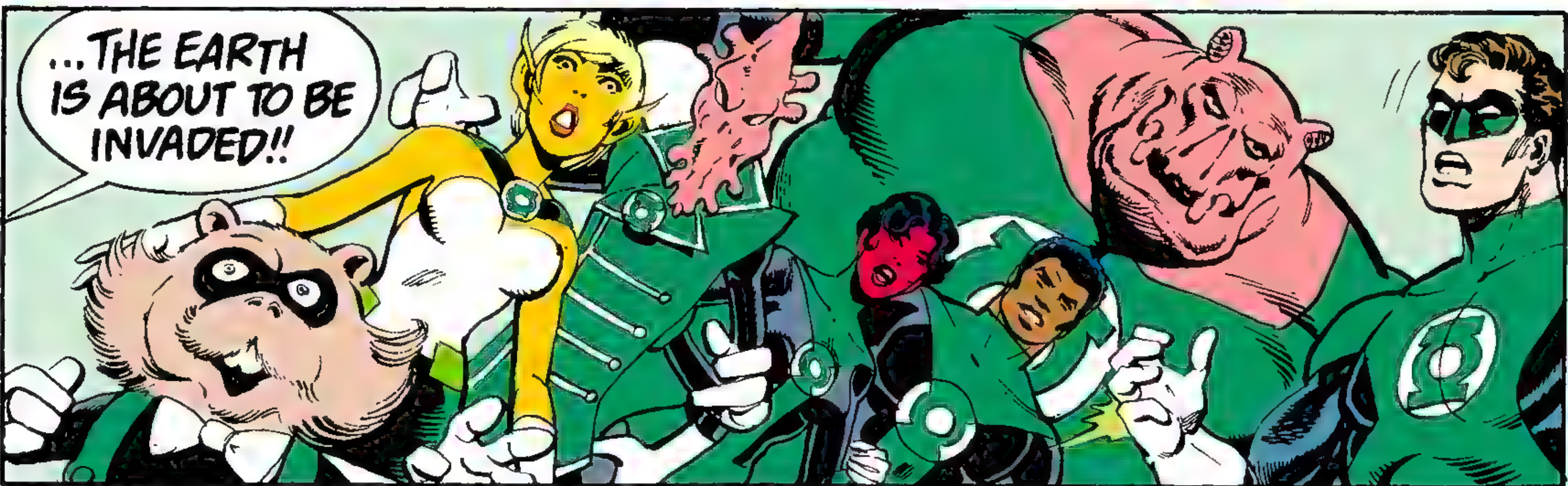
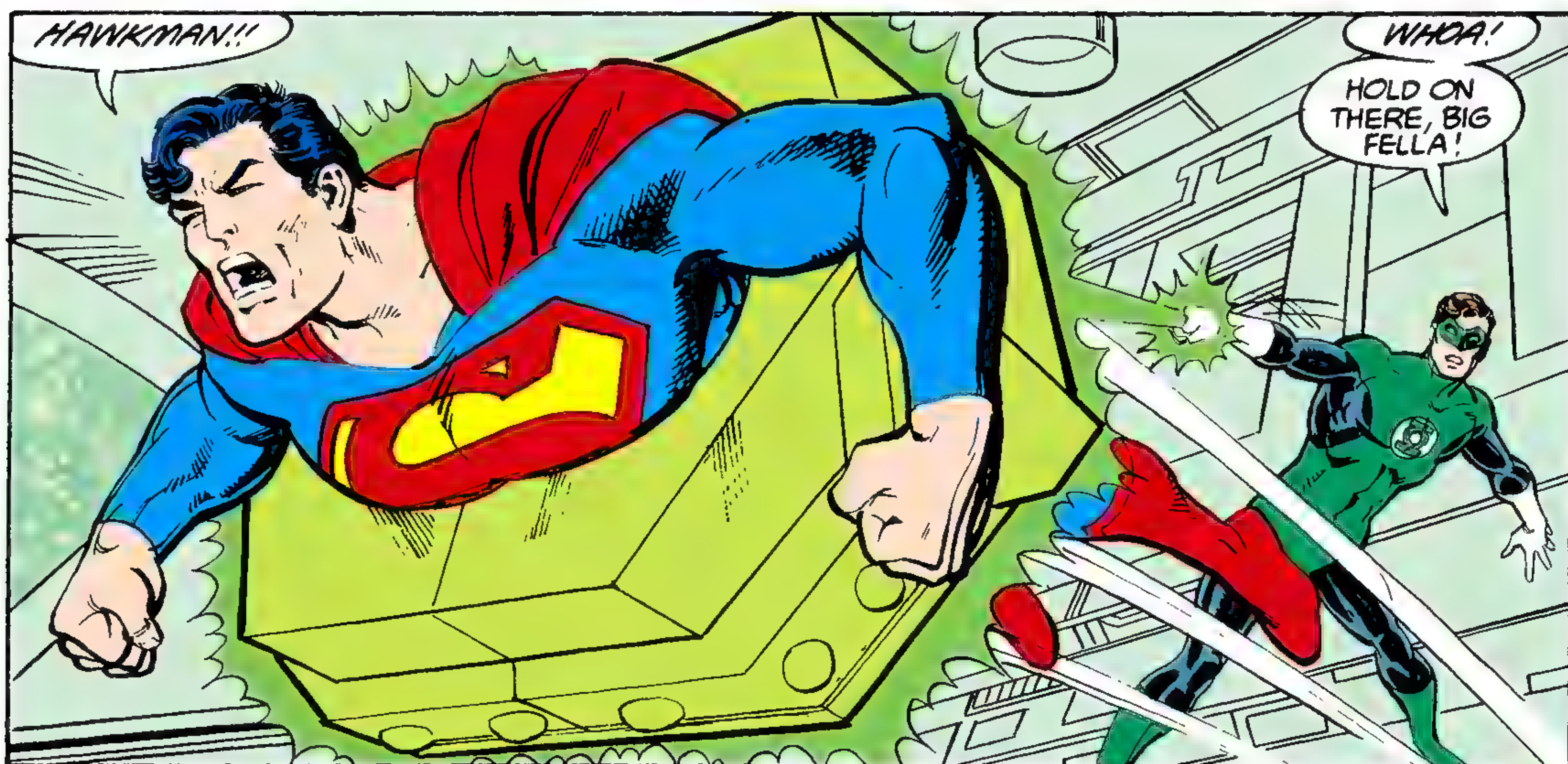
MUSTA BEEN CAUSED BY
SOME KINDA *PHYSICAL*
TRAUMA.

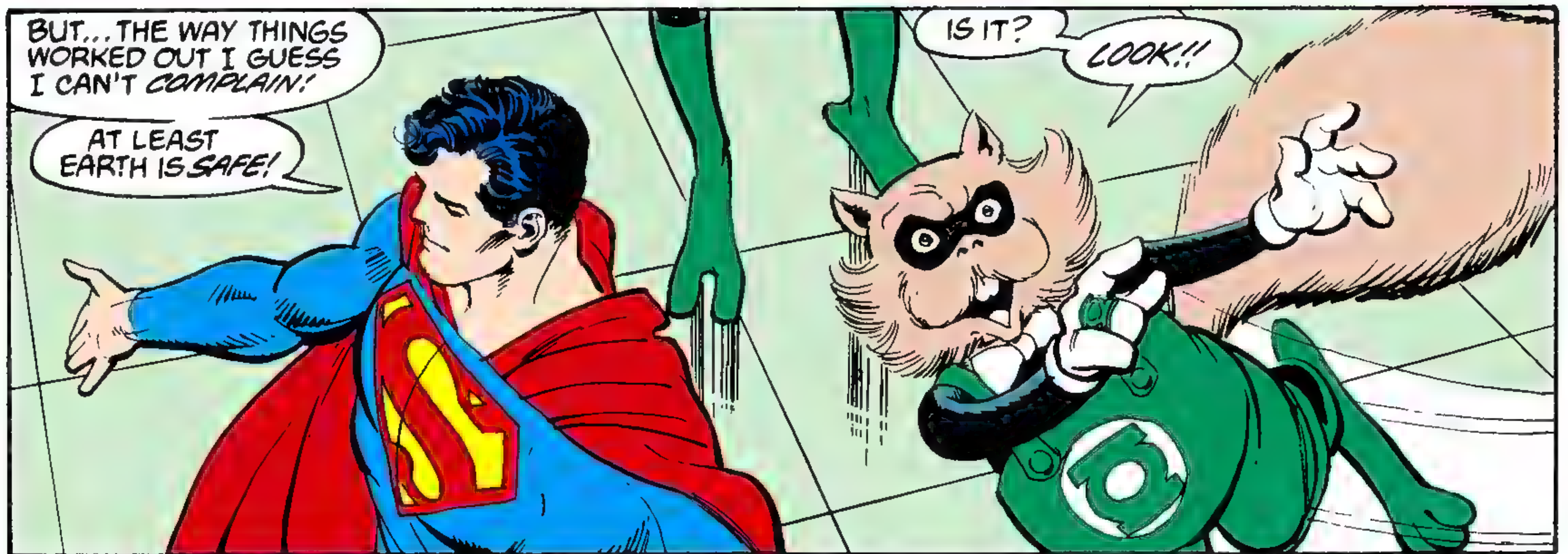
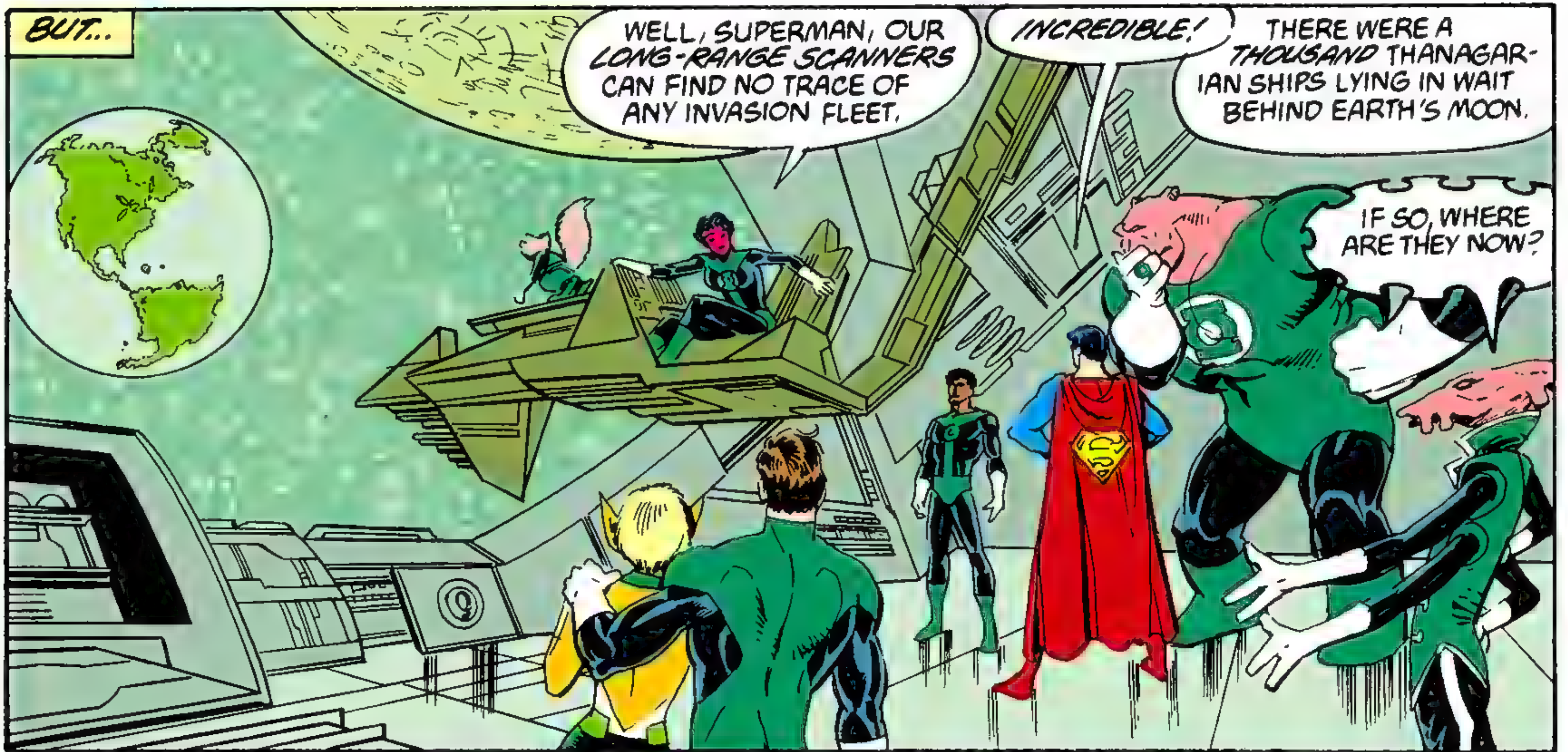
'CEPTIN' FOR HIS
KRYPTONIAN STAMINA,
HE'D BE *DEAD*! AS
IT IS, HE SHOULD
BE COMIN' OUT OF
IT ABOUT...



HAWKMAN!!!

...NOW...



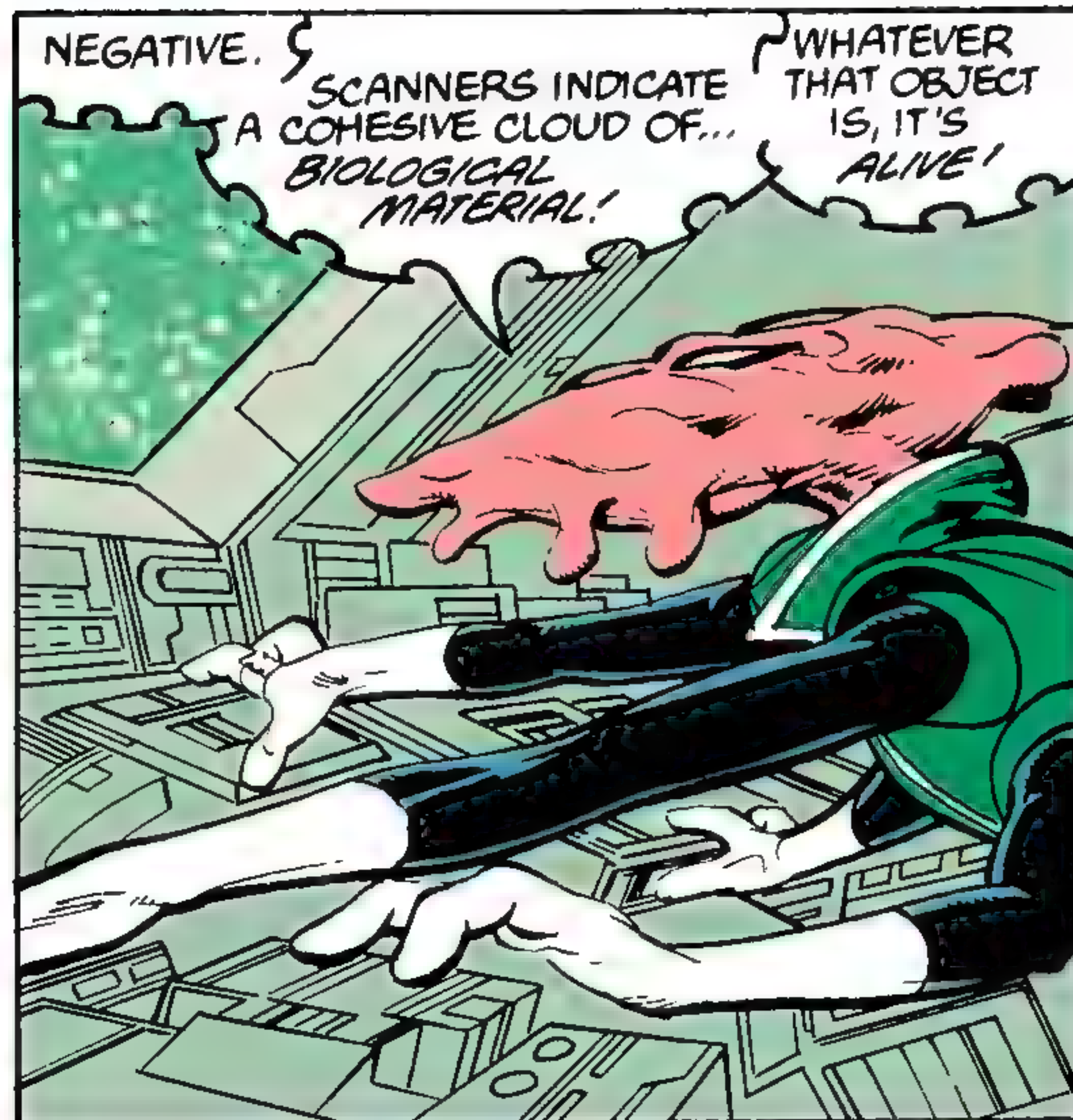




WHAT IN THE NAME OF...?!?

IT'S BIG AS A PLANET!!

WHAT IS THAT THING? A COMET?



NEGATIVE.

SCANNERS INDICATE A COHESIVE CLOUD OF... BIOLOGICAL MATERIAL!

WHATEVER THAT OBJECT IS, IT'S ALIVE!



AND ITS ORBIT WILL INTERSECT THE EARTH'S...

...LESS THAN THREE HOURS FROM NOW!



THEN IT'S HIGH TIME WE HEADED HOME, LANTERNS.

THAT THING IS TOO BIG FOR ME TO HANDLE ALONE.

IT MAY NEED ALL OUR POWER!

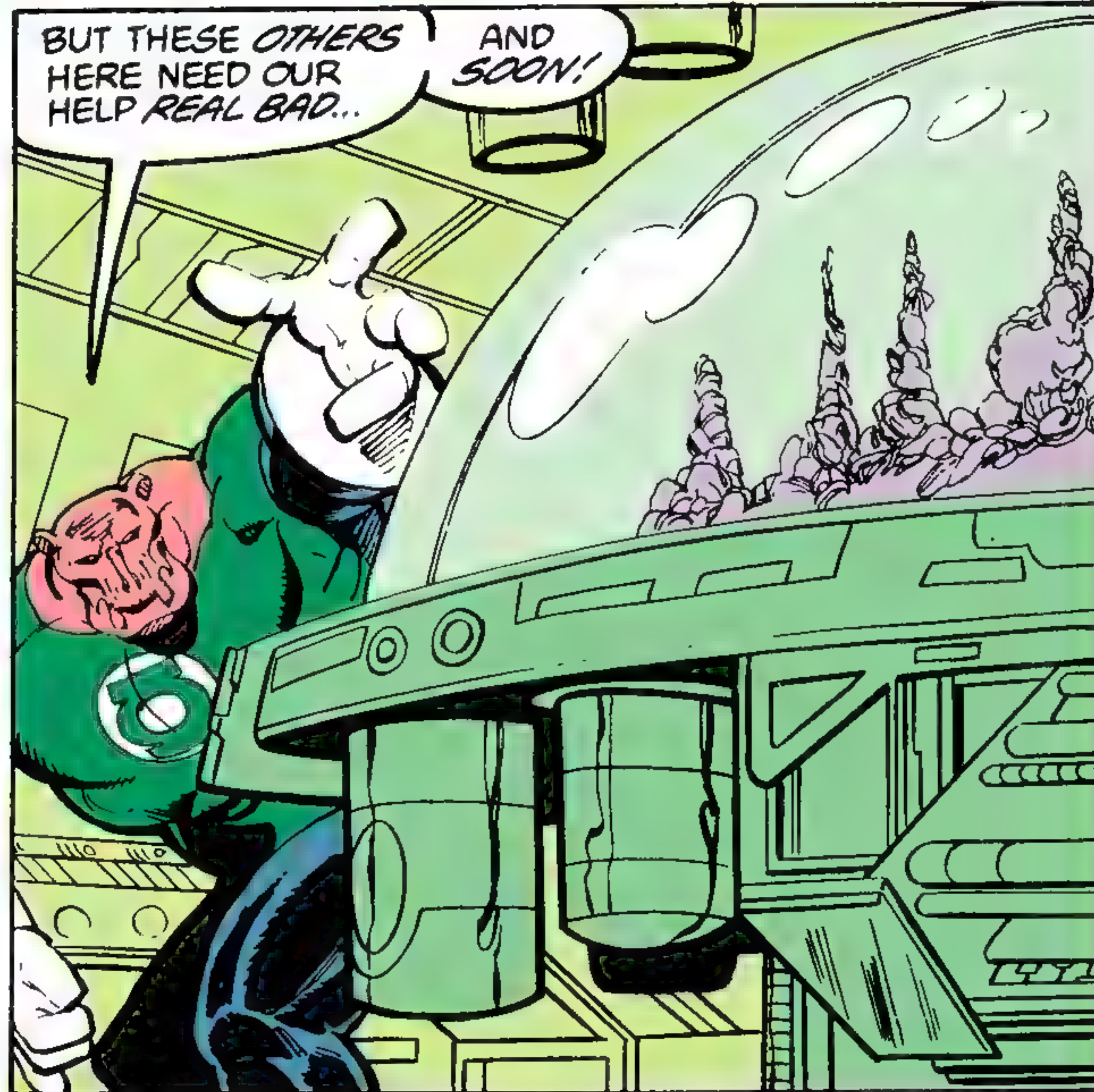
NO.



KILOWOG?

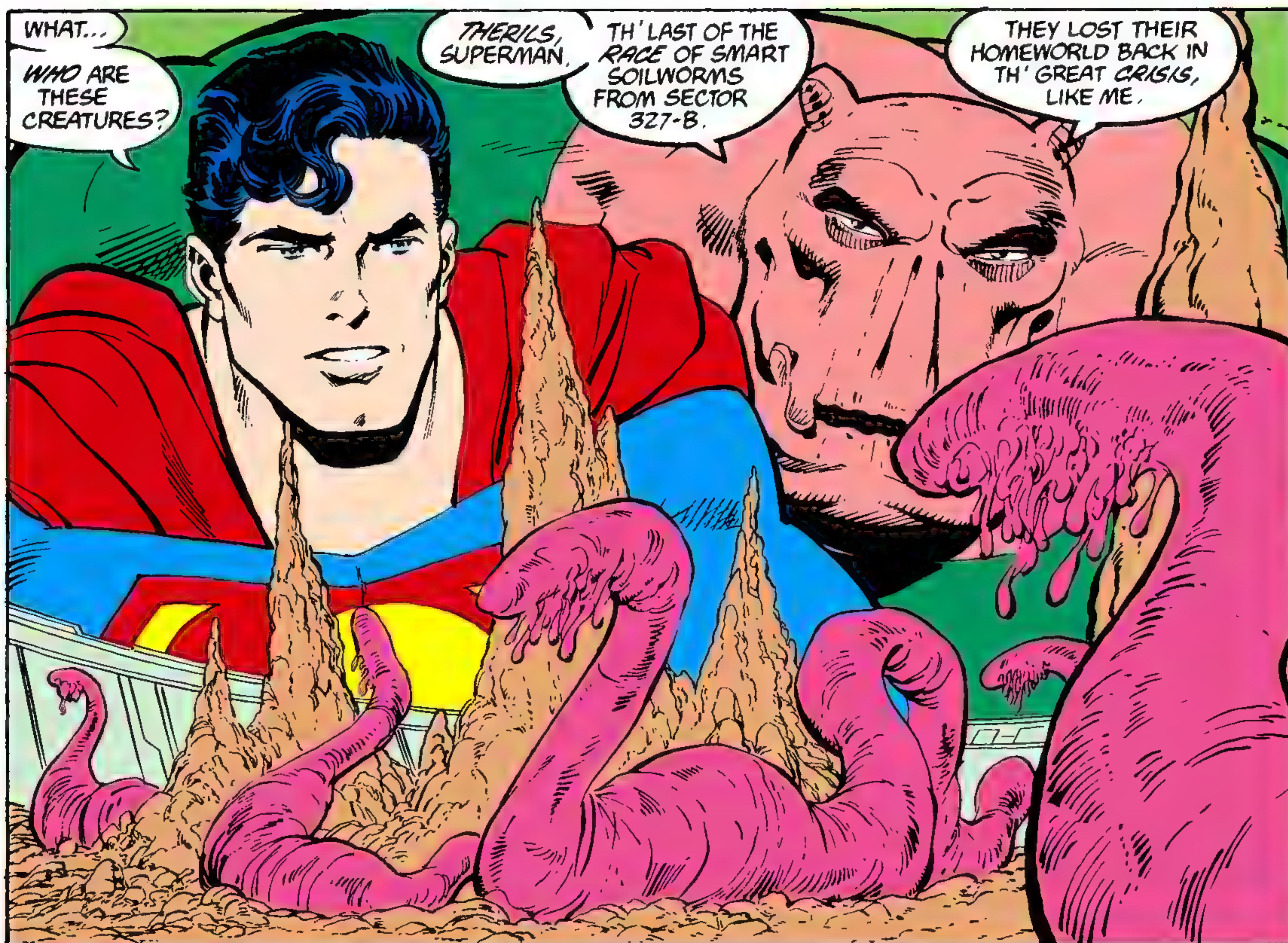
DON'T YOU WANT TO HELP EARTH?

IF IT NEEDS IT, SUPERMAN. DON'T REALLY KNOW YET IF IT DOES.



BUT THESE OTHERS HERE NEED OUR HELP REAL BAD...

AND SOON!



WHAT...

WHO ARE
THESE
CREATURES?

THEIRLS,
SUPERMAN.

TH' LAST OF THE
RACE OF SMART
SOILWORMS
FROM SECTOR
327-B.

THEY LOST THEIR
HOMEWORLD BACK IN
TH' GREAT CRISIS,
LIKE ME.



YEAH. CH'P AND I FOUND 'EM
ON A SCRAP OF ROCK, FLOATING
THROUGH SPACE.

THEY WERE ALL ALMOST DEAD.
WE BROUGHT 'EM BACK HERE,
AND KILOWOG FIGURED OUT A
WAY TO DUPLICATE THEIR
NATURAL ENVIRONMENT.

WHEN
THEY'D
RECOVERED ENOUGH
TO COMMUNICATE,
THEY ASKED US TO
HELP THEM FIND
A NEW HOME-
WORLD.



THAT'S WHAT WE
WERE DOIN' WHEN
ARISIA FOUND
YOU, SUPERMAN.

SO FAR OUR
SEARCH
HASN'T TURNED
UP ANYTHING
THEY CAN
USE.

HMM. STILL,
SURELY
SOME OF YOU
CAN COME
BACK WITH ME
TO EARTH--
JUST IN CASE
THAT BIO-
CLOUD IS A
MENACE?

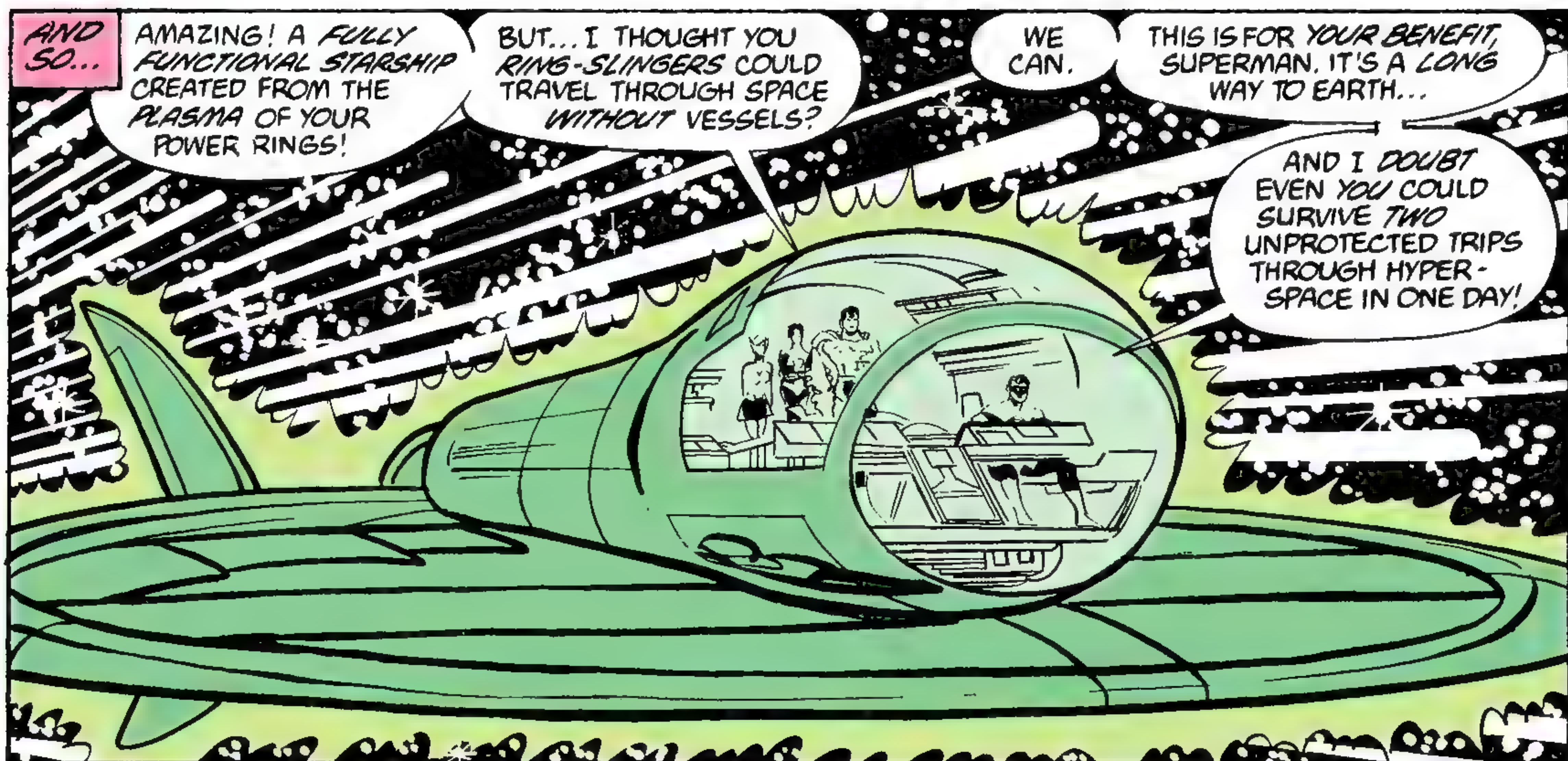


IT WOULD
SEEM MOST
EFFICACIOUS
TO *DIVIDE*
OUR TEAM.

CH'P, JOHN
STEWART AND
KILOWOG ARE
MOST DEDICATED
TO HELPING THE
WORMS...

AND THE
REST OF US
COULD GO
BACK TO EARTH!

I'LL BET
FOUR GREEN
LANTERNS
AND ONE
SUPERMAN
CAN WHIP
THAT BIG GREEN
FUZZBALL
EASILY!



AND SO...

AMAZING! A FULLY FUNCTIONAL STARSHIP CREATED FROM THE PLASMA OF YOUR POWER RINGS!

BUT... I THOUGHT YOU RING-SLINGERS COULD TRAVEL THROUGH SPACE WITHOUT VESSELS?

WE CAN.

THIS IS FOR YOUR BENEFIT, SUPERMAN. IT'S A LONG WAY TO EARTH...

AND I DOUBT EVEN YOU COULD SURVIVE TWO UNPROTECTED TRIPS THROUGH HYPER-SPACE IN ONE DAY!

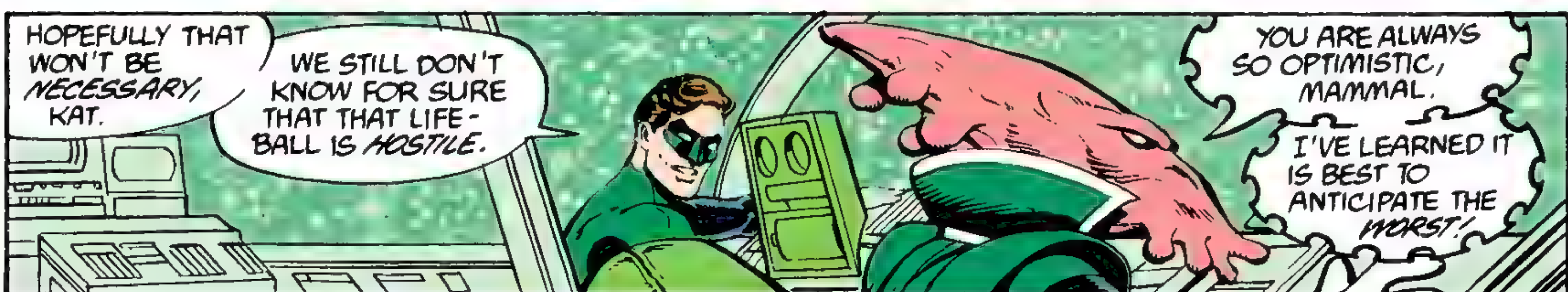


I'M SURPRISED YOU CAME WITH US, KATMA TUI.

WHAT WITH YOU AND JOHN BEING AN ITEM AND ALL...

JOHN'S IDEA, ARISIA. HE AGREED WITH SALAKK THAT HIS PLACE WAS WITH THE THERILS...

BUT HE FELT I SHOULD GO WITH YOU SO THAT ONE OF US AT LEAST WOULD BE THERE TO DEFEND EARTH!

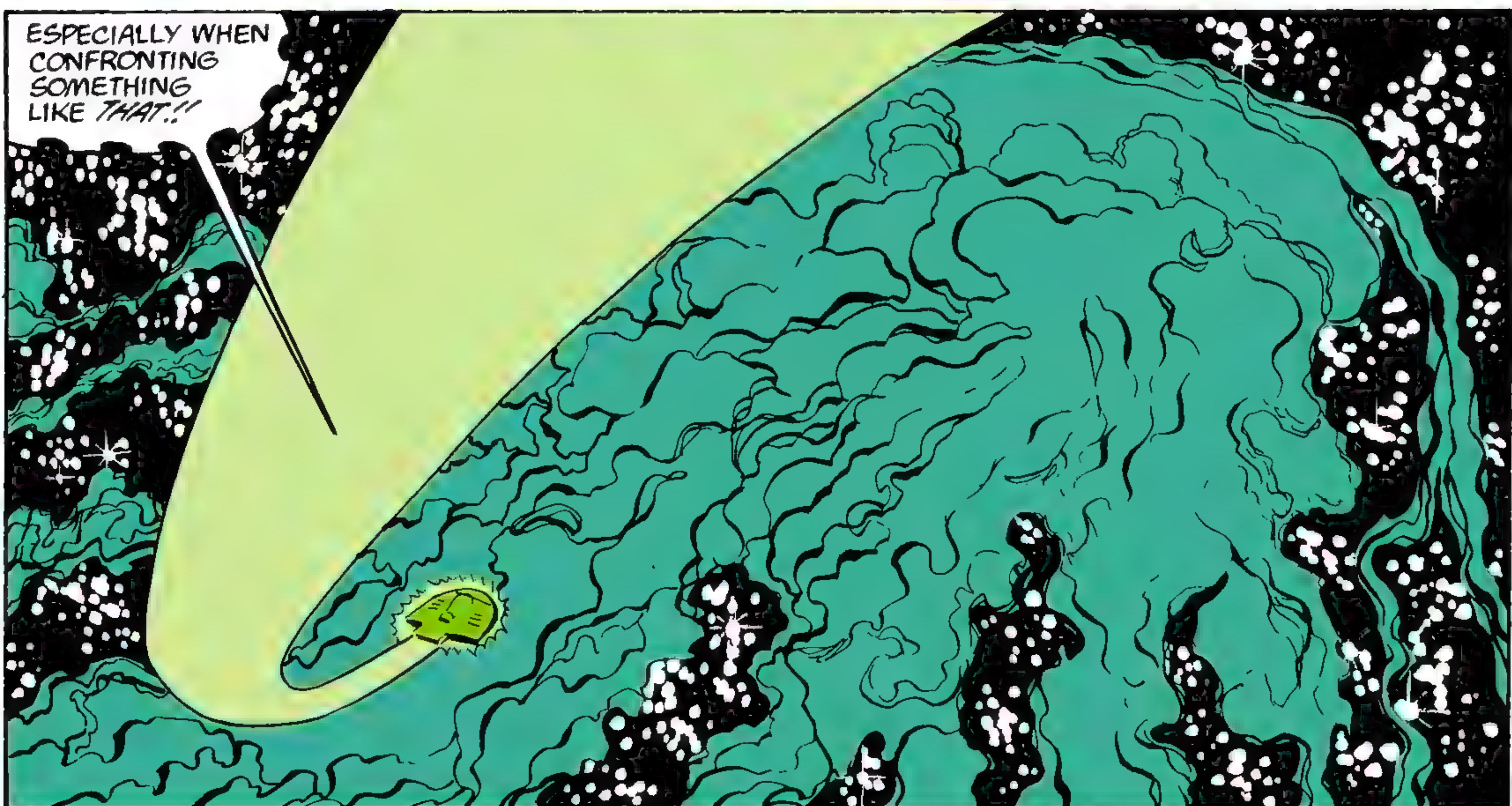


HOPEFULLY THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, KAT.

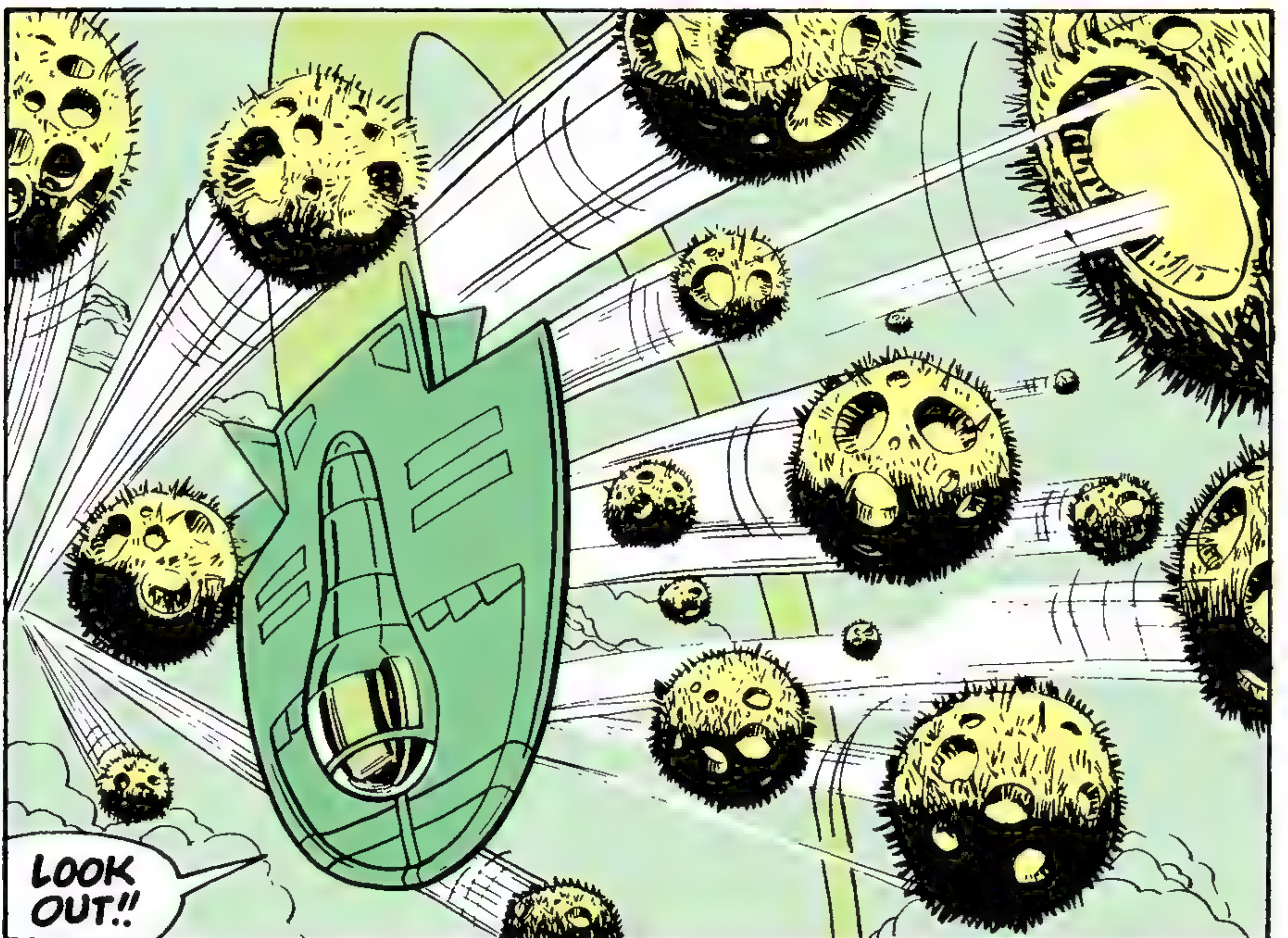
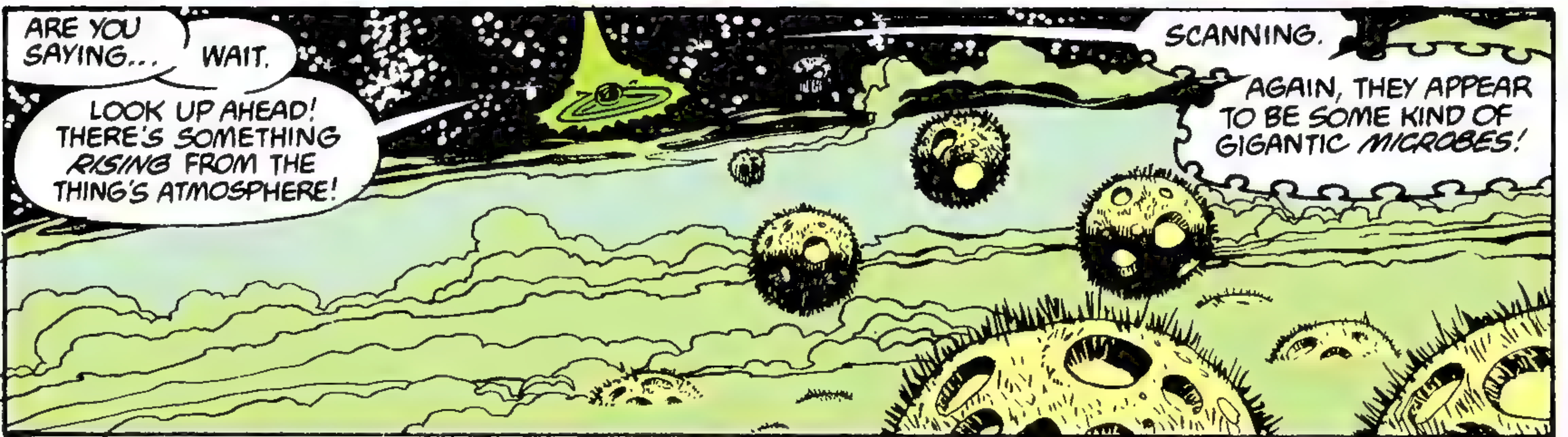
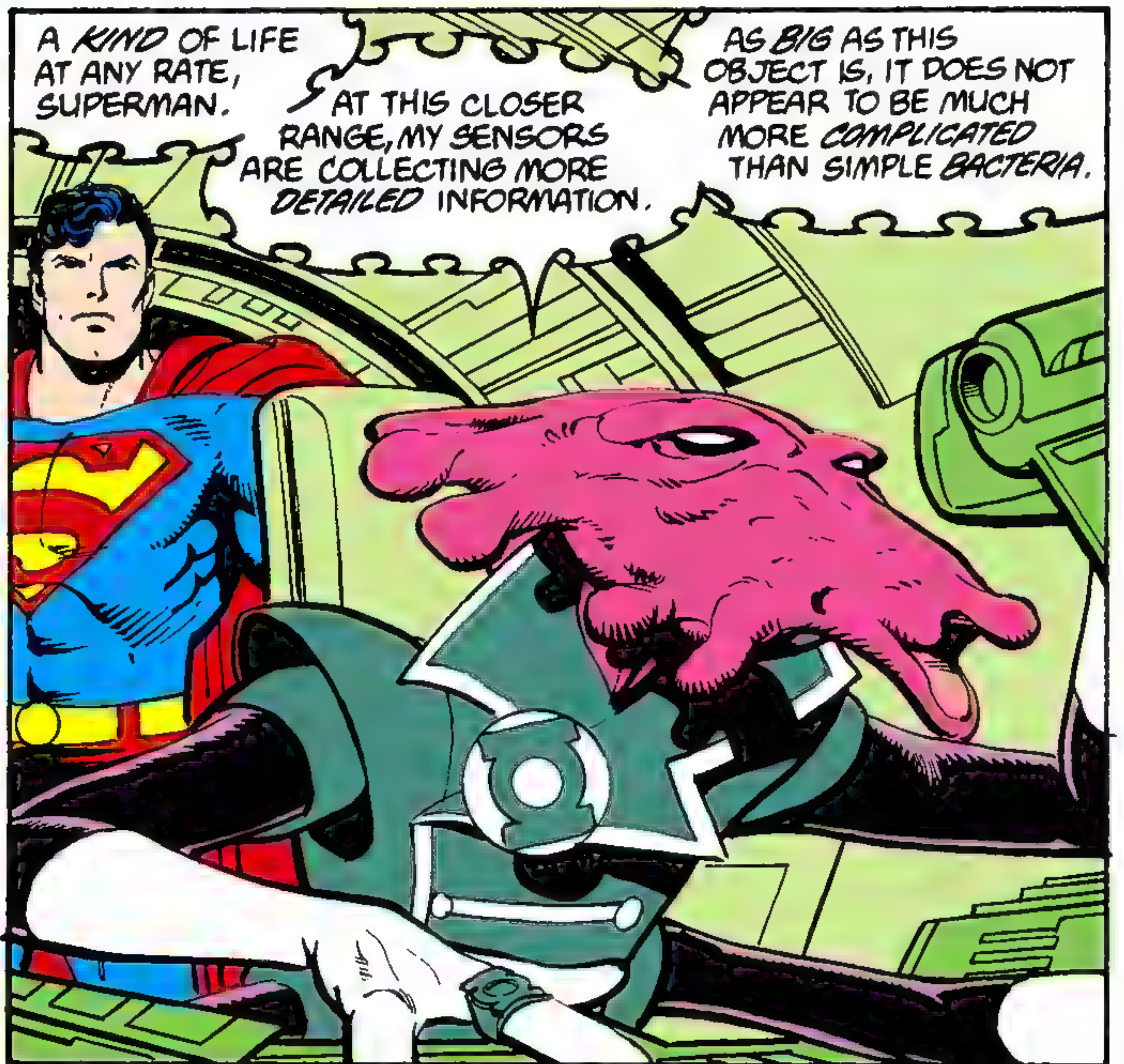
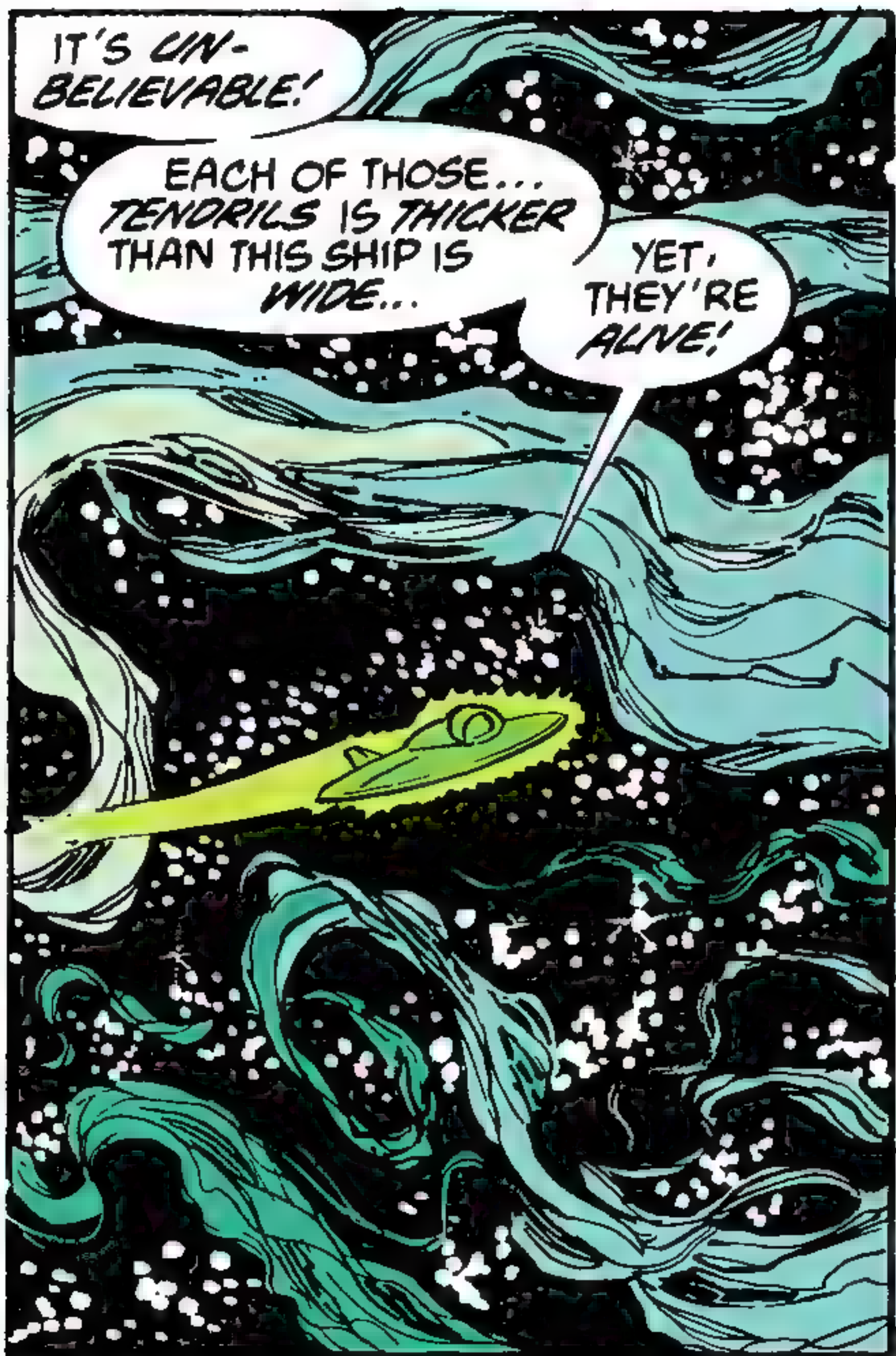
WE STILL DON'T KNOW FOR SURE THAT THAT LIFE-BALL IS HOSTILE.

YOU ARE ALWAYS SO OPTIMISTIC, MAMMAL.

I'VE LEARNED IT IS BEST TO ANTICIPATE THE WORST!



ESPECIALLY WHEN CONFRONTING SOMETHING LIKE THAT!!





IT'S NO GOOD!

TOO MANY OF 'EM TO DODGE!

KONG

KROW!

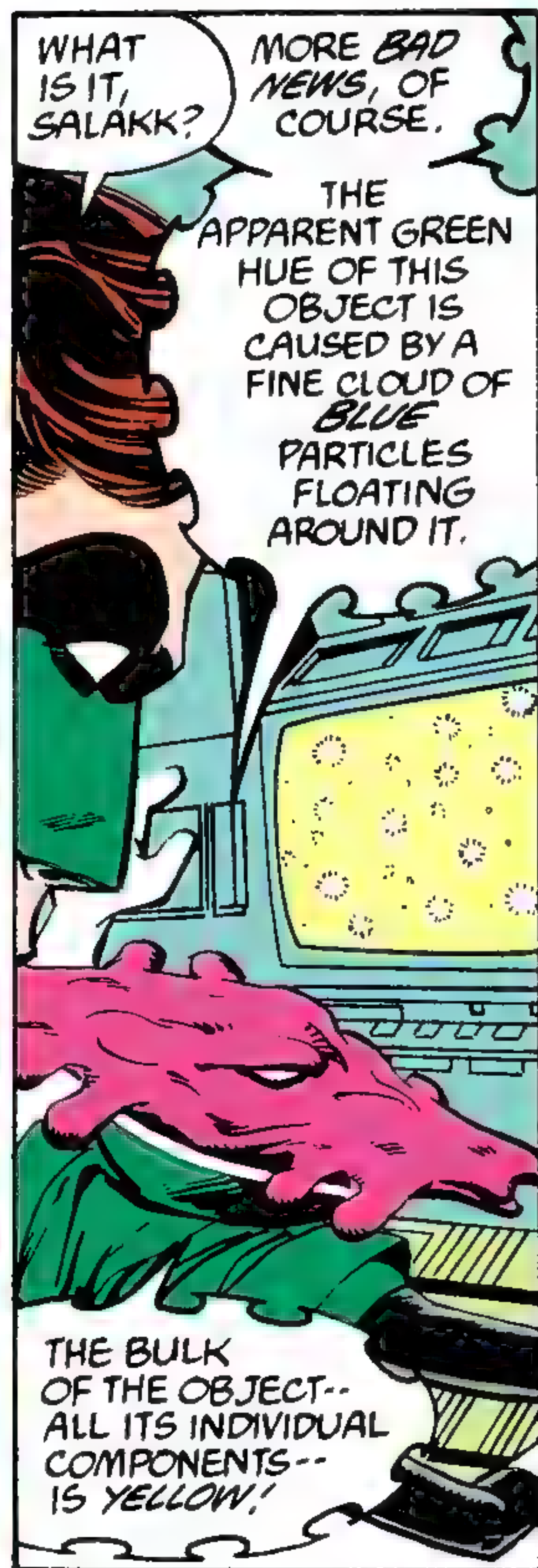
THEY'RE GOING TO TEAR US APART!



BLAST! YOUR POWER RINGS ARE USELESS AGAINST ANYTHING COLORED YELLOW, RIGHT?

LUCKILY MOST OF THIS STUFF IS GREEN!

I'M AFRAID NOT, SUPERMAN.



WHAT IS IT, SALAKK?

MORE BAD NEWS, OF COURSE.

THE APPARENT GREEN HUE OF THIS OBJECT IS CAUSED BY A FINE CLOUD OF BLUE PARTICLES FLOATING AROUND IT.

THE BULK OF THE OBJECT-- ALL ITS INDIVIDUAL COMPONENTS-- IS YELLOW!



OH, GREAT!

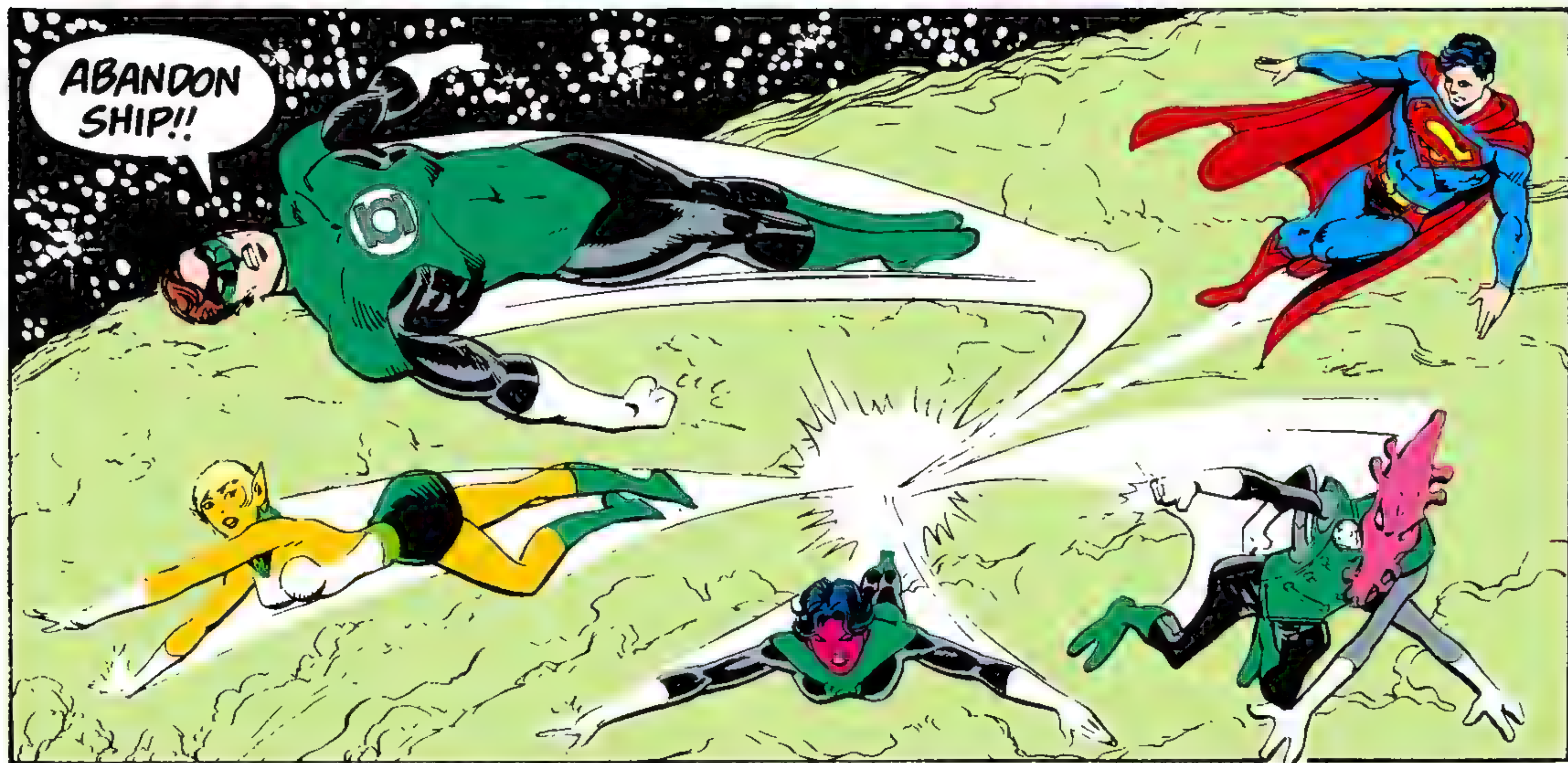
THANKS FOR THE GOOD NEWS, SALAKK.

I ONLY REPORT WHAT IS, ARISIA. I DO NOT CREATE THE SITUATION.

NO ONE'S SAYING YOU DO, SALAKK.

OKAY, EVERYBODY, THAT'S A BREATHABLE ATMOSPHERE OUT THERE.

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!



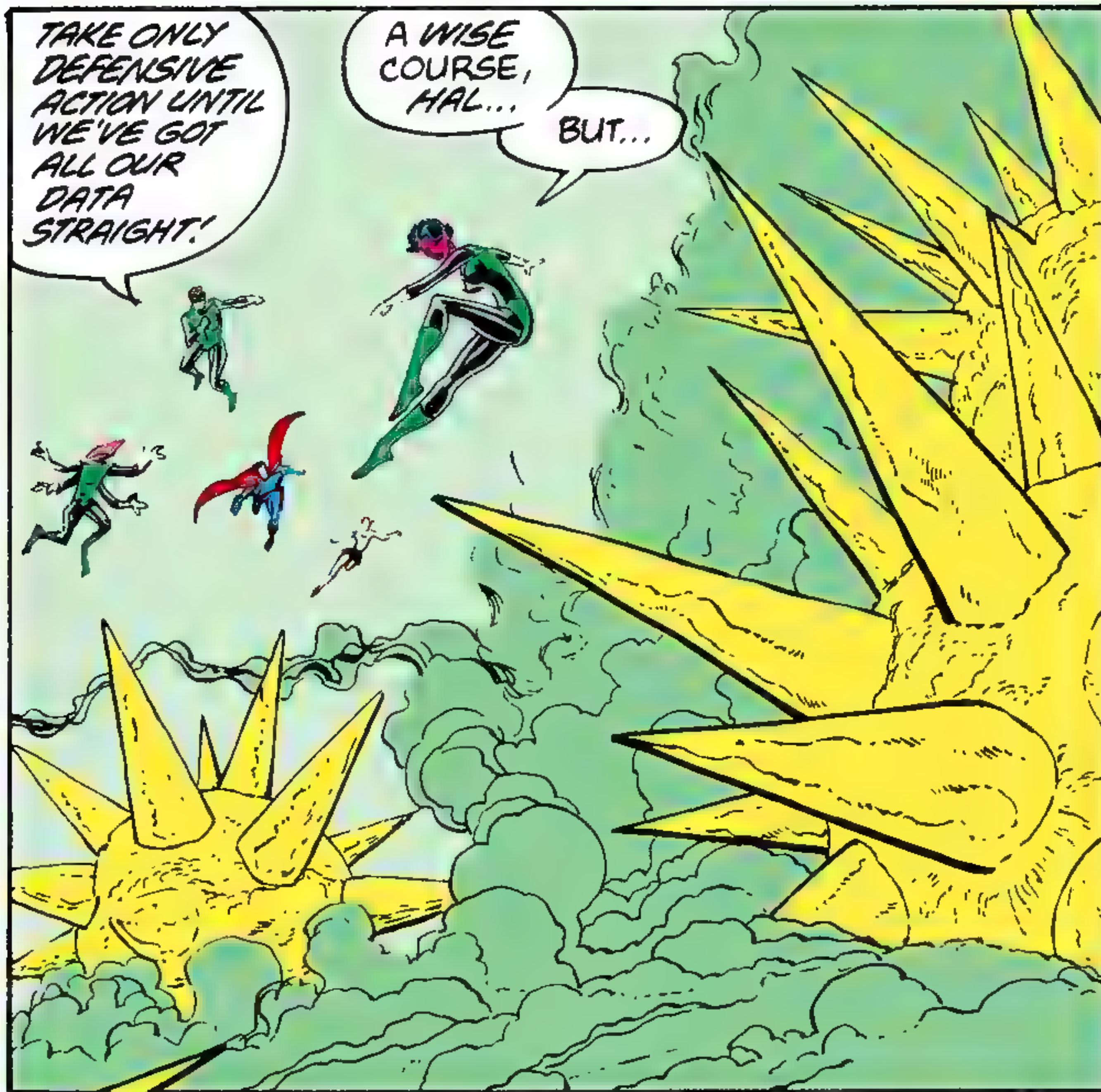
ABANDON SHIP!!



OKAY,
NOW LISTEN
UP, EVERYBODY!

WE STILL DON'T
KNOW IF THIS
THING IS HOSTILE.

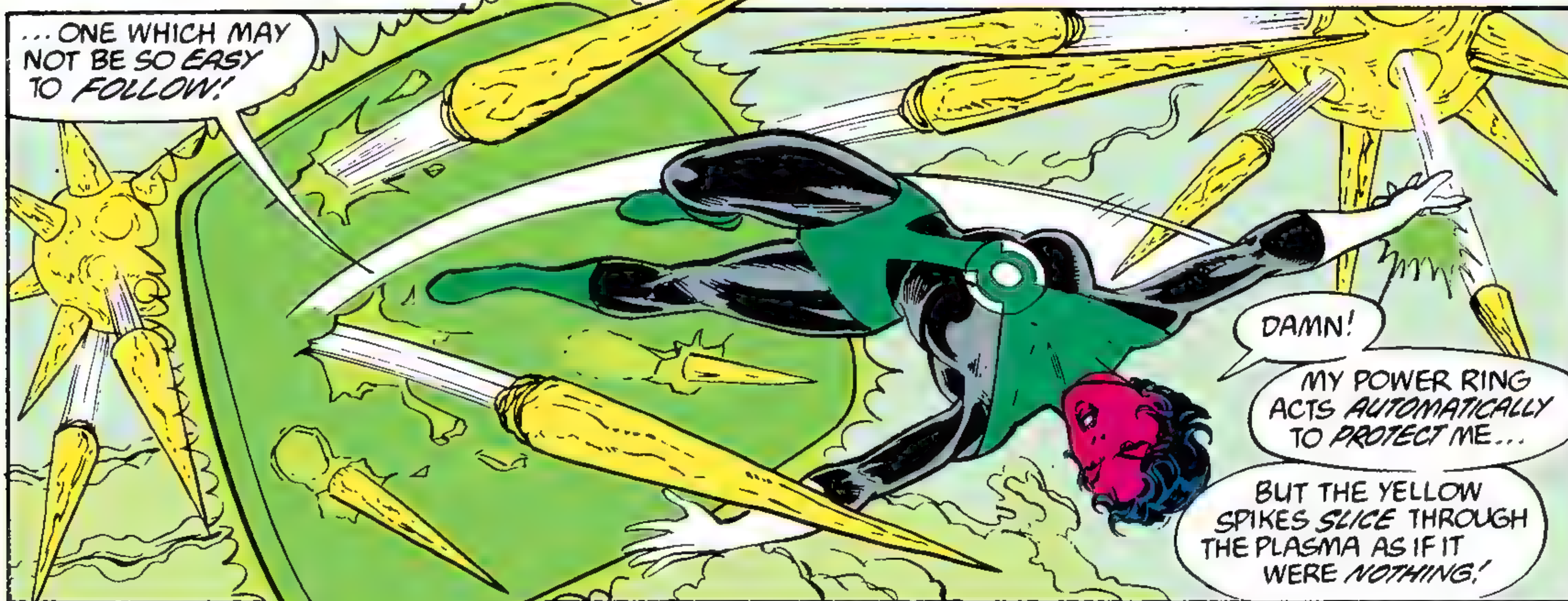
THOSE MICROBES
COULD HAVE BEEN A
NATURAL DEFENSE AGAINST
OUR SHIP'S UNEXPECTED
APPROACH.



TAKE ONLY
DEFENSIVE
ACTION UNTIL
WE'VE GOT
ALL OUR
DATA
STRAIGHT!

A WISE
COURSE,
HAL...

BUT...

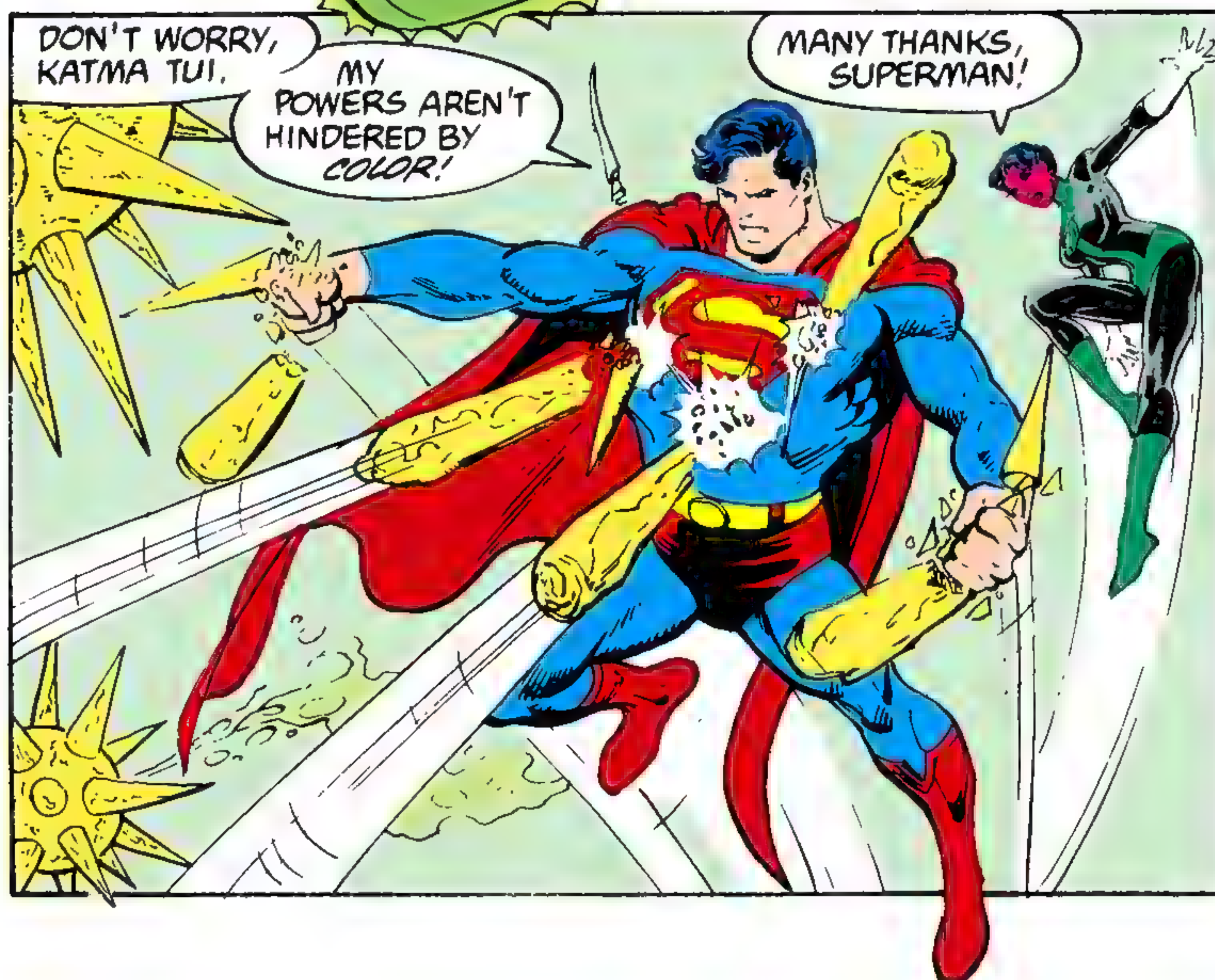


... ONE WHICH MAY
NOT BE SO EASY
TO FOLLOW!

DAMN!

MY POWER RING
ACTS AUTOMATICALLY
TO PROTECT ME...

BUT THE YELLOW
SPIKES SLICE THROUGH
THE PLASMA AS IF IT
WERE NOTHING!



DON'T WORRY,
KATMA TUI.

MY
POWERS AREN'T
HINDERED BY
COLOR!

MANY THANKS,
SUPERMAN!



MY PLEASURE. NOW...
LET'S SEE
IF I'VE GOT ANYTHING
ELSE IN MY BAG OF
TRICKS THAT WE CAN
USE HERE.

LIKE... HEAT-
VISION FOR
INSTANCE!



THEY'RE
EXPLODING!
NICE WORK,
SUPERMAN!



HMPH. TELEKINETIC
AGITATION OF
THEIR MOLECULES?
IMPRESSIONS ON
A SMALL SCALE...

BUT I
DOUBT IT WILL
BE TERRIBLY
EFFECTIVE AGAINST
THE WHOLE
OBJECT,
SUPERMAN.

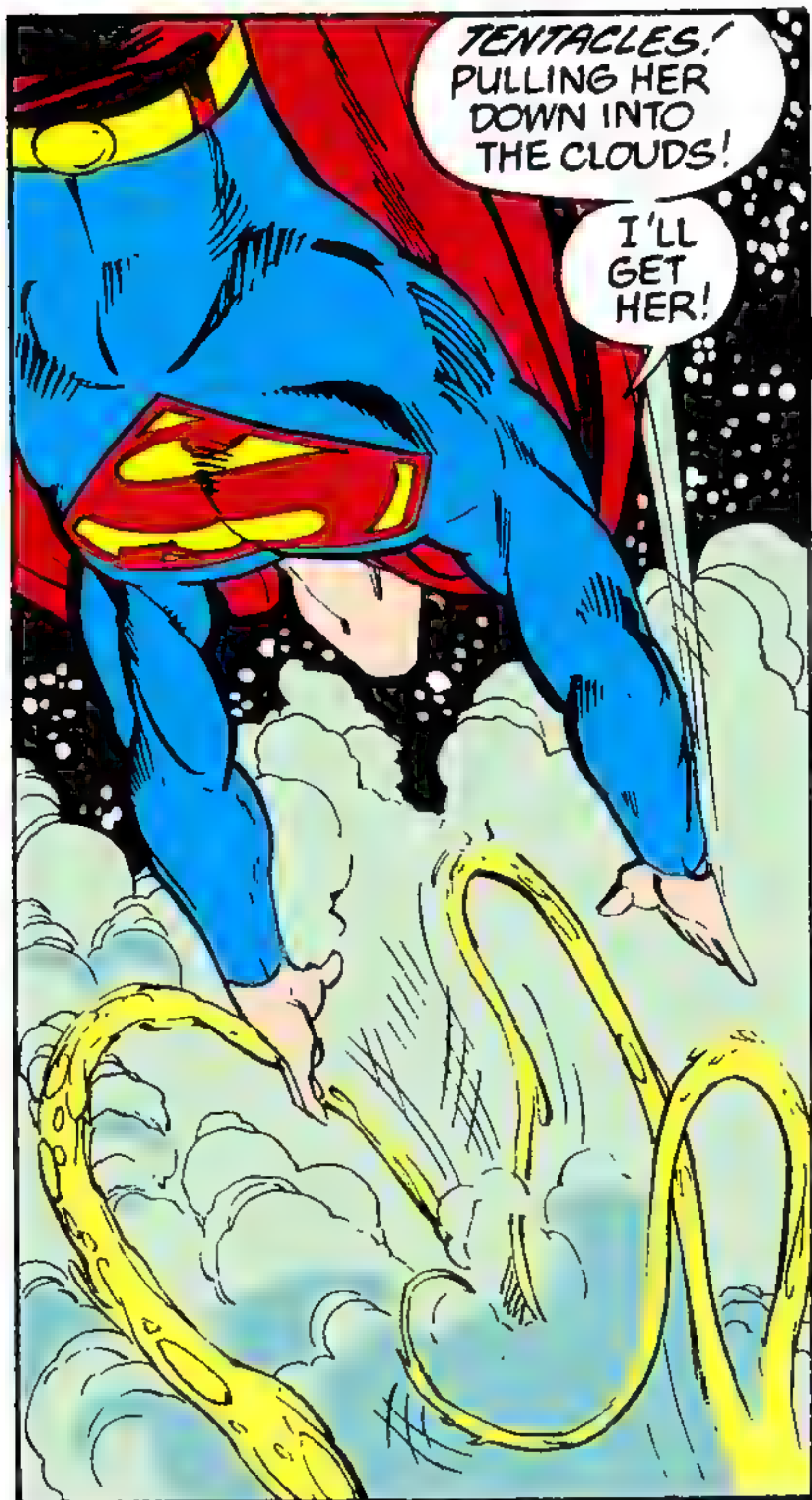


SALA-A-A-AKK!
DO YOU HAVE TO
SEE THE BLEAK SIDE
OF EVERYTHING,
YOU BIG GRUMP?

I MERELY
INDICATE
THE OBVI--
ARISIA!!

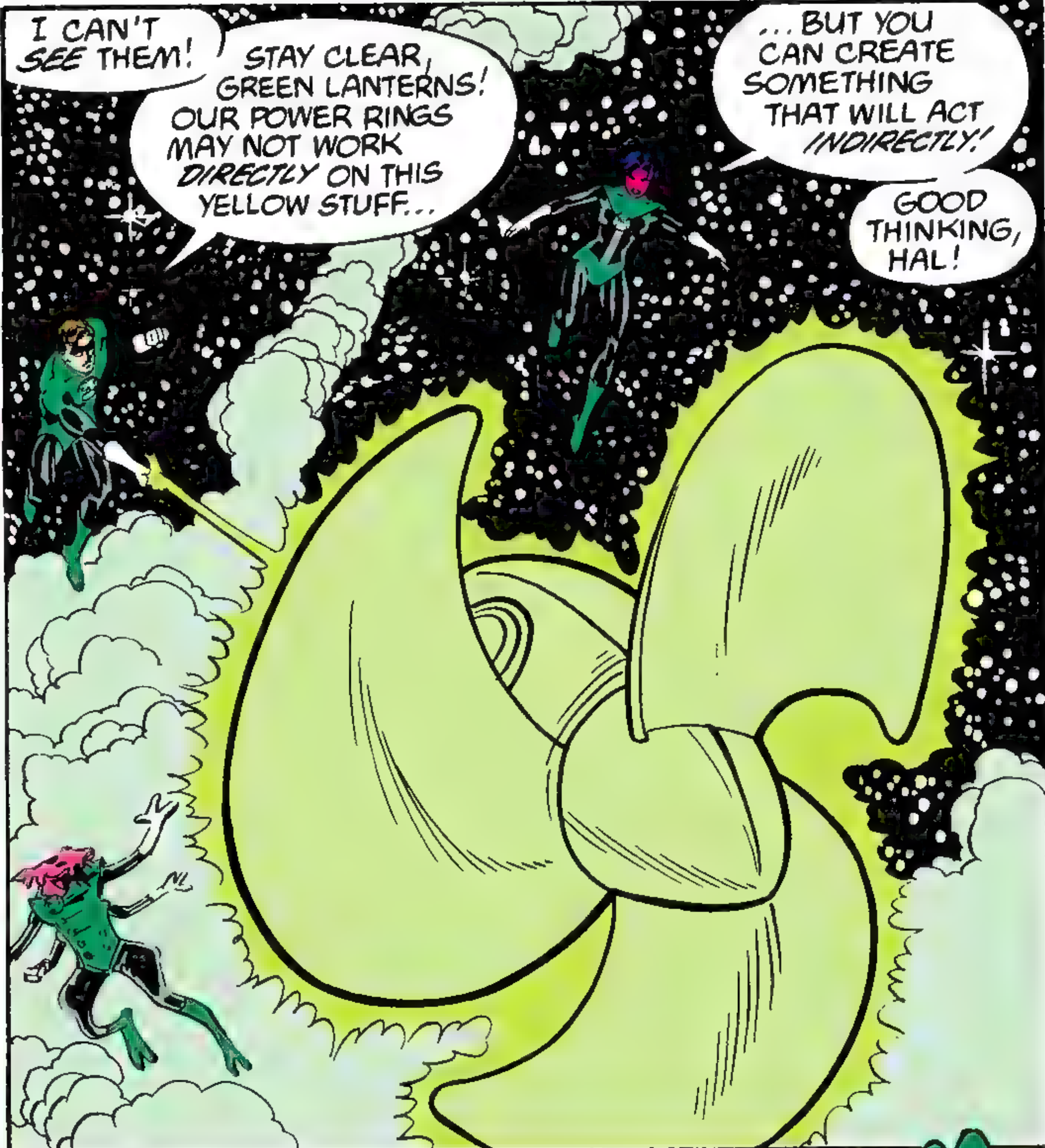


OH-HHHH!



TENTACLES!
PULLING HER
DOWN INTO
THE CLOUDS!

I'LL
GET
HER!

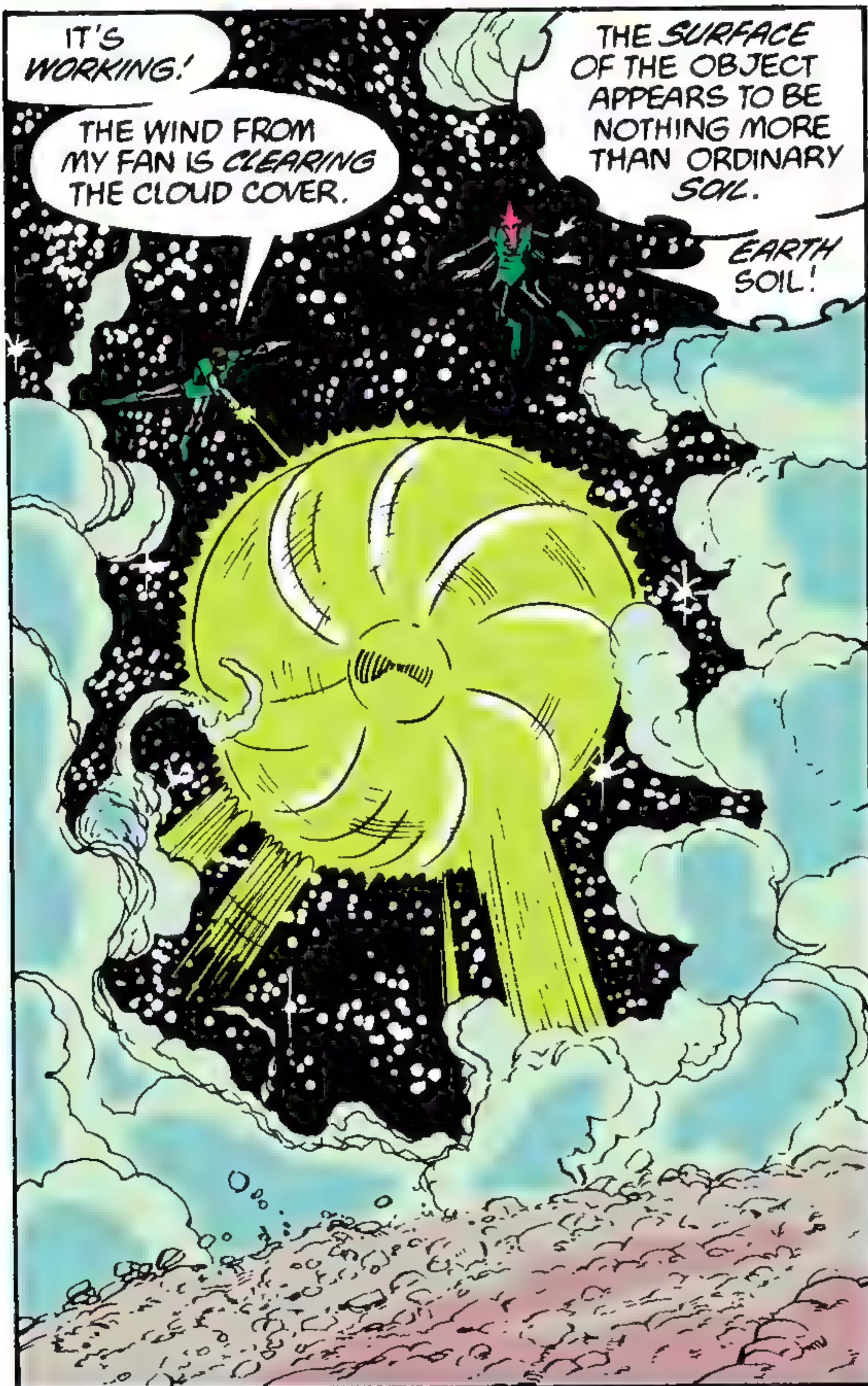


I CAN'T
SEE THEM!

STAY CLEAR,
GREEN LANTERNS!
OUR POWER RINGS
MAY NOT WORK
DIRECTLY ON THIS
YELLOW STUFF...

... BUT YOU
CAN CREATE
SOMETHING
THAT WILL ACT
INDIRECTLY!

GOOD
THINKING,
HAL!

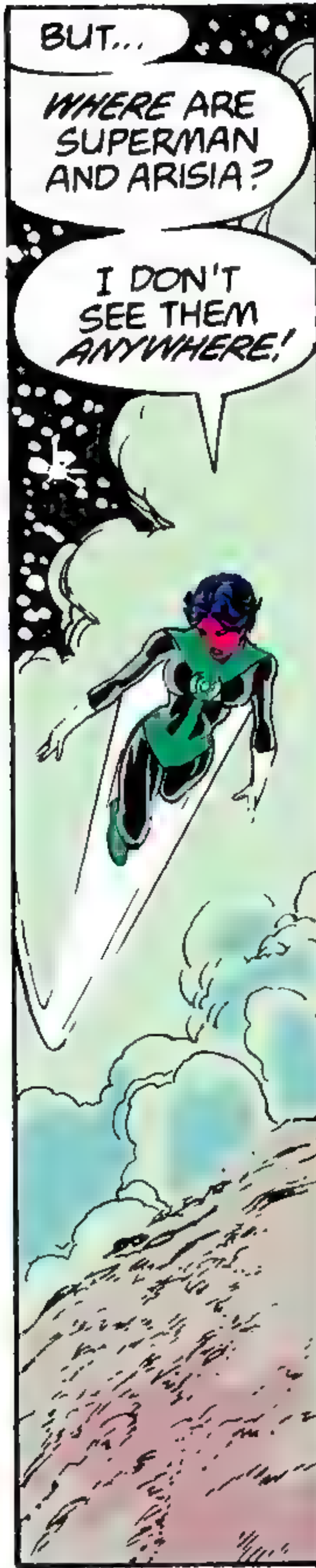


IT'S
WORKING!

THE WIND FROM
MY FAN IS CLEARING
THE CLOUD COVER.

THE SURFACE
OF THE OBJECT
APPEARS TO BE
NOTHING MORE
THAN ORDINARY
SOIL.

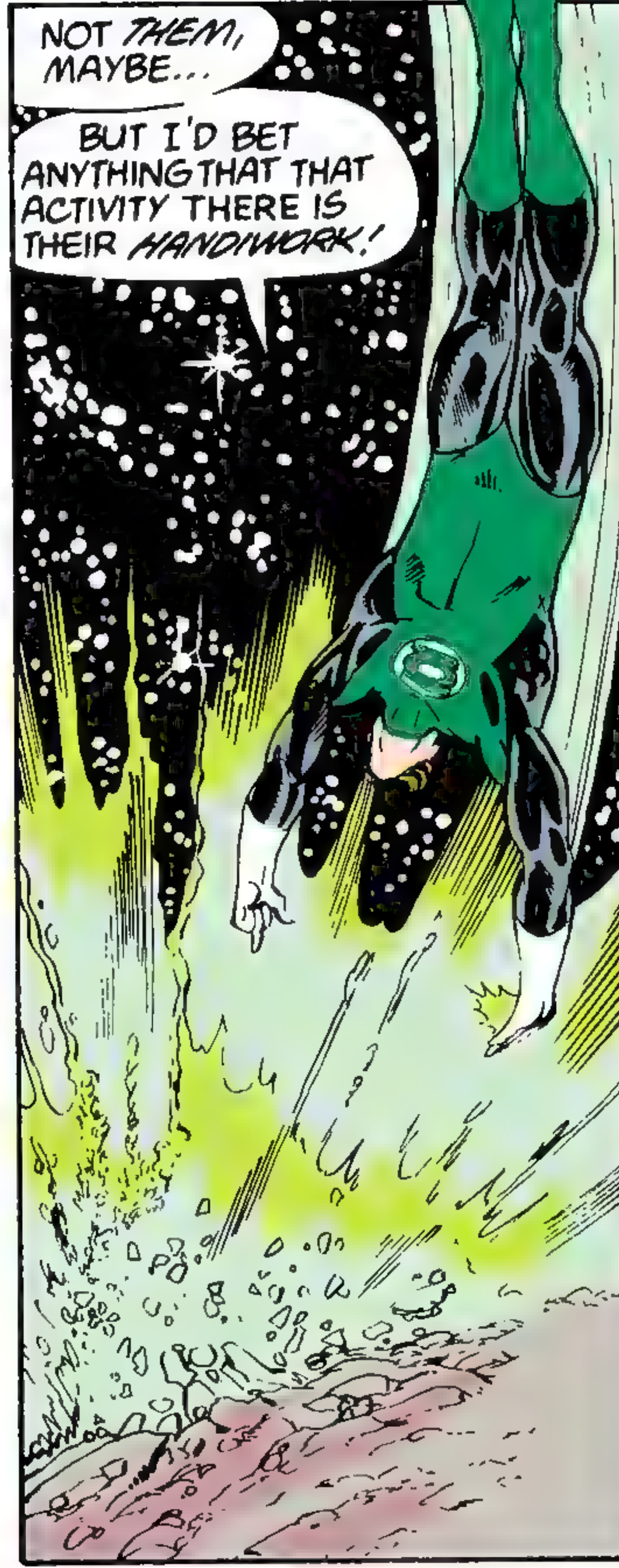
EARTH
SOIL!



BUT...

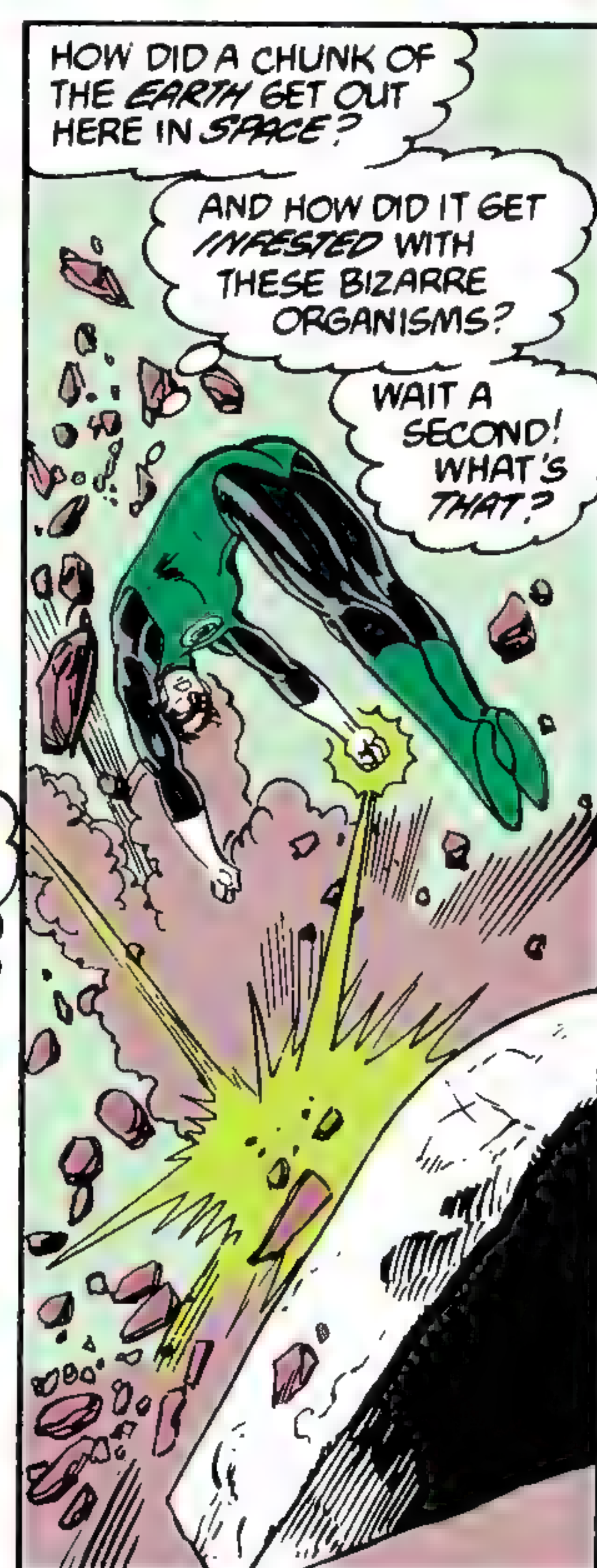
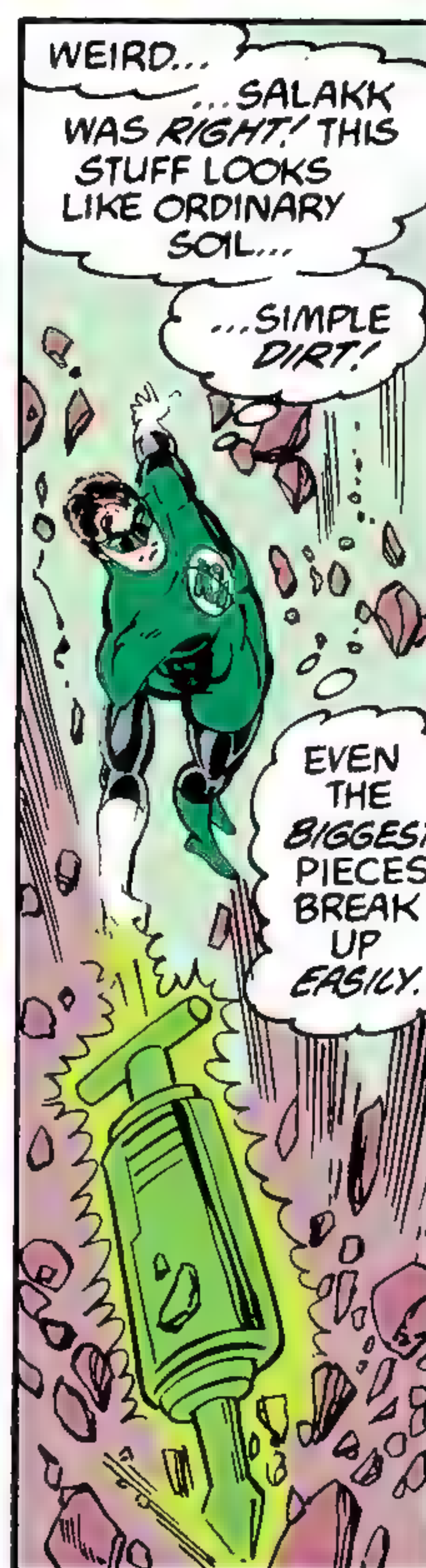
WHERE ARE
SUPERMAN
AND ARISIA?

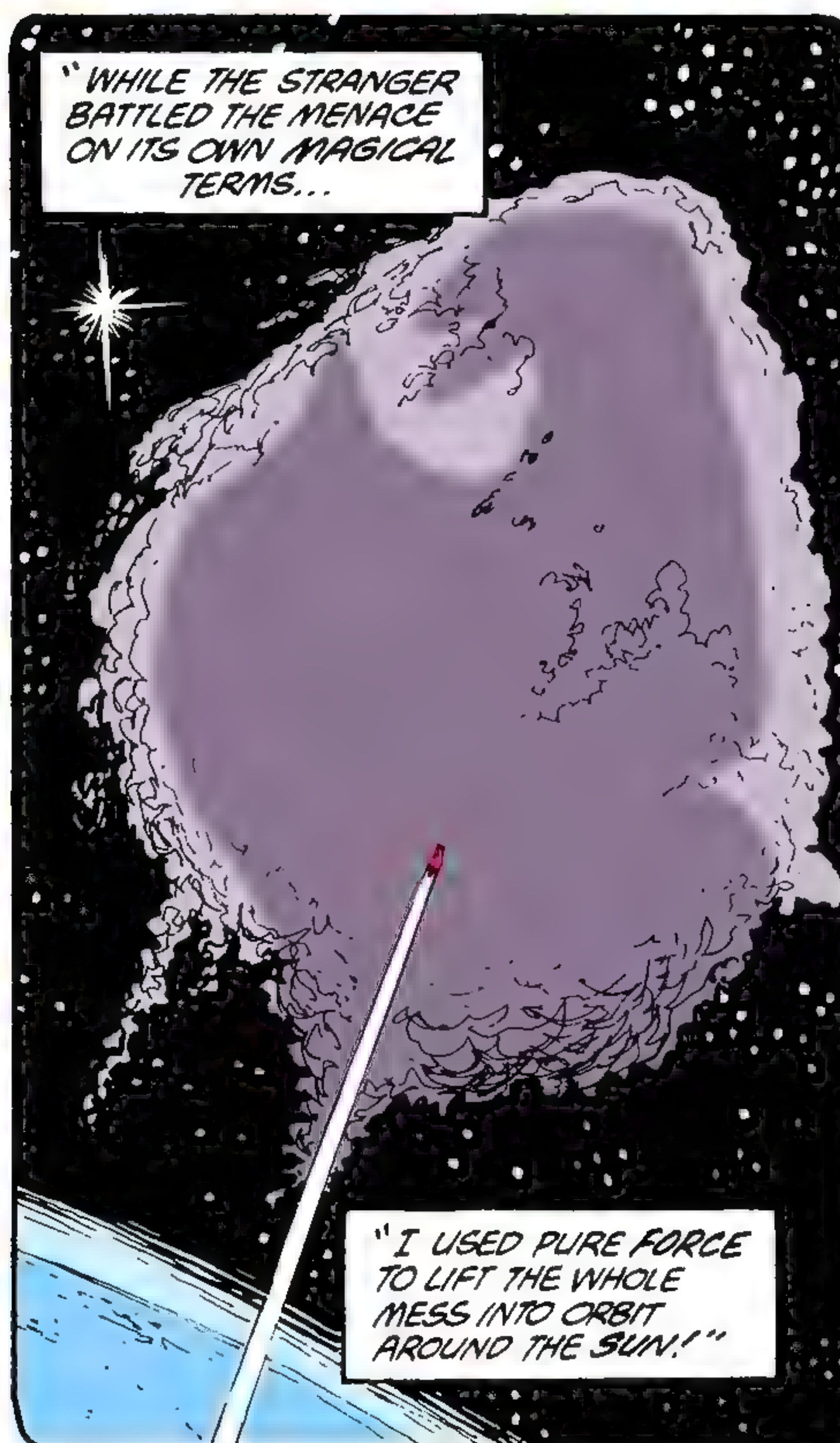
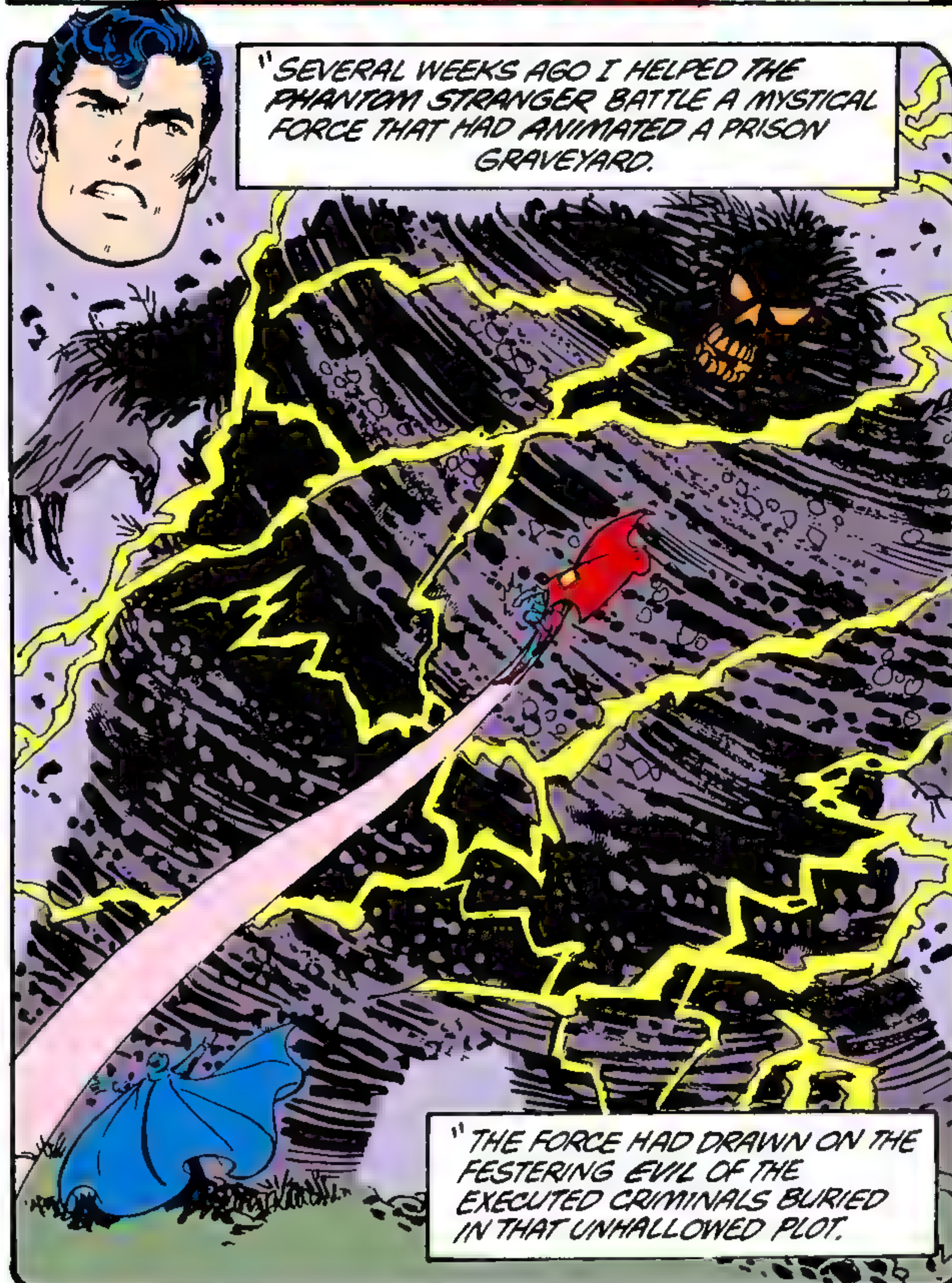
I DON'T
SEE THEM
ANYWHERE!



NOT THEM,
MAYBE...

BUT I'D BET
ANYTHING THAT THAT
ACTIVITY THERE IS
THEIR HANDIWORK!







HMPH!

I CONFIRM
SUPERMAN'S HYPOTHESIS.
I CAN DETECT *RESIDUAL*
ENERGIES OF A CLEARLY
MAGICAL NATURE
WITHIN THE SOIL
STRUCTURE.

HOWEVER...

I DETECT NO
INDICATION OF
SENTIENT LIFE.

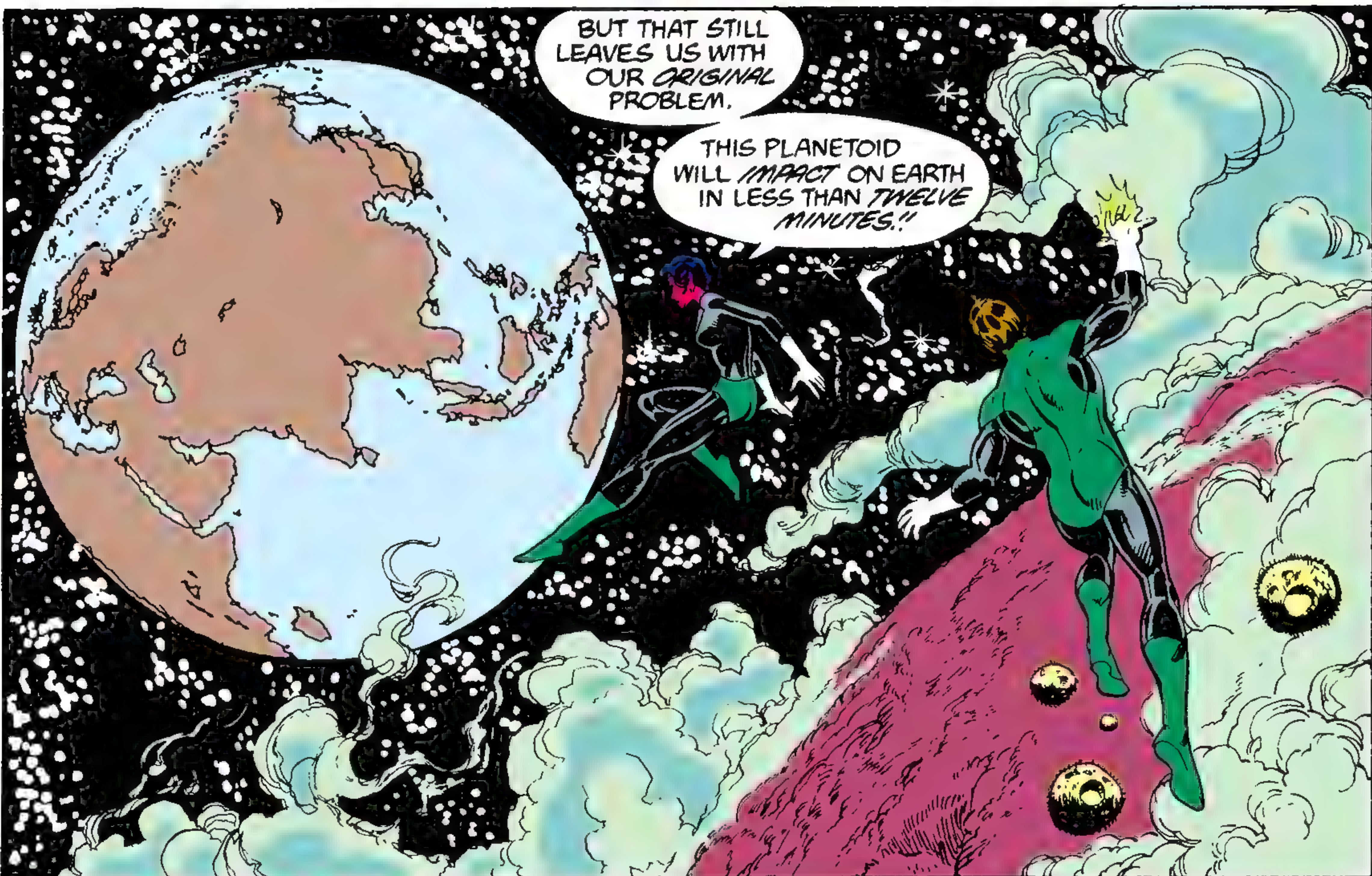


THAT MAKES SENSE. THE
PHANTOM STRANGER
DISPELLED MOST OF THE
MAGIC THAT WAS
RE-ANIMATING THOSE
BODIES BURIED IN
THE SOIL.

THE COMBINATION OF
MAGIC AND SOLAR
RADIATION CAUSED
THE NORMAL, HARMLESS
BACTERIA IN THE SOIL
TO *MUTATE* INTO
THESE STRANGE
ORGANISMS.

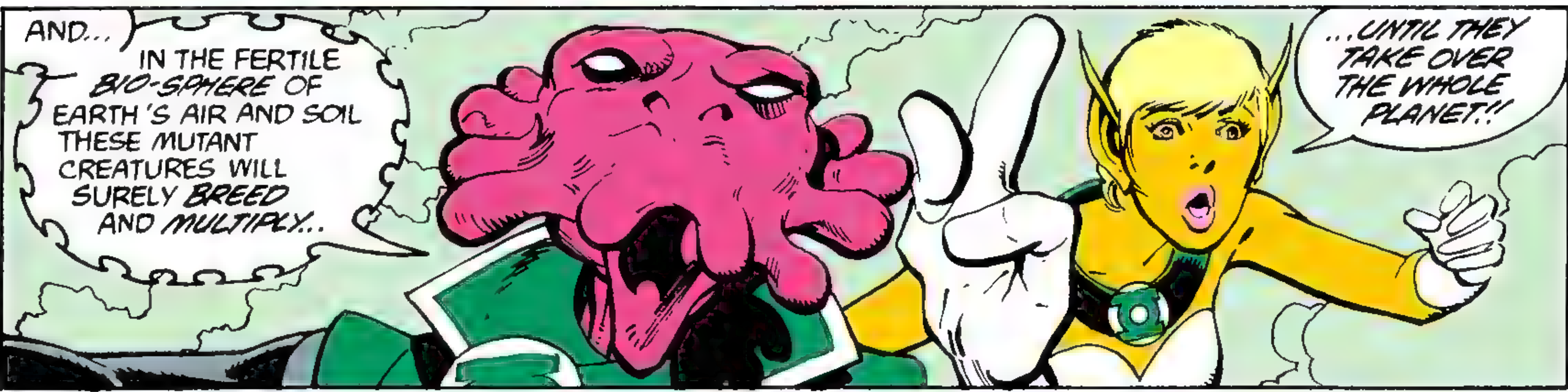
BUT THERE MUST HAVE
BEEN *JUST ENOUGH*
ENERGY LEFT OVER TO
SOMEHOW *INTERACT*
WITH THE RADIATION
FROM THE SUN!

ALL WELL
AND GOOD,
SUPERMAN...



BUT THAT STILL
LEAVES US WITH
OUR *ORIGINAL*
PROBLEM.

THIS PLANETOID
WILL *IMPACT* ON EARTH
IN LESS THAN *TWELVE*
MINUTES!!



AND...

IN THE FERTILE
BIO-SPHERE OF
EARTH'S AIR AND SOIL
THESE MUTANT
CREATURES WILL
SURELY *BREED*
AND *MULTIPLY*..

...UNTIL THEY
TAKE OVER
THE WHOLE
PLANET!!

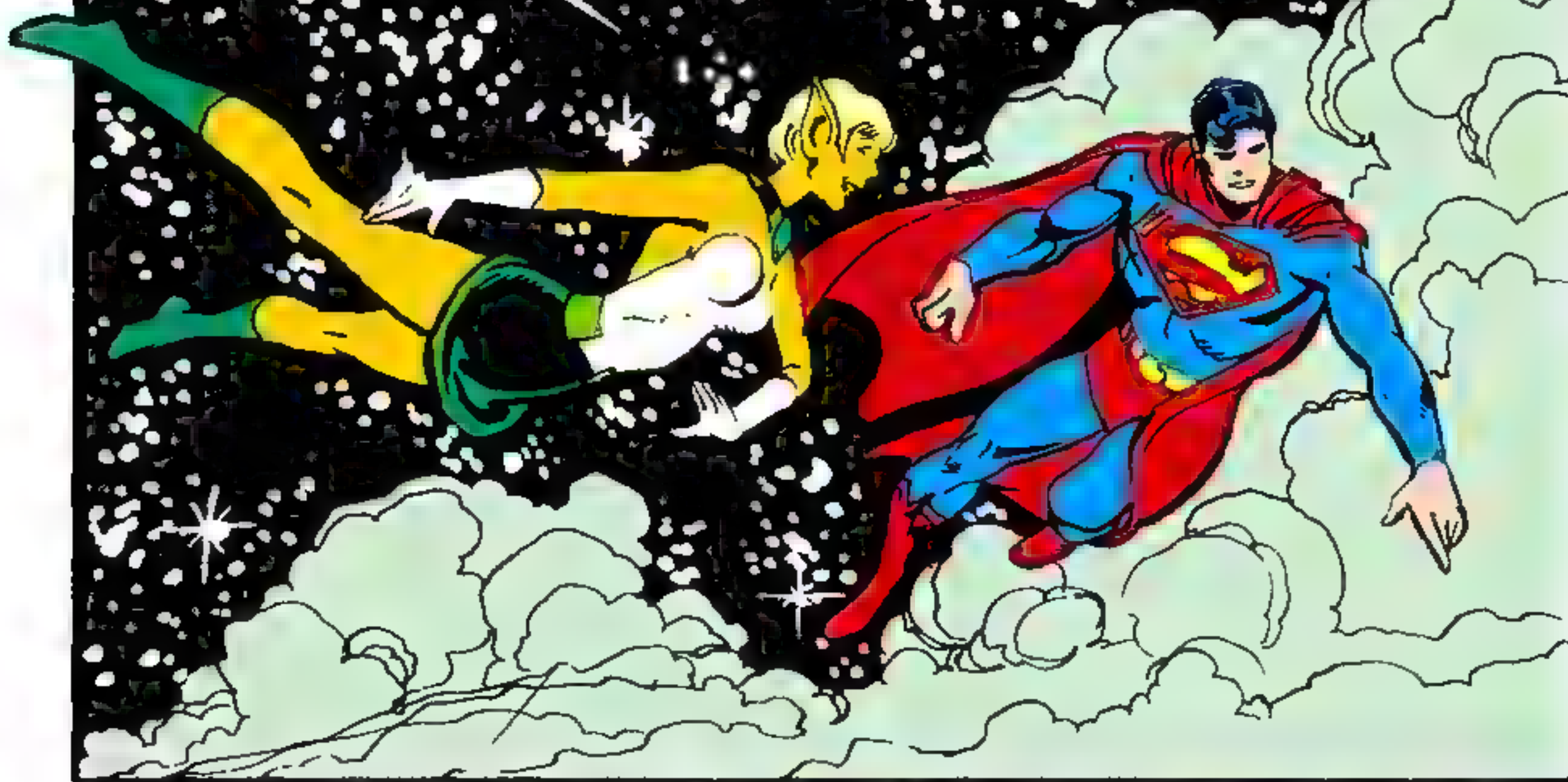
BUT...WHAT ARE WE
WORRYING ABOUT?

YOU *PUSHED* THIS
MENACE INTO ORBIT IN
THE FIRST PLACE,
RIGHT, SUPES?

JUST PUSH IT
BACK!

I'M AFRAID IT'S NOT QUITE
THAT SIMPLE, ARISIA. WHEN
I LIFTED THIS THING OFF
EARTH IT WEIGHED ONLY A
FEW THOUSAND TONS.

SWOLLEN WITH MUTANT LIFE
AS IT IS NOW, IT'S FAR
BEYOND MY POWER TO MOVE!



BUT... BUT
WE'VE GOT
TO DO
SOMETHING!!

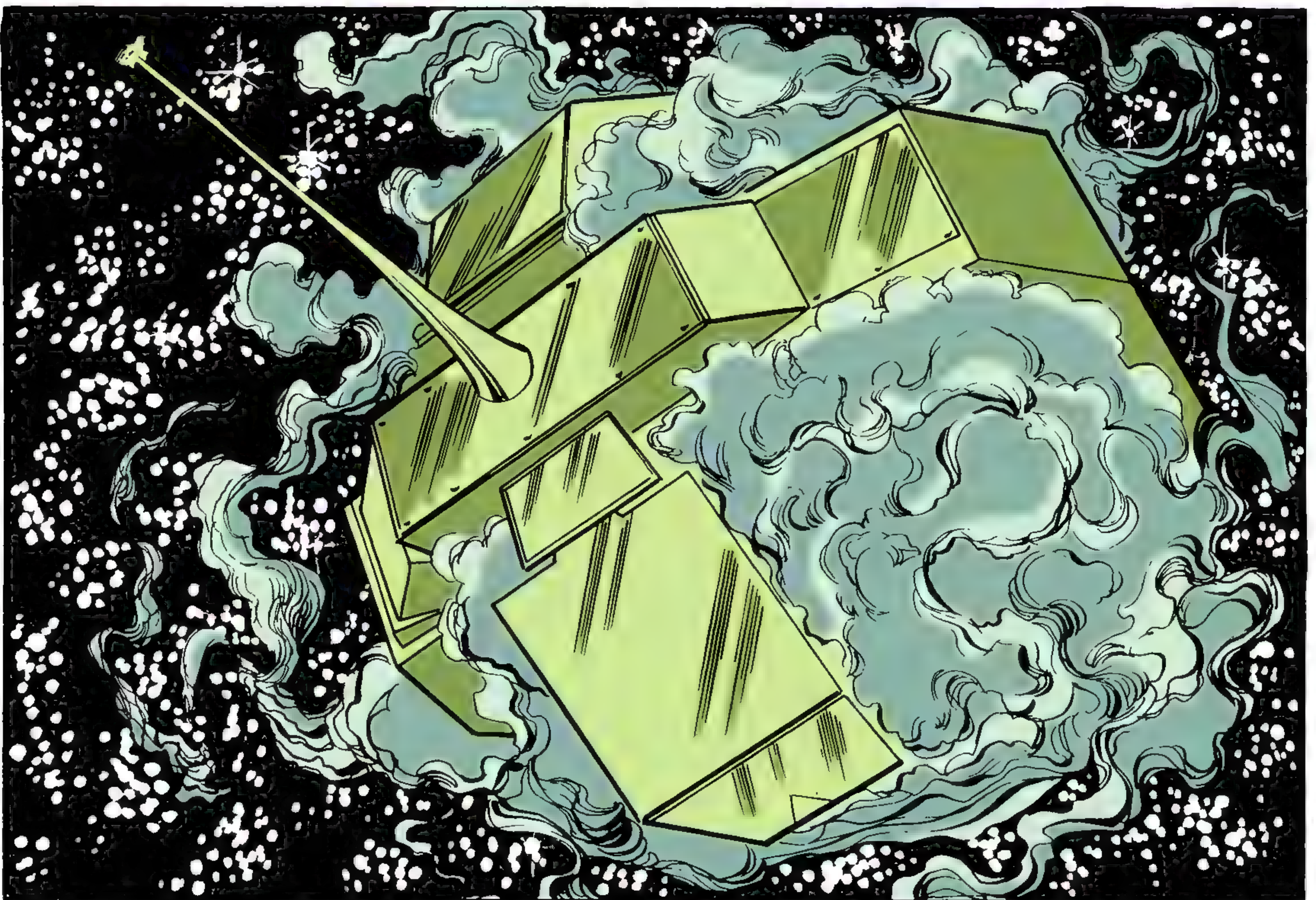
WE WILL, HONEY.

THIS MAY BE TOO MUCH
FOR *SUPERMAN*, BUT AS
YOU YOURSELF POINTED
OUT, *FOUR GREEN
LANTERNS* SHOULD BE
ABLE TO DEAL WITH IT!



COMBINE
RING-BEAMS,
LANTERNS!

FORMATION:
*PLANET
STOPPER!!*





IT'S...
SLOWING
DOWN...

BUT IT'S
NOT
STOPPING!
THE FORCE
OF OUR WILL
ALONE IS
UNFORTUNATE-
LY FALLING
JUST SHORT
OF SUCCESS!



IT'S PUSHING
THE LANTERNS
BACK!

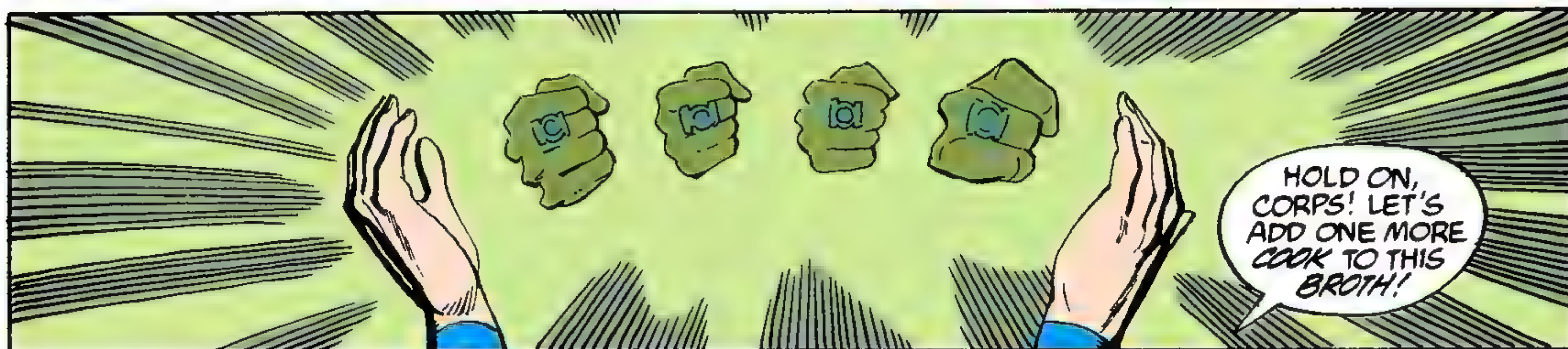
STILL HEADED
TOWARDS
EARTH!

OF
COURSE!

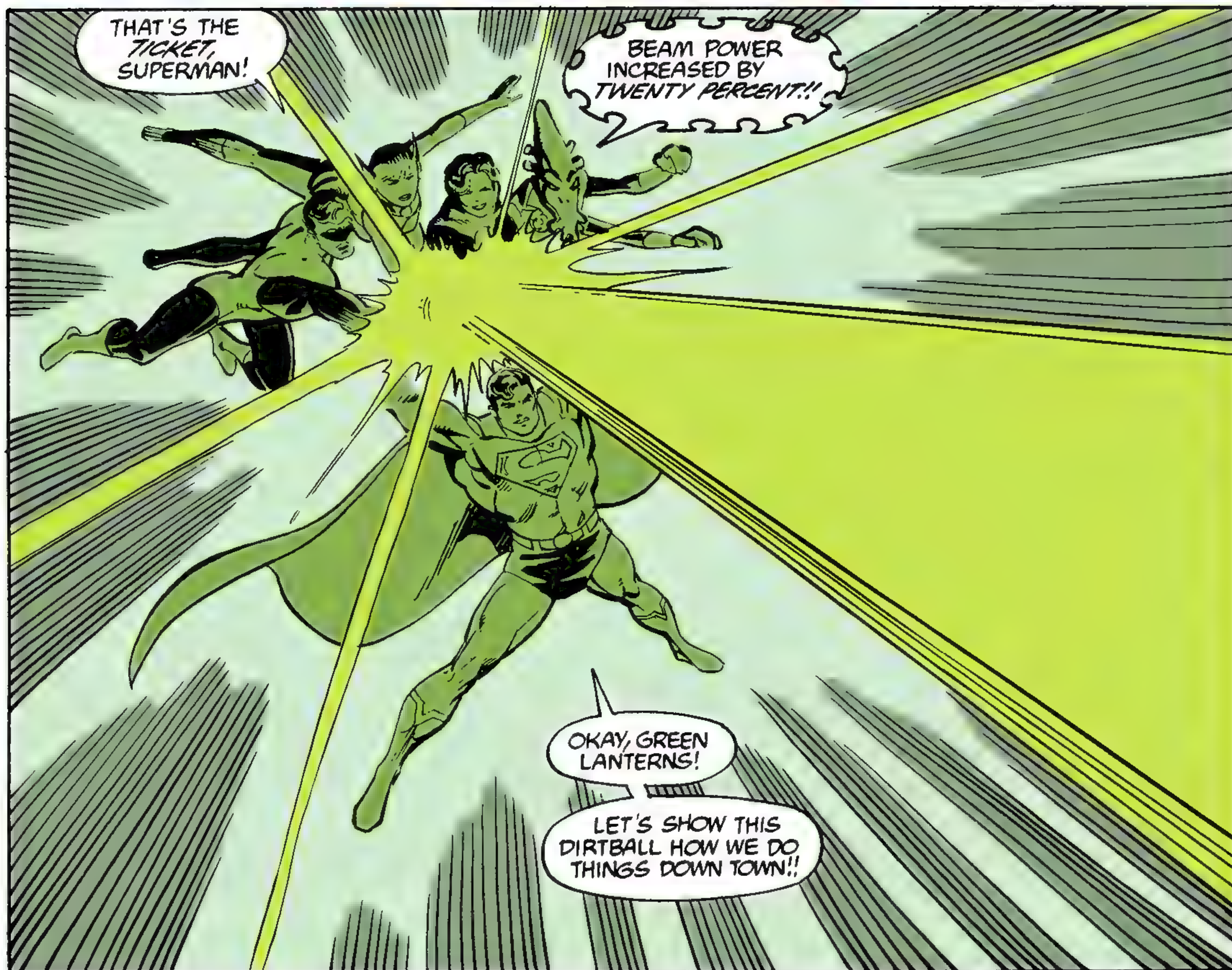
IT'S PURE *WILL*
POWER THAT
DRIVES AND
SHAPES THE GREEN
PLASMA.

BUT...

WHAT WAS THAT
SALAKK SAID?
"THE FORCE OF
OUR WILL....?"



HOLD ON,
CORPS! LET'S
ADD ONE MORE
COOK TO THIS
BROTH!

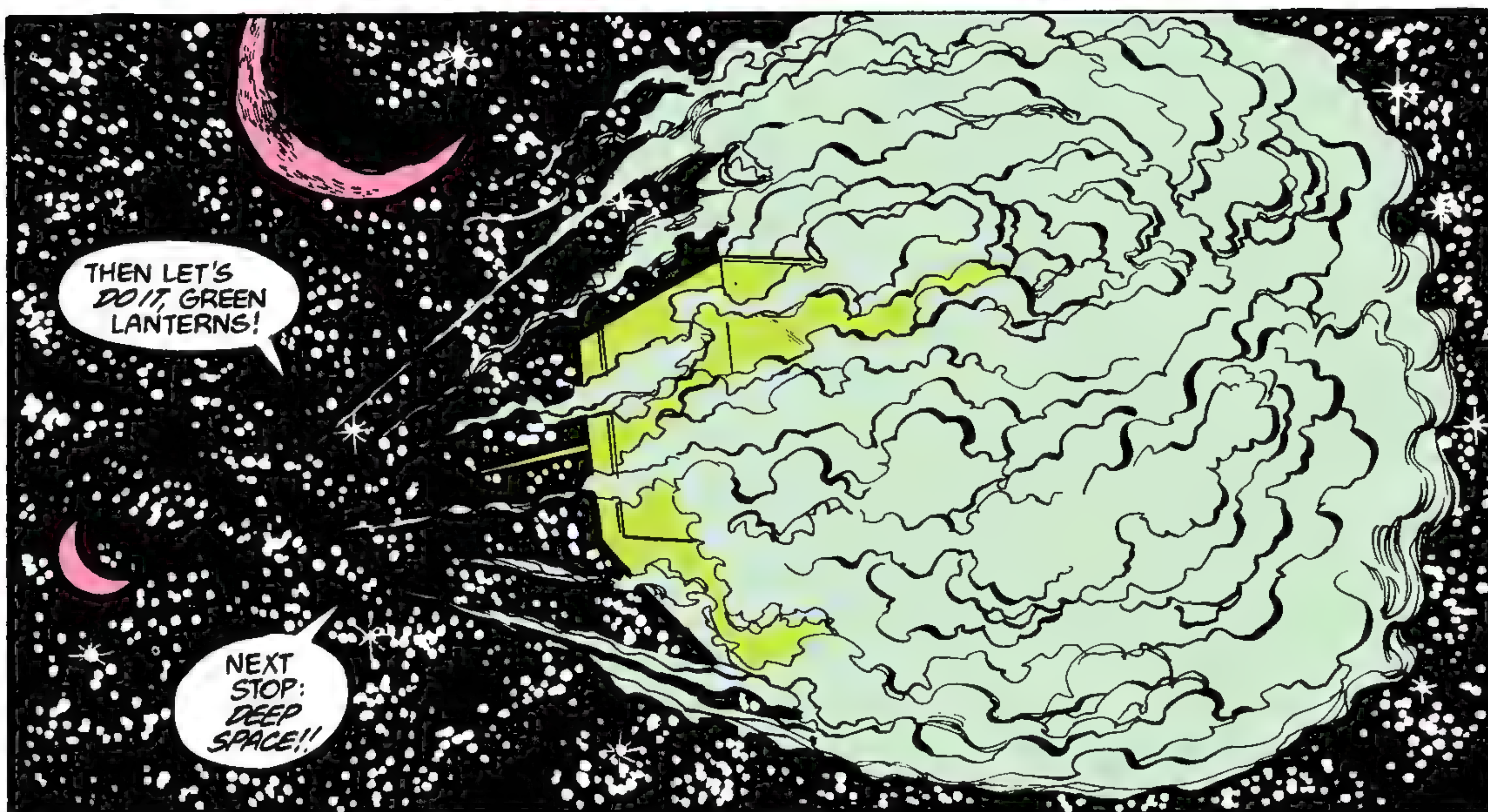
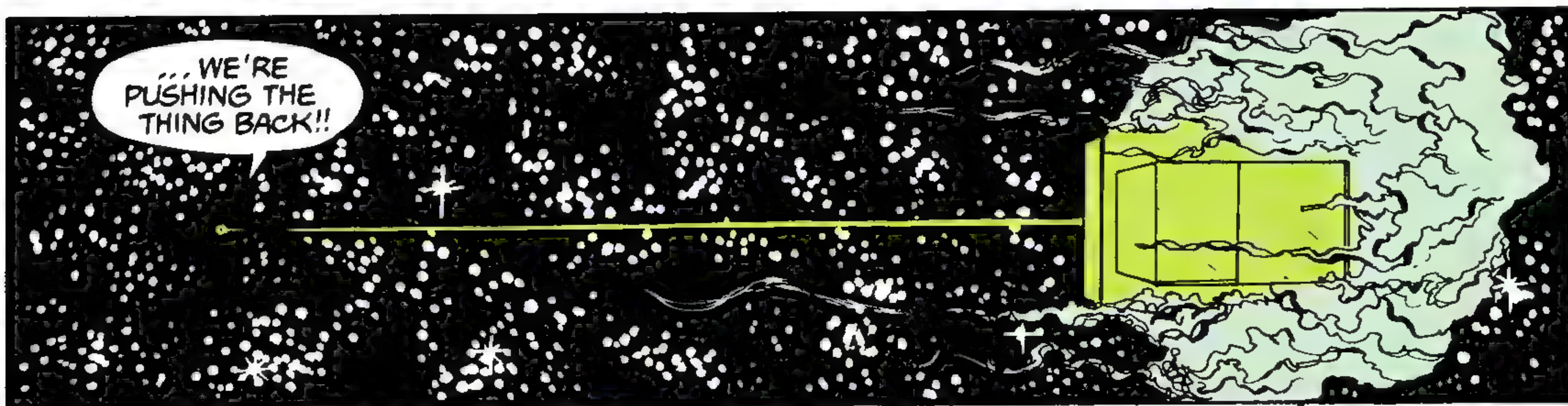
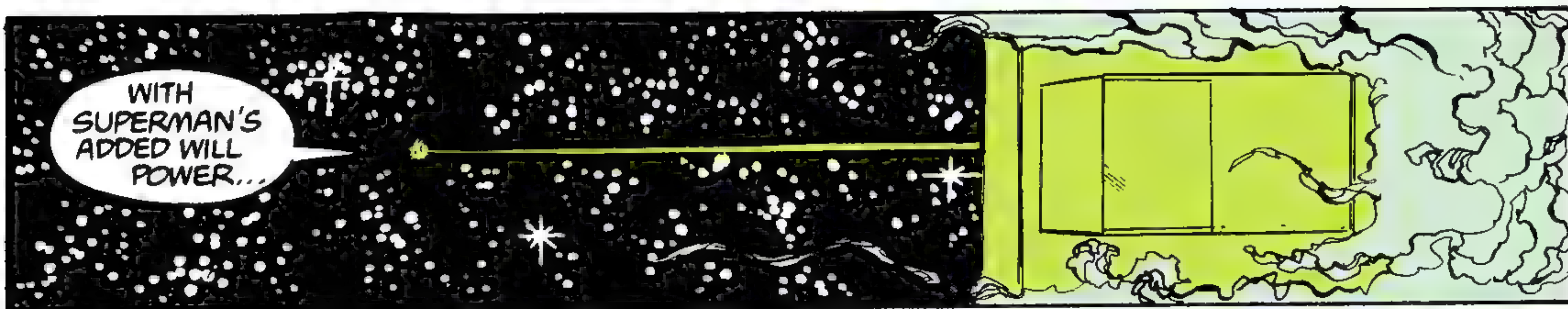


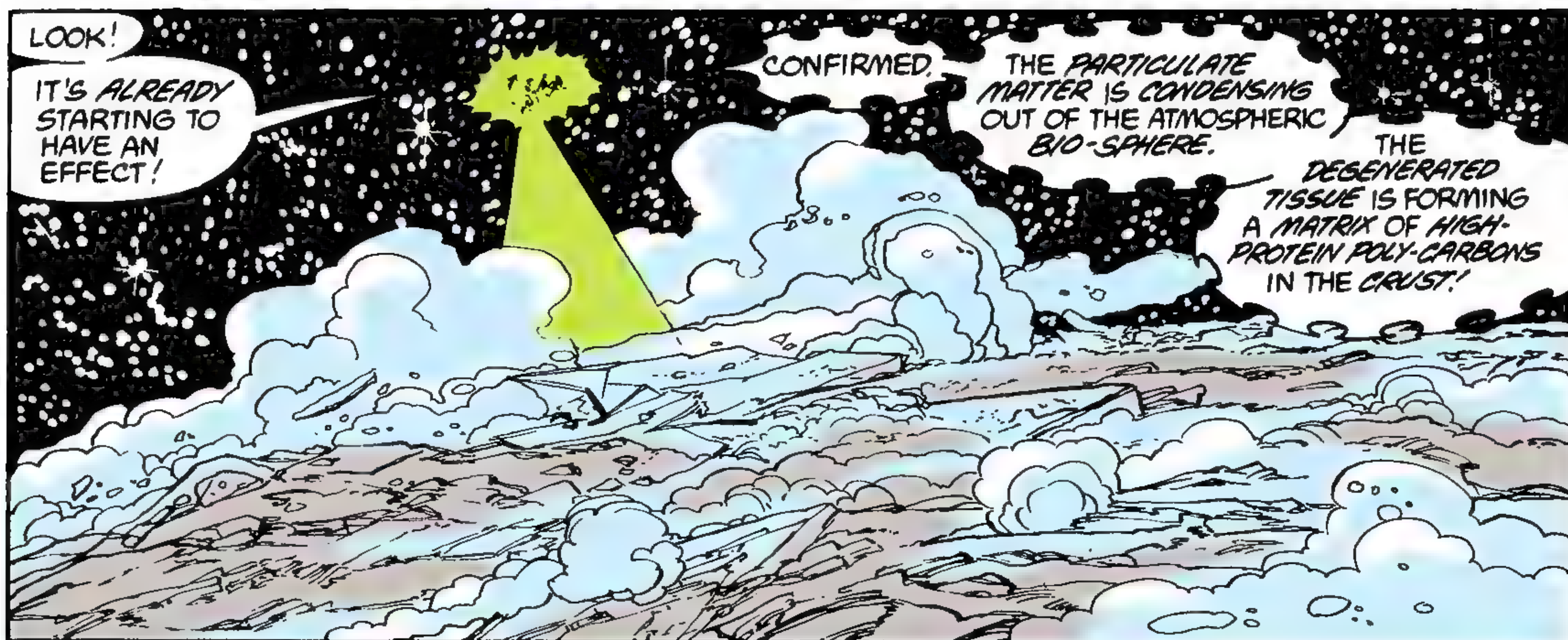
THAT'S THE
TICKET,
SUPERMAN!

BEAM POWER
INCREASED BY
TWENTY PERCENT!!

OKAY, GREEN
LANTERNS!

LET'S SHOW THIS
DIRTBALL HOW WE DO
THINGS DOWN TOWN!!





LOOK!

IT'S ALREADY
STARTING TO
HAVE AN
EFFECT!

CONFIRMED.

THE PARTICULATE
MATTER IS CONDENSING
OUT OF THE ATMOSPHERIC
BIO-SPHERE.

THE
DEGENERATED
TISSUE IS FORMING
A MATRIX OF HIGH-
PROTEIN POLY-CARBONS
IN THE CRUST!



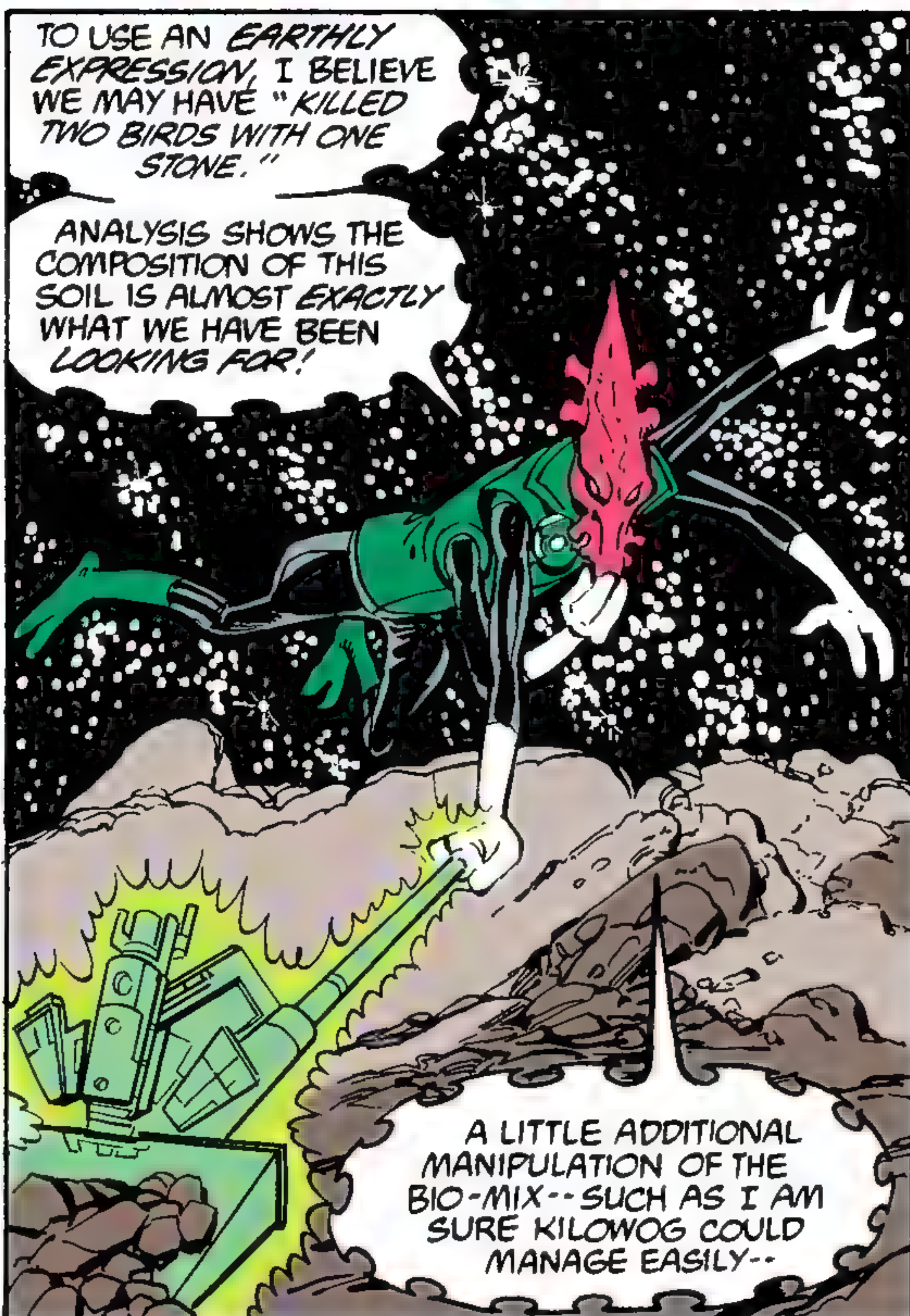
WHAT...??

IS THAT
GOOD?

OF COURSE.

WE HAVE DESTROYED
THE MENACE, AT THE
SAME TIME CREATING A
FERTILE SURFACE ON
THIS PLANETOID.

IN FACT...



TO USE AN EARTHLY
EXPRESSION, I BELIEVE
WE MAY HAVE "KILLED
TWO BIRDS WITH ONE
STONE."

ANALYSIS SHOWS THE
COMPOSITION OF THIS
SOIL IS ALMOST EXACTLY
WHAT WE HAVE BEEN
LOOKING FOR!

A LITTLE ADDITIONAL
MANIPULATION OF THE
BIO-MIX--SUCH AS I AM
SURE KILOWOG COULD
MANAGE EASILY--



-- AND THIS
ARTIFICIAL PLANETOID
WILL MAKE A PERFECT
HOME FOR OUR
LITTLE FRIENDS THE
THERILS!



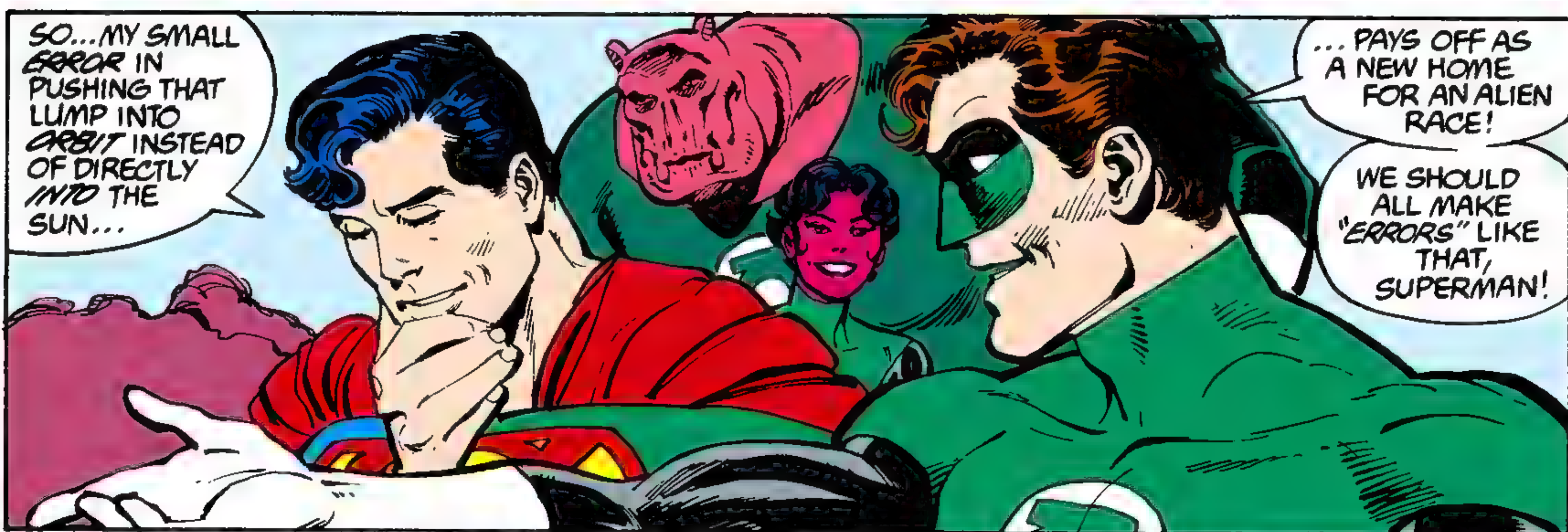
LOOKS LIKE
SALAKK
WAS
RIGHT!

THEY
LOVE
IT!!

'COURSE
THEY DO,
SUPERMAN. ALL
THE BIOLOGICAL
MATERIAL IN
THIS SOIL IS
PERFECT FER
TH' THERILS.

AN' WITH
TH' LITTLE
BIT OF EXTRA
MANIPULATIN'
I DID T' GIVE
THIS DIRTBALL
A PERMANENT
ATMOSPHERE...

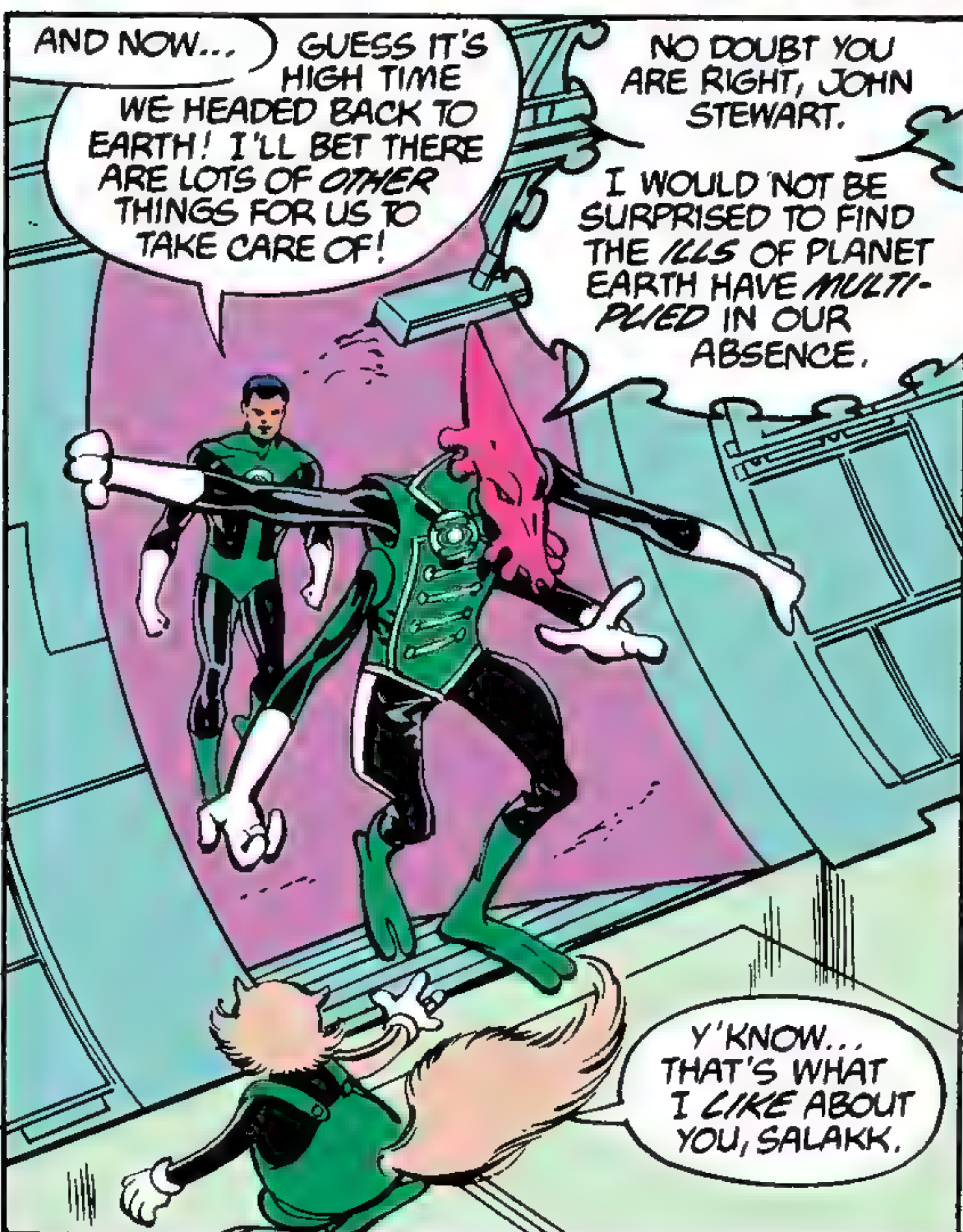
THEY'LL
BE AT
HOME
HERE
FEREVER!!



SO...MY SMALL
ERROR IN
PUSHING THAT
LUMP INTO
ORBIT INSTEAD
OF DIRECTLY
INTO THE
SUN...

... PAYS OFF AS
A NEW HOME
FOR AN ALIEN
RACE!

WE SHOULD
ALL MAKE
"ERRORS" LIKE
THAT,
SUPERMAN!



AND NOW...

GUESS IT'S
HIGH TIME
WE HEADED BACK TO
EARTH! I'LL BET THERE
ARE LOTS OF OTHER
THINGS FOR US TO
TAKE CARE OF!

NO DOUBT YOU
ARE RIGHT, JOHN
STEWART.

I WOULD NOT BE
SURPRISED TO FIND
THE *ILL*S OF PLANET
EARTH HAVE MULTI-
PLIED IN OUR
ABSENCE.

Y'KNOW...
THAT'S WHAT
I LIKE ABOUT
YOU, SALAKK.



WHAT
IS THAT,
CH'P?

YOU'RE SO
DEPENDABLE!

YOU CAN
ALWAYS BE
DEPENDED
ON TO TURN
A BIRTHDAY
PARTY INTO
A WAKE!

HUMPH!!



NEXT
IN:

ACTION

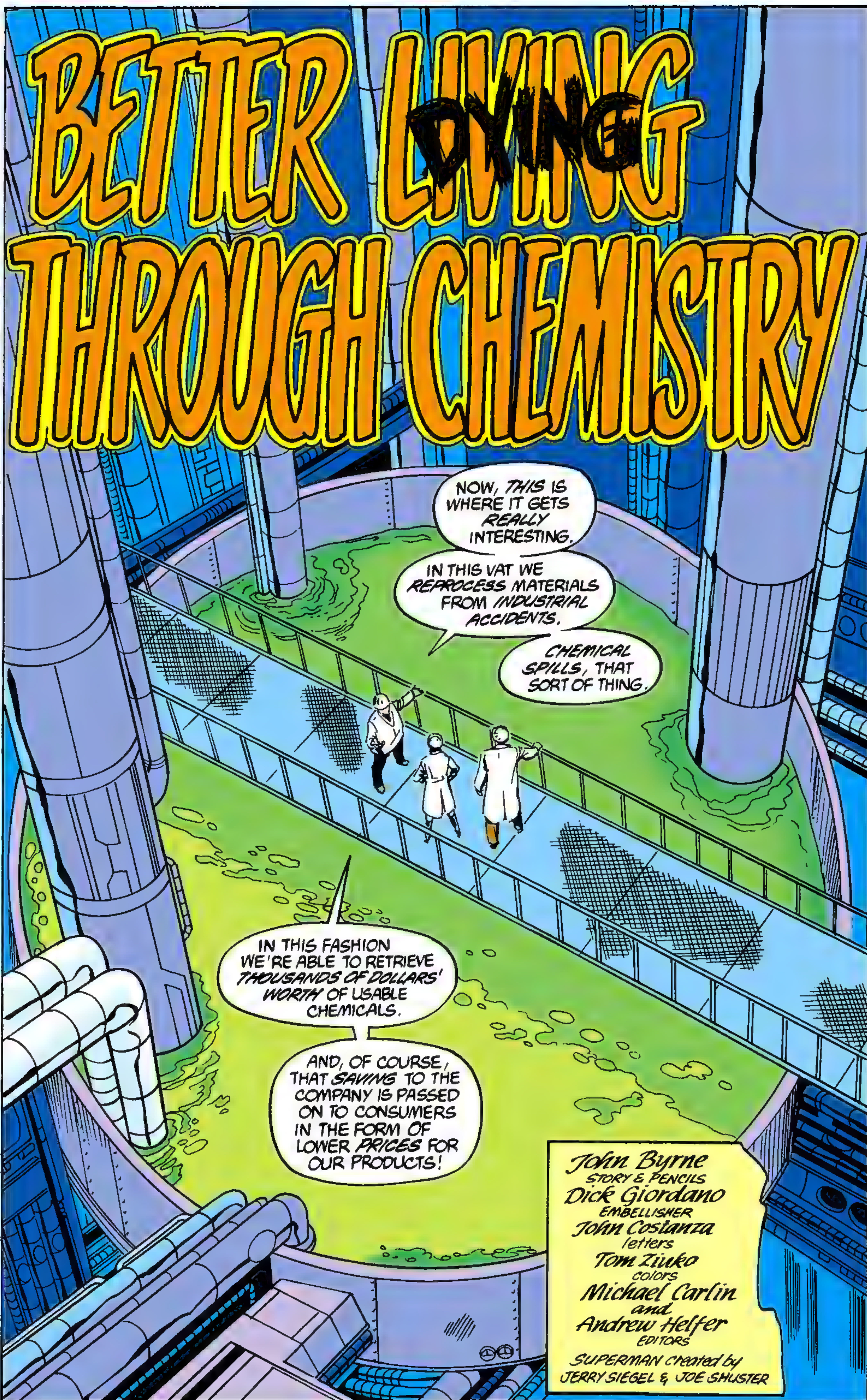


THE METAL
MEN!!

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NOW, THIS IS
WHERE IT GETS
REALLY
INTERESTING.

IN THIS VAT WE
REPROCESS MATERIALS
FROM INDUSTRIAL
ACCIDENTS.

CHEMICAL
SPILLS, THAT
SORT OF THING.

IN THIS FASHION
WE'RE ABLE TO RETRIEVE
THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS'
WORTH OF USABLE
CHEMICALS.

AND, OF COURSE,
THAT SAVING TO THE
COMPANY IS PASSED
ON TO CONSUMERS
IN THE FORM OF
LOWER PRICES FOR
OUR PRODUCTS!

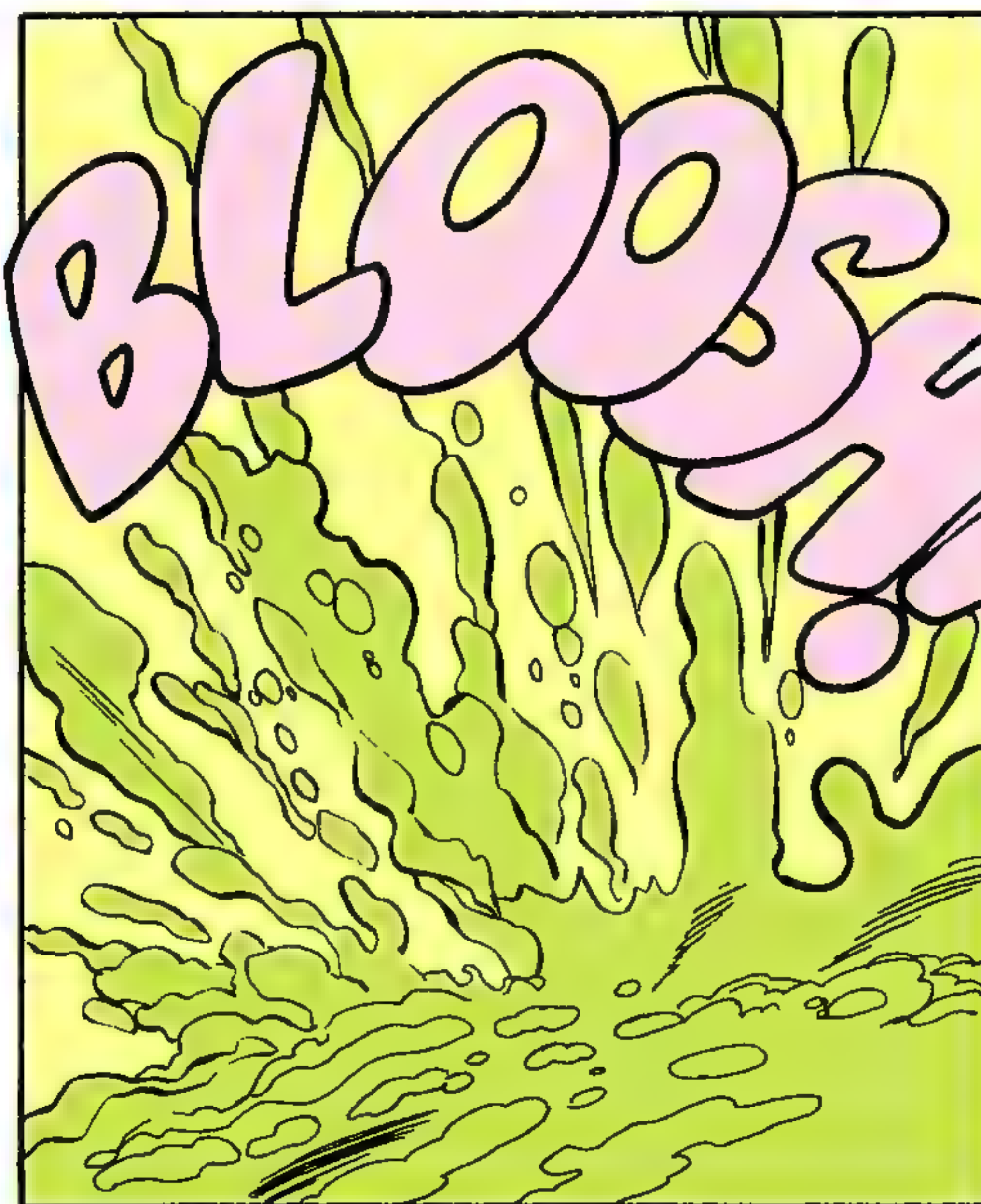
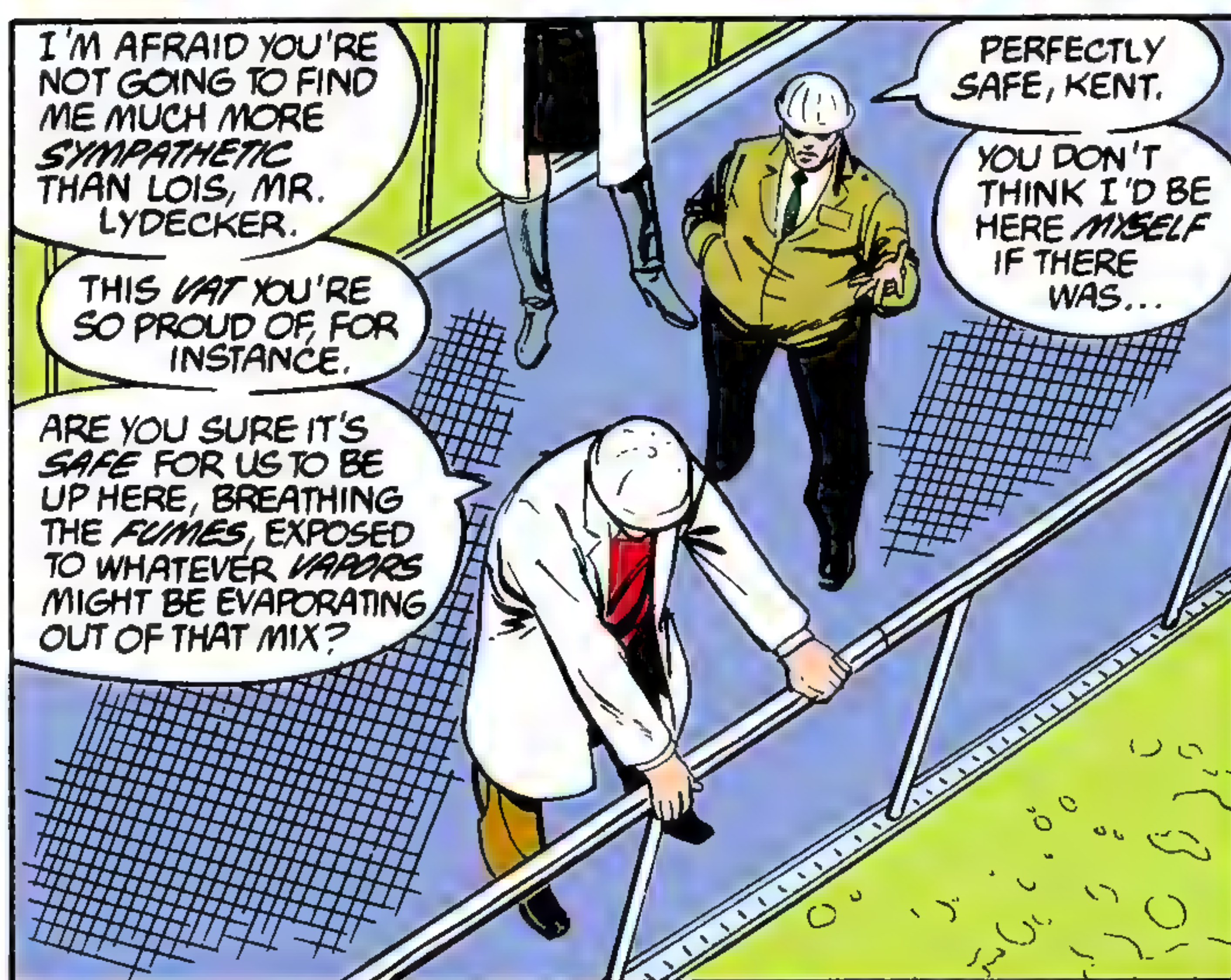
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letters

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Michael Carlin
and
Andrew Helfer
EDITORS

SUPERMAN created by
JERRY SIEGEL & JOE SHUSTER





CLARK! HOLD ON! TRY NOT TO SWALLOW!

KENT! HERE! GRAB HOLD OF THIS!

BLAST!

IT HAPPENED SO FAST THERE WAS NO TIME TO PREVENT MYSELF FALLING WITHOUT REVEALING TO LOIS THAT I'M SUPERMAN!



WHAT...WHAT HAPPENED?

GOT TO PRETEND TO BE AFFECTED BY MY SUDDEN BATH.

I-- KOFF!!-- I DON'T KNOW, LOIS!

IT SEEMS LIKE THE RAILING JUST... DISSOLVED AWAY!



HUH!!

NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT! SHOULD'N'T BE ANYTHING CORROSIVE IN THE VAPORS FROM THAT VAT!

C'MON, CLARK. WE'D BETTER GET YOU WASHED OFF BEFORE YOU MUTATE INTO A TURTLE OR SOMETHING.

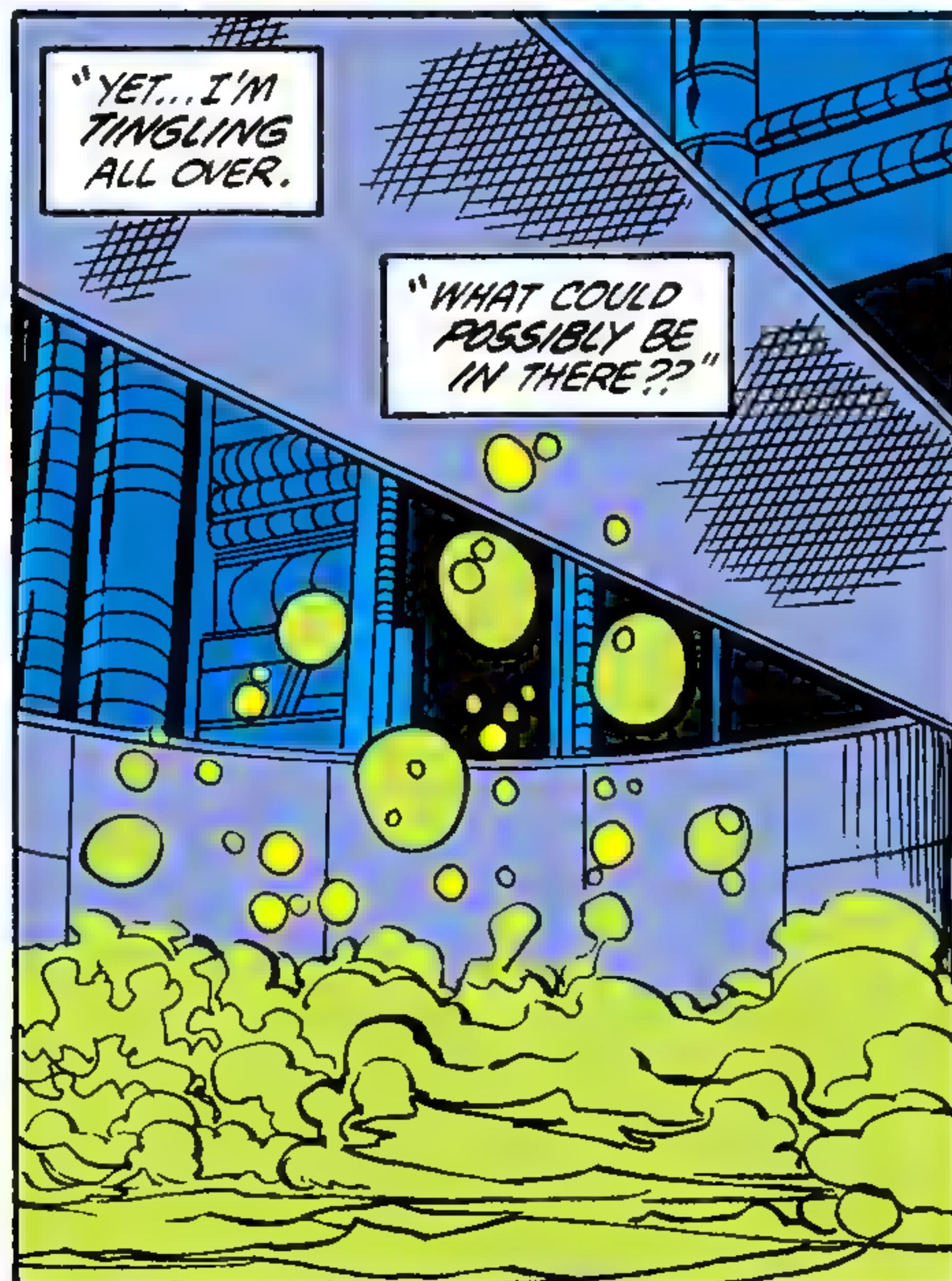


YES. YES, YOU'RE RIGHT, LOIS.

STRANGE... I USED MY MICROSCOPIC VISION TO CHECK THE COMPONENTS OF THE CHEMICALS IN THAT VAT-- JUST IN CASE I NEEDED TO COME UP WITH A NON-SUPER EXCUSE FOR SURVIVING MY DIP--

--AND I FOUND NOTHING THAT SHOULD BE HARMFUL TO ME, ESPECIALLY WITH MY INVULNERABLE SKIN.

PROCESSING



"YET... I'M TINGLING ALL OVER."

"WHAT COULD POSSIBLY BE IN THERE??"

"WHAT COULD POSSIBLY BE IN THERE??"

A QUESTION FOR WHICH CLARK KENT MAY NEVER FIND A COMPLETE ANSWER.

WEEKS AGO, ON A PARALLEL EARTH WHICH NO LONGER EXISTS...

IN THE RUINS OF A BURNING CITY A STRANGE LIFE-FORM STARES WITH UNHUMAN SATISFACTION AT AN OCEAN POISONED BY ITS DOING.

IT IS CALLED CHEMO.

AND IT IS NOT ALONE...

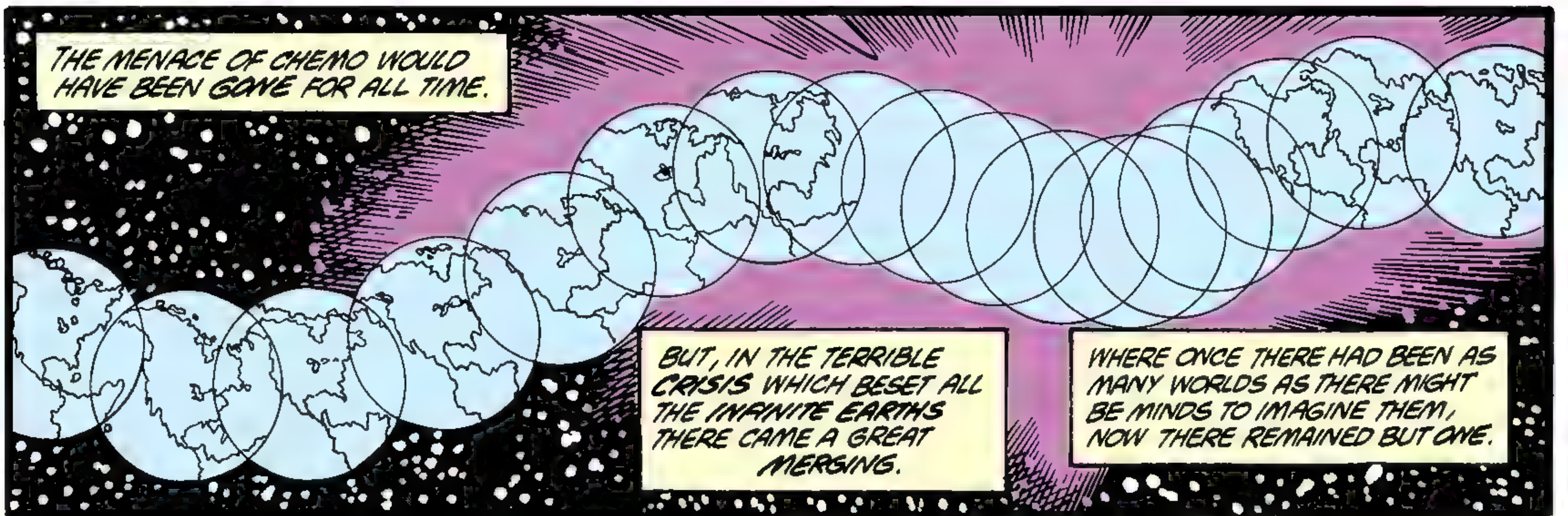
FIEND!! HOW MANY LIVES HAVE YOU DESTROYED?

SHE IS NEGATIVE WOMAN, A HERO OF THE FABLED DOOM PATROL.

AND GREAT AS CHEMO'S POWER MIGHT BE...

HIS LIVING PLASTIC SHELL DESTROYED, CHEMO'S SEETHING LIQUID INSIDES BUBBLE AWAY INTO THE POISONED SEAS OF THAT LOST OTHER-EARTH...

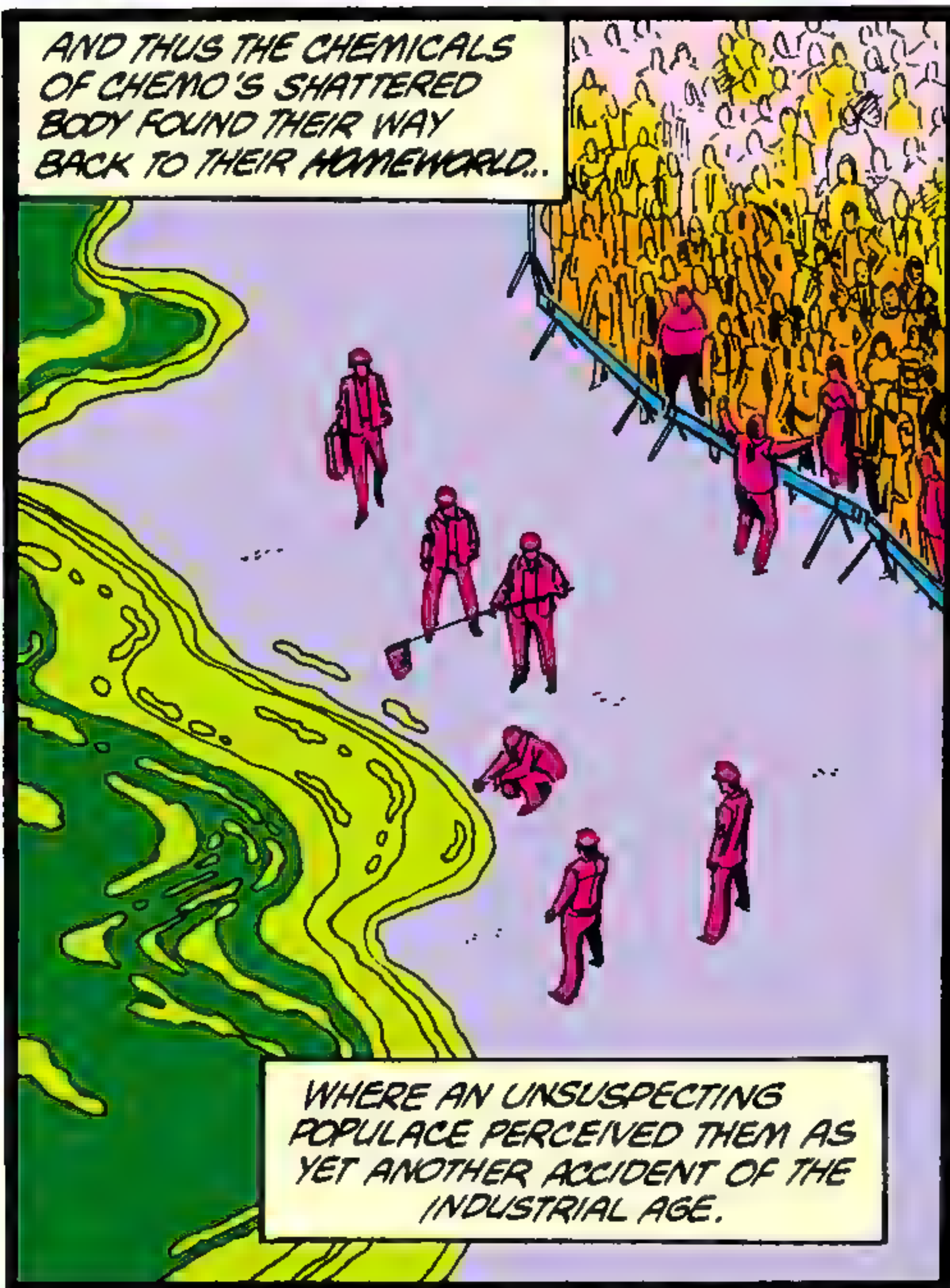
HER POWER IS GREATER!



THE MENACE OF CHEMO WOULD HAVE BEEN GONE FOR ALL TIME.

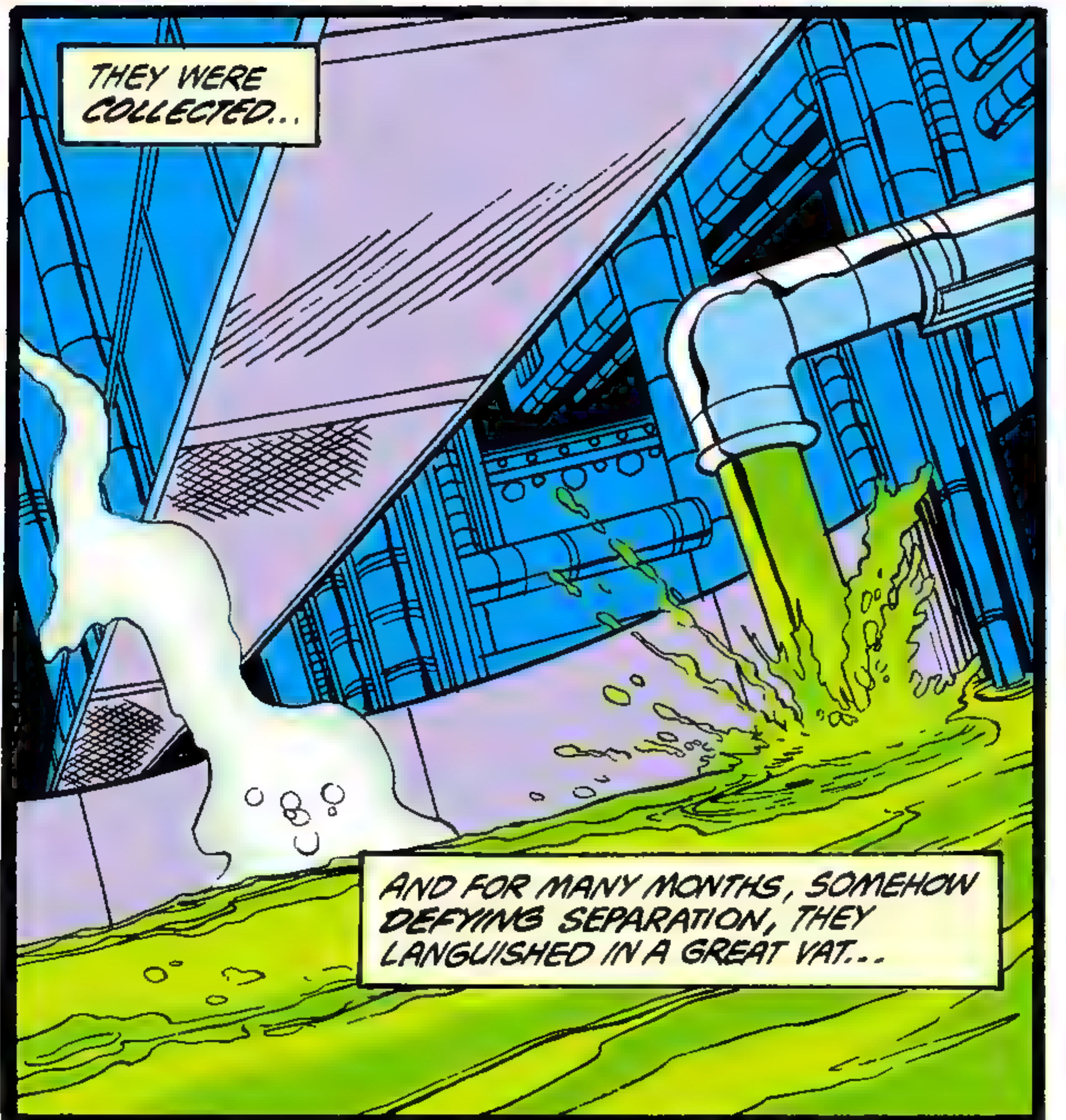
BUT, IN THE TERRIBLE CRISIS WHICH BESET ALL THE INFINITE EARTHS THERE CAME A GREAT MERGING.

WHERE ONCE THERE HAD BEEN AS MANY WORLDS AS THERE MIGHT BE MINDS TO IMAGINE THEM, NOW THERE REMAINED BUT ONE.



AND THUS THE CHEMICALS OF CHEMO'S SHATTERED BODY FOUND THEIR WAY BACK TO THEIR HOMEWORLD...

WHERE AN UNSUSPECTING POPULACE PERCEIVED THEM AS YET ANOTHER ACCIDENT OF THE INDUSTRIAL AGE.



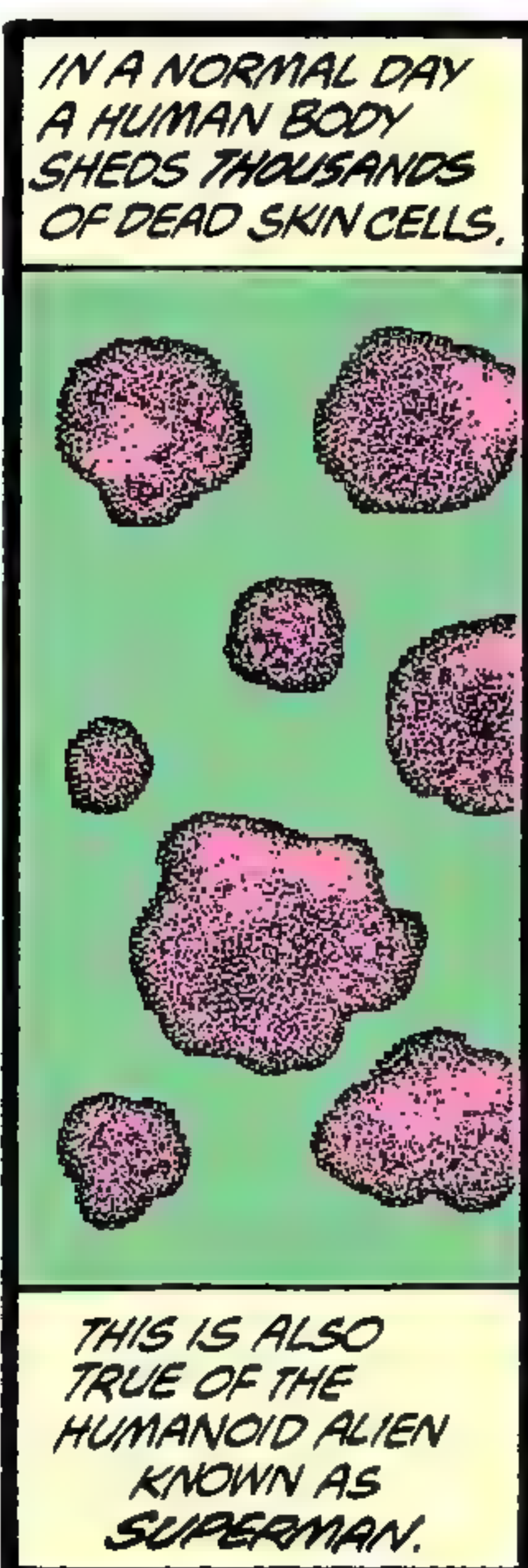
THEY WERE COLLECTED...

AND FOR MANY MONTHS, SOMEHOW DEFYING SEPARATION, THEY LANGUISHED IN A GREAT VAT...



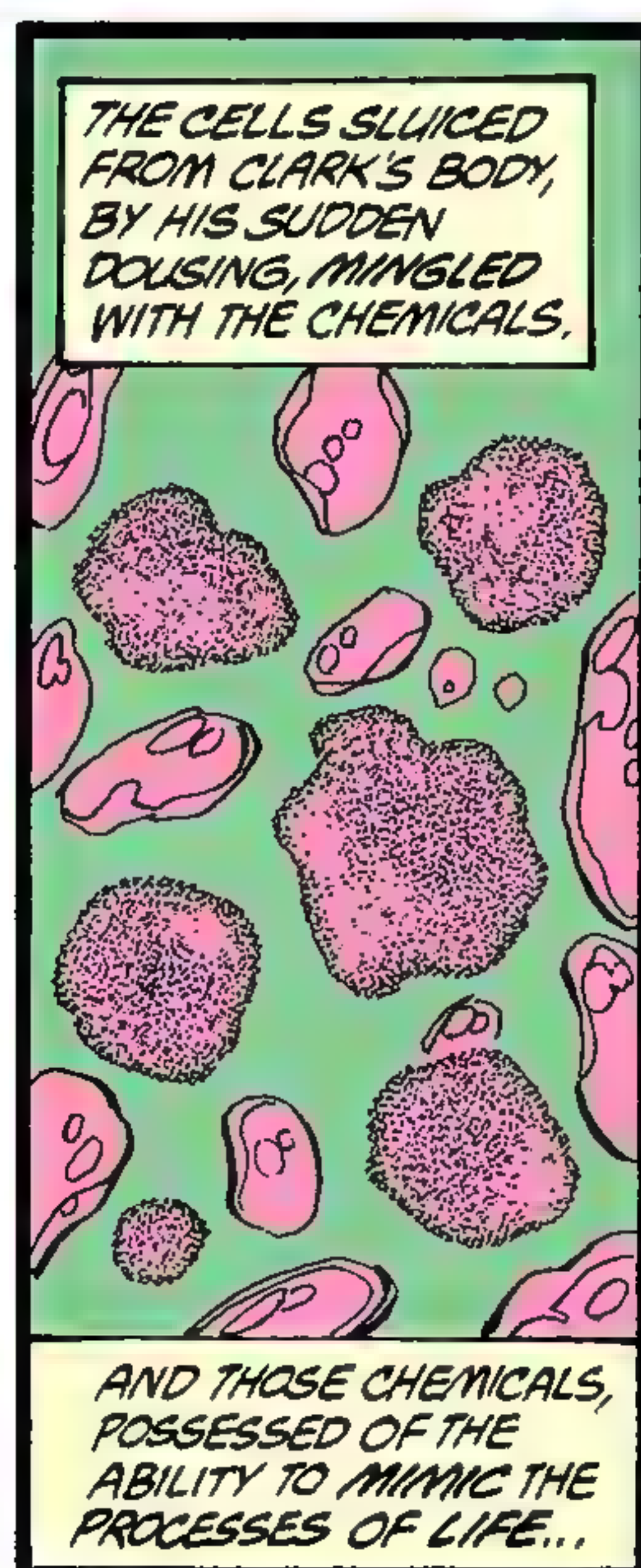
...UNTIL CLARK KENT FOUND HIMSELF IMMERSED IN THEM.

THAT'S WHEN SOMETHING BEGAN TO HAPPEN...



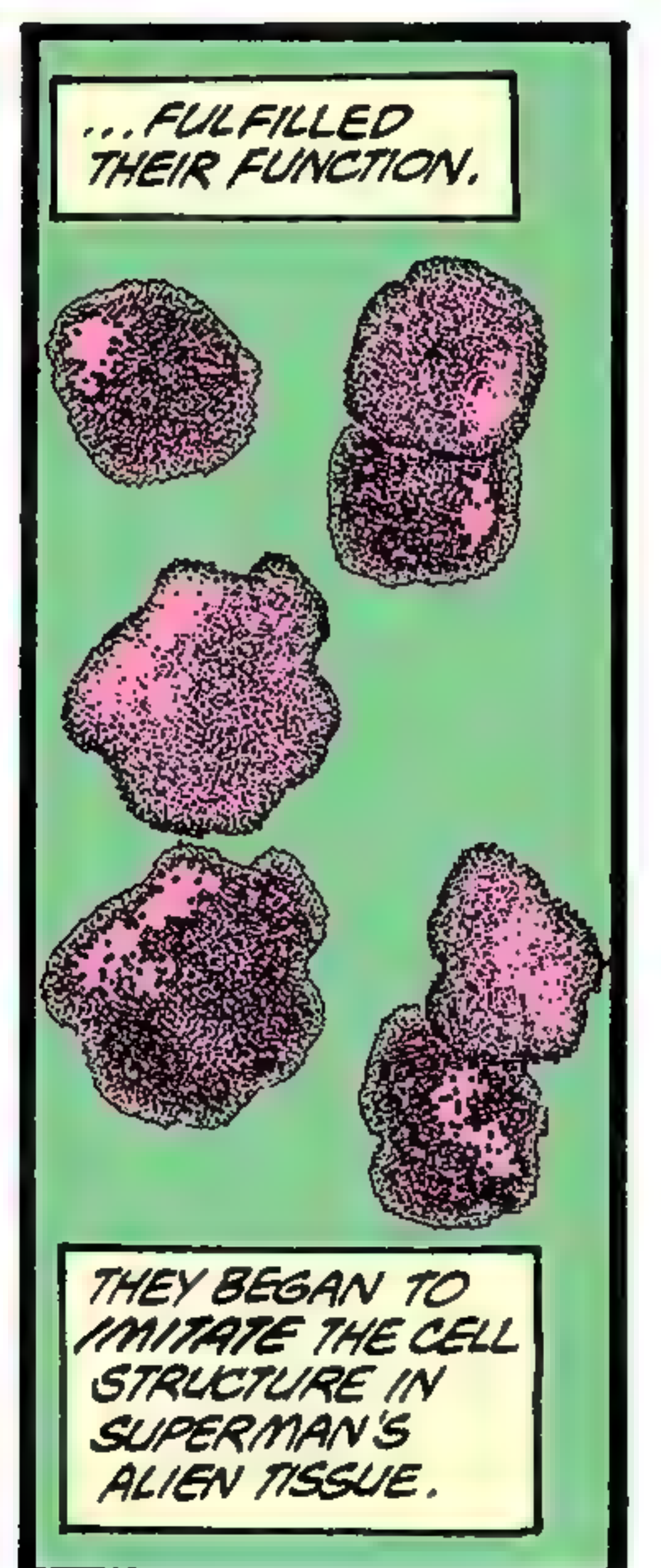
IN A NORMAL DAY A HUMAN BODY SHEDS THOUSANDS OF DEAD SKIN CELLS.

THIS IS ALSO TRUE OF THE HUMANOID ALIEN KNOWN AS SUPERMAN.



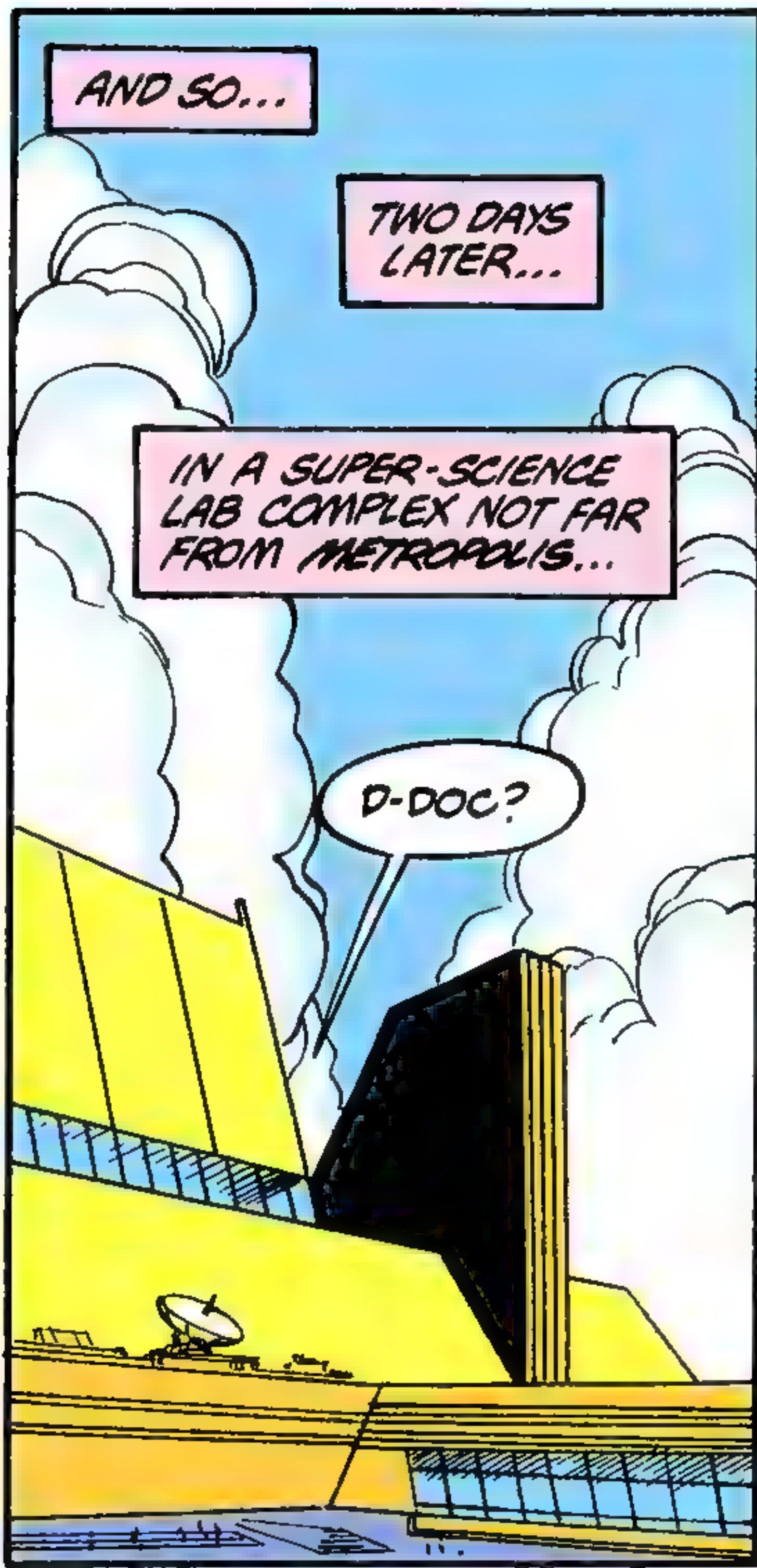
THE CELLS SLOUGHED FROM CLARK'S BODY, BY HIS SUDDEN DOUSING, MINGLED WITH THE CHEMICALS.

AND THOSE CHEMICALS, POSSESSED OF THE ABILITY TO MIMIC THE PROCESSES OF LIFE...



...FULFILLED THEIR FUNCTION.

THEY BEGAN TO IMITATE THE CELL STRUCTURE IN SUPERMAN'S ALIEN TISSUE.

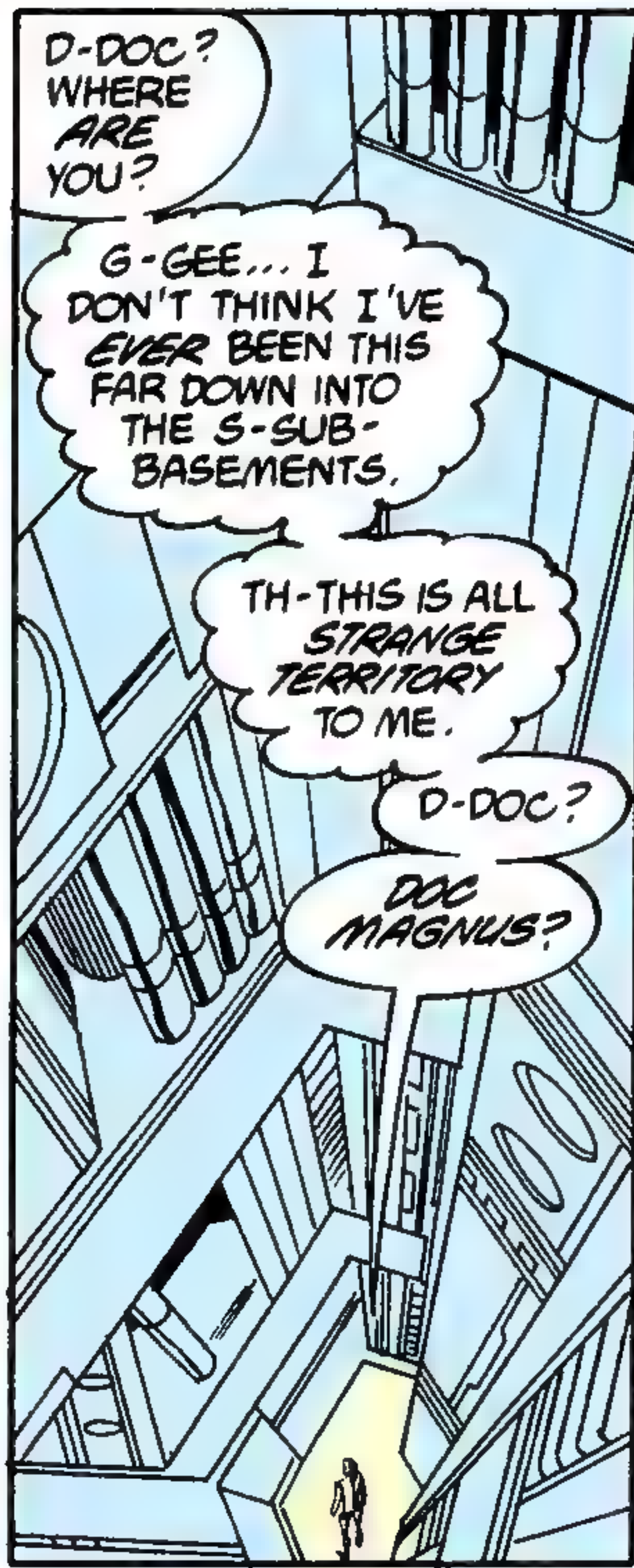


AND SO...

TWO DAYS LATER...

IN A SUPER-SCIENCE LAB COMPLEX NOT FAR FROM METROPOLIS...

D-DOC?



D-DOC? WHERE ARE YOU?

G-GEE... I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER BEEN THIS FAR DOWN INTO THE S-SUB-BASEMENTS.

TH-THIS IS ALL STRANGE TERRITORY TO ME.

D-DOC?

DOC MAGNUS?



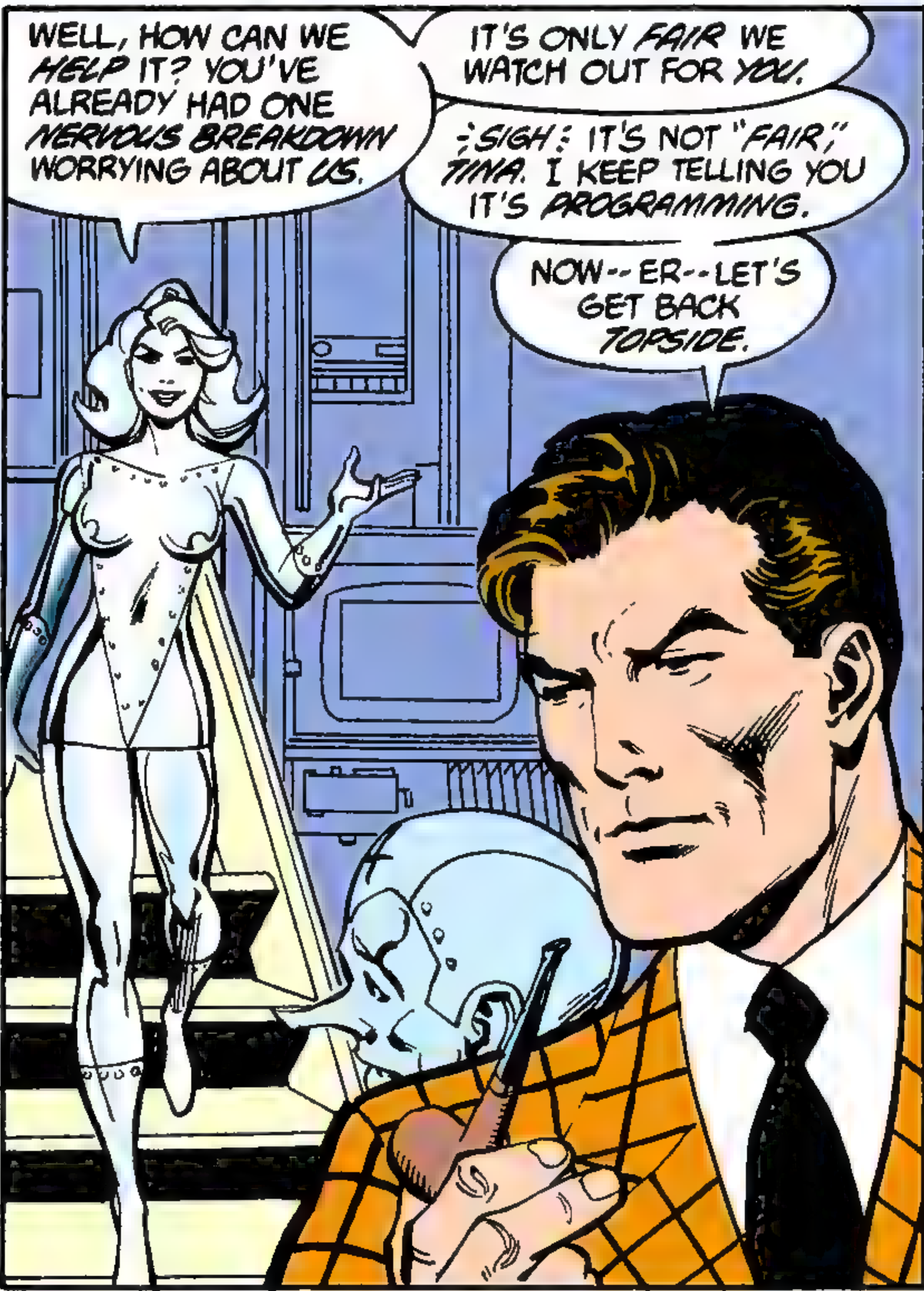
OH--ER--TIN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE?

L-LOOKING FOR YOU, DOC. T-TINA WAS STARTING TO GET W-WORRIED WHEN YOU WERE G-GONE SO LONG.

IS EVERYTHING OKAY?

WHY--ER--YES, TIN. EVERYTHING IS FINE.

THERE'S NO REASON TO WORRY ABOUT ME.



WELL, HOW CAN WE HELP IT? YOU'VE ALREADY HAD ONE NERVOUS BREAKDOWN WORRYING ABOUT US.

IT'S ONLY FAIR WE WATCH OUT FOR YOU!

;-SIGH:- IT'S NOT "FAIR," TINA. I KEEP TELLING YOU IT'S PROGRAMMING.

NOW--ER--LET'S GET BACK TOPSIDE.



TH-THAT'S FUNNY. DOC SURE SEEMS EAGER TO GET US AWAY FROM THAT D-DOOR HE WAS COMING OUT OF.

WHAT C-COULD BE IN THERE?



"PROGRAMMING"!

YES, YES, IT IS, TINA.

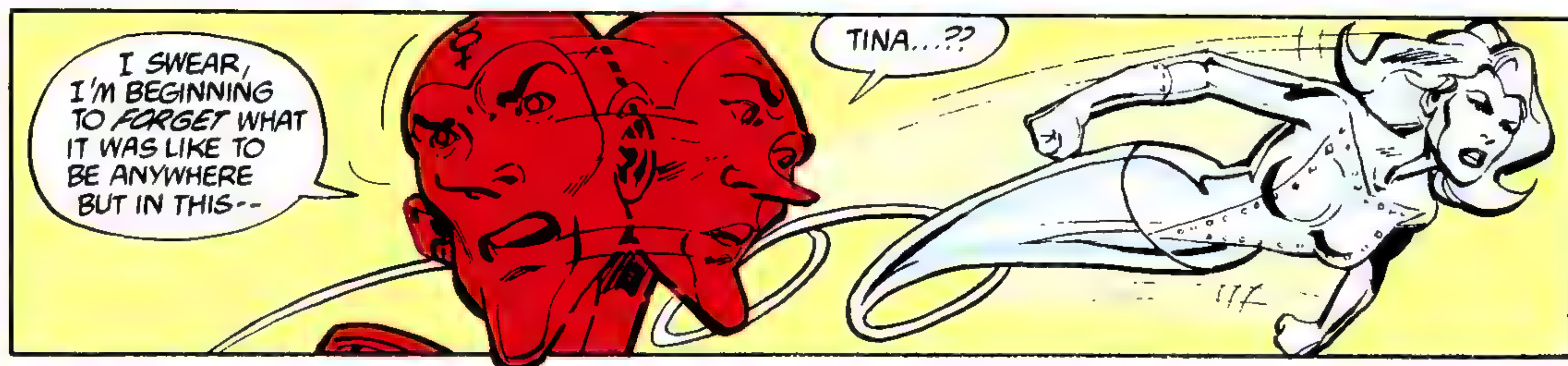
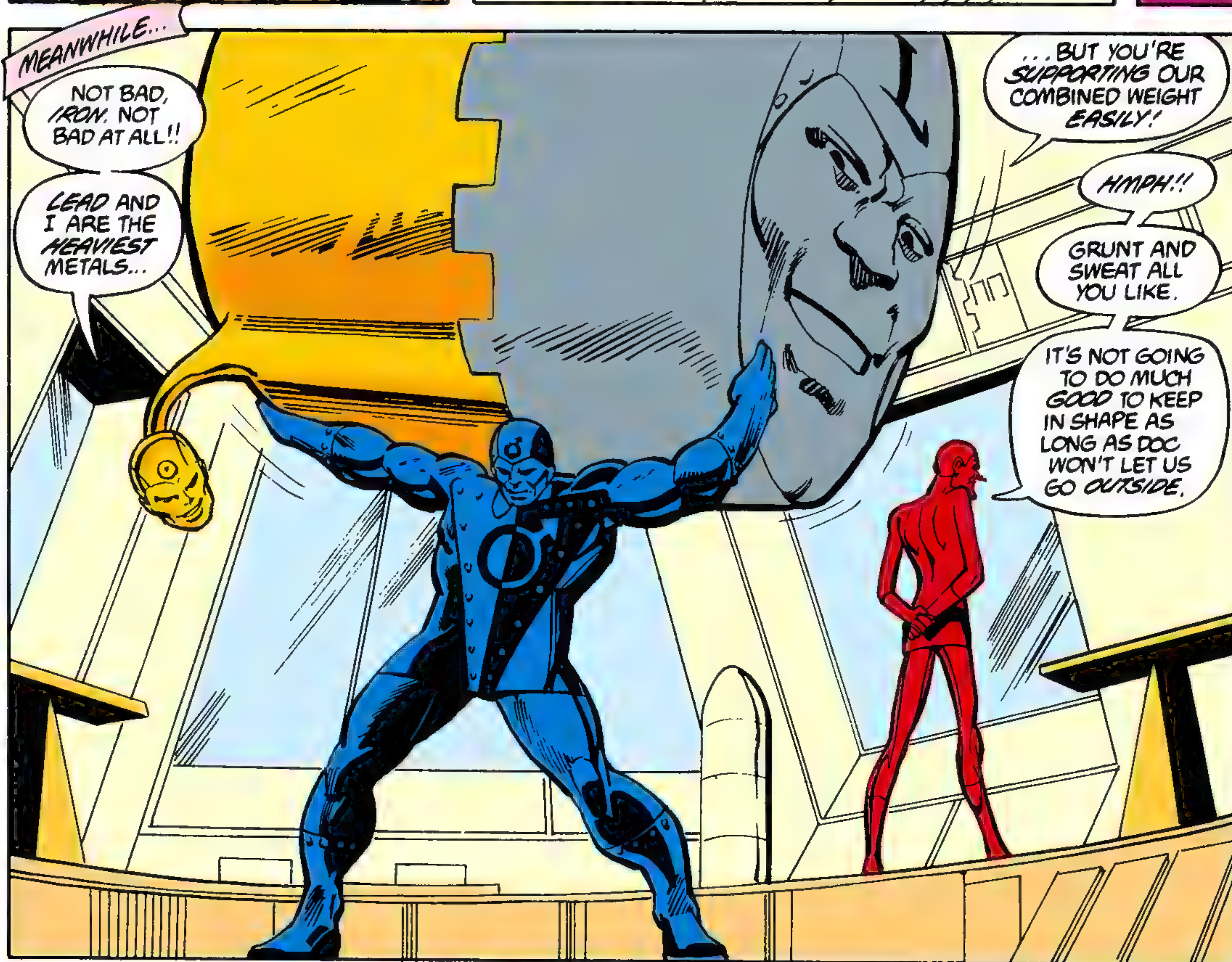
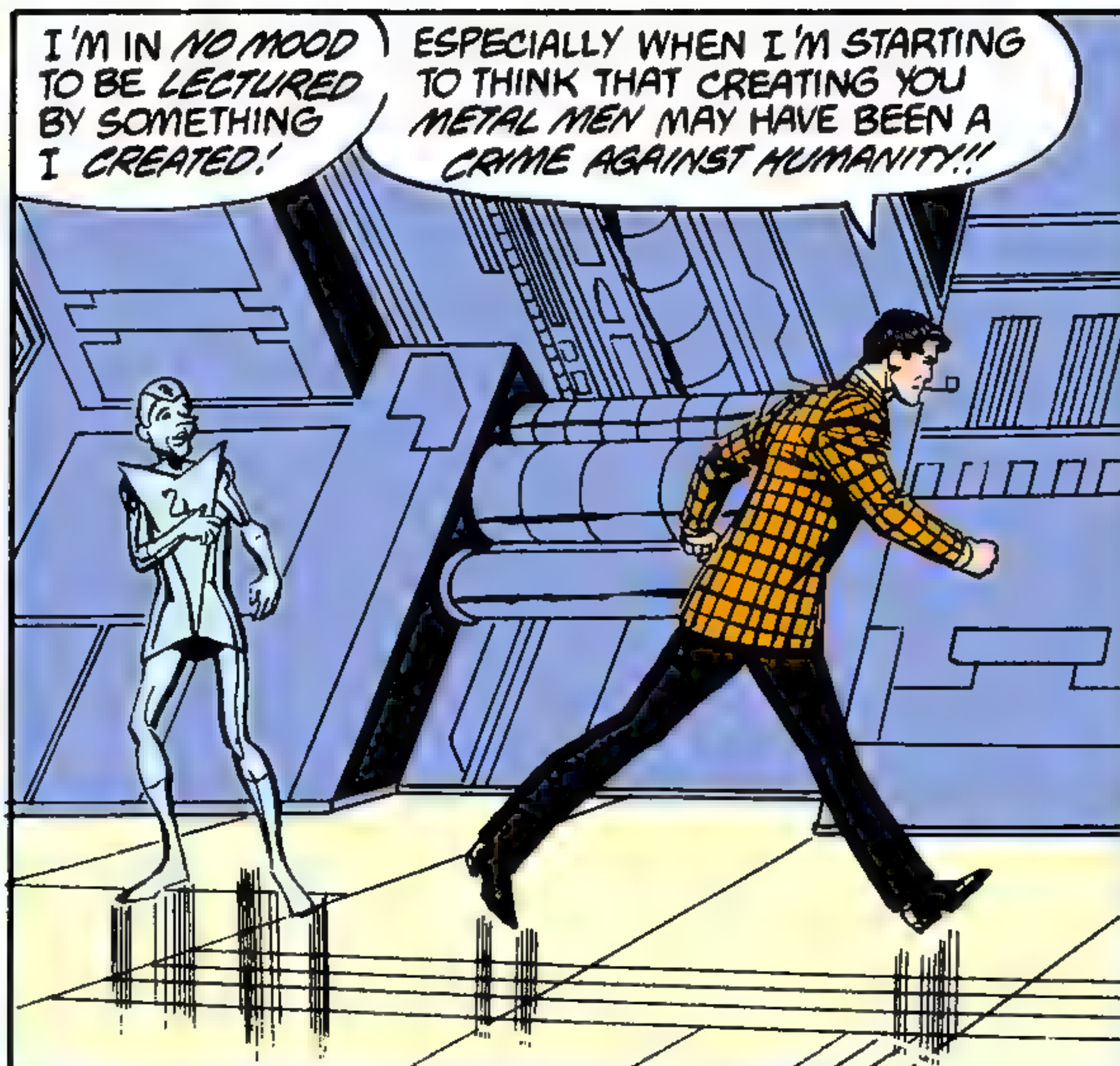
POOH! I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO START UP AGAIN INSISTING THE WAY I FEEL ABOUT YOU IS PROGRAMMING TOO!

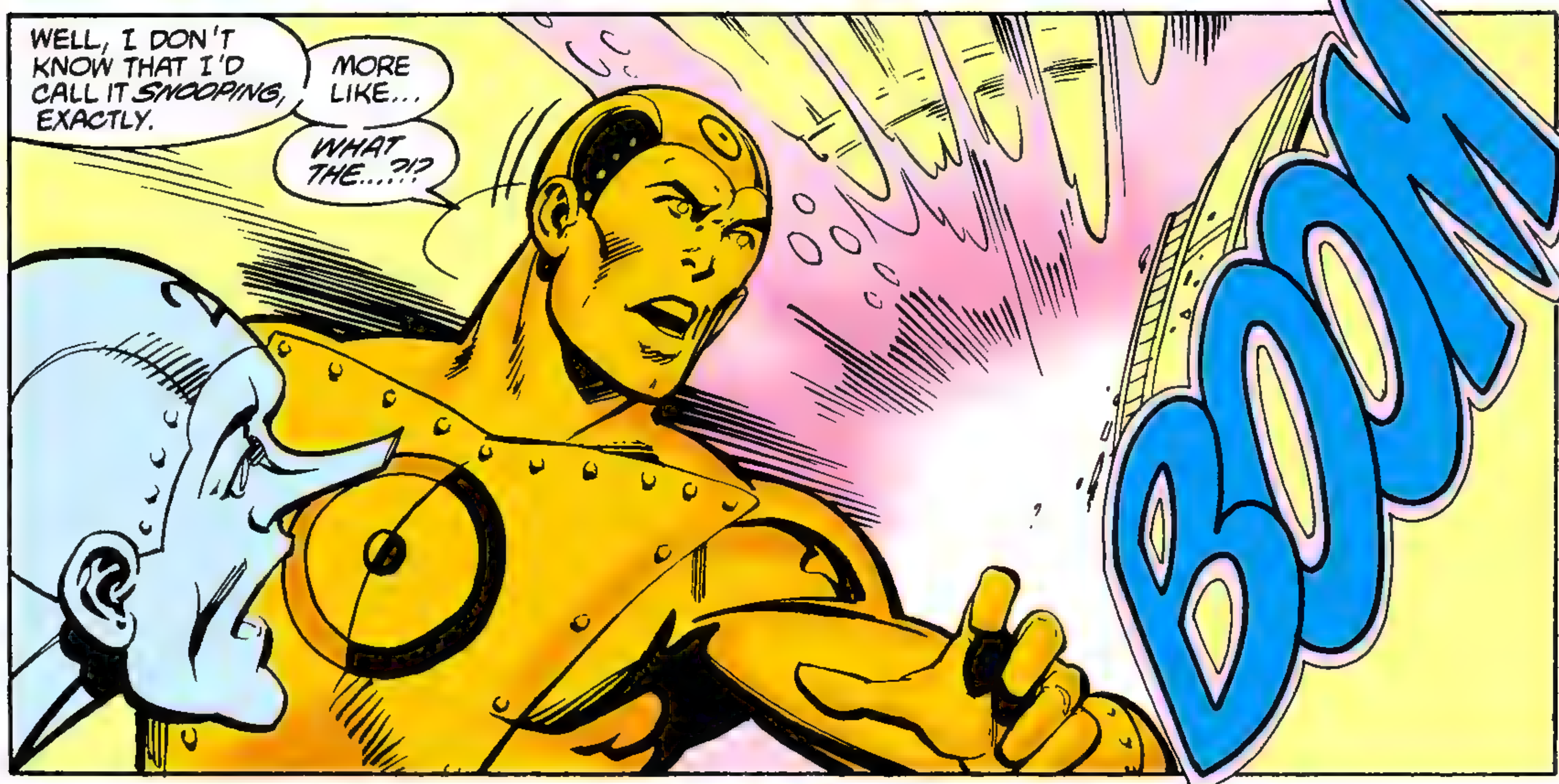
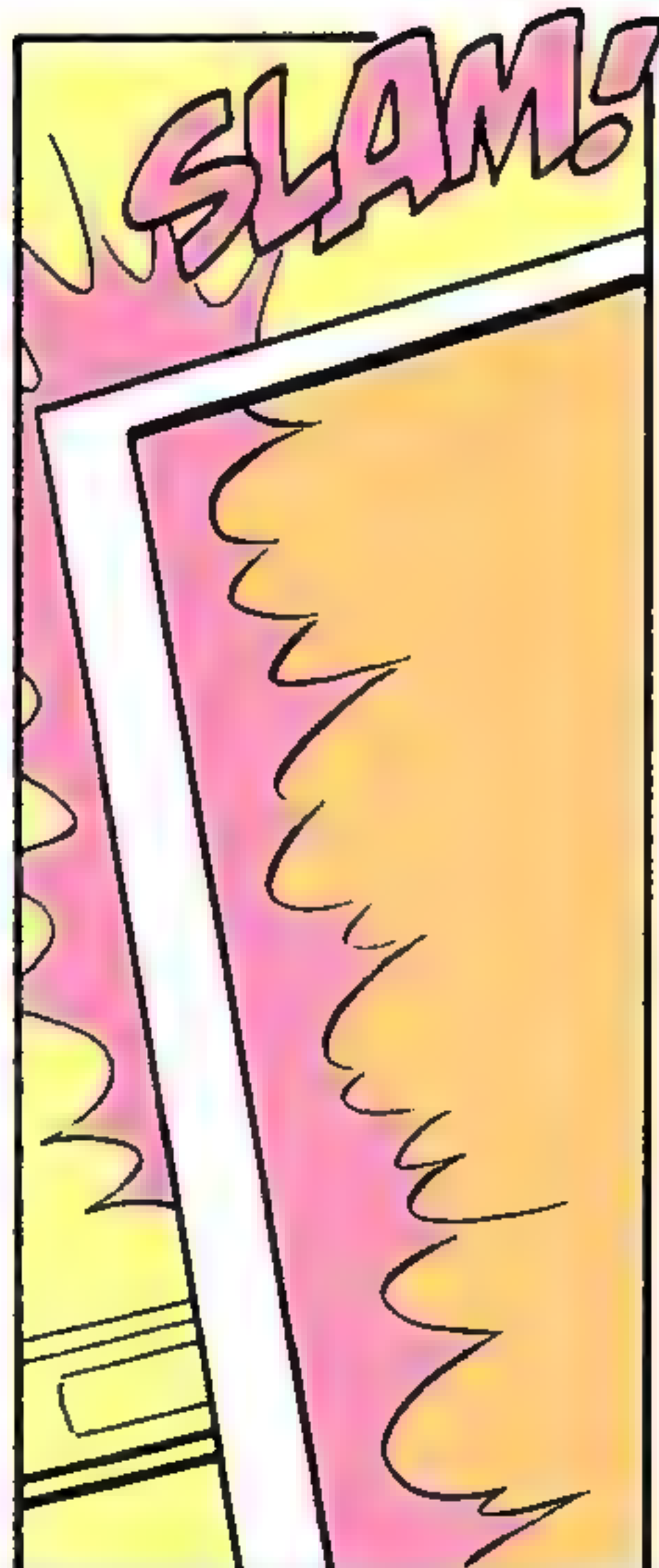
AND FAULTY PROGRAMMING AT THAT!

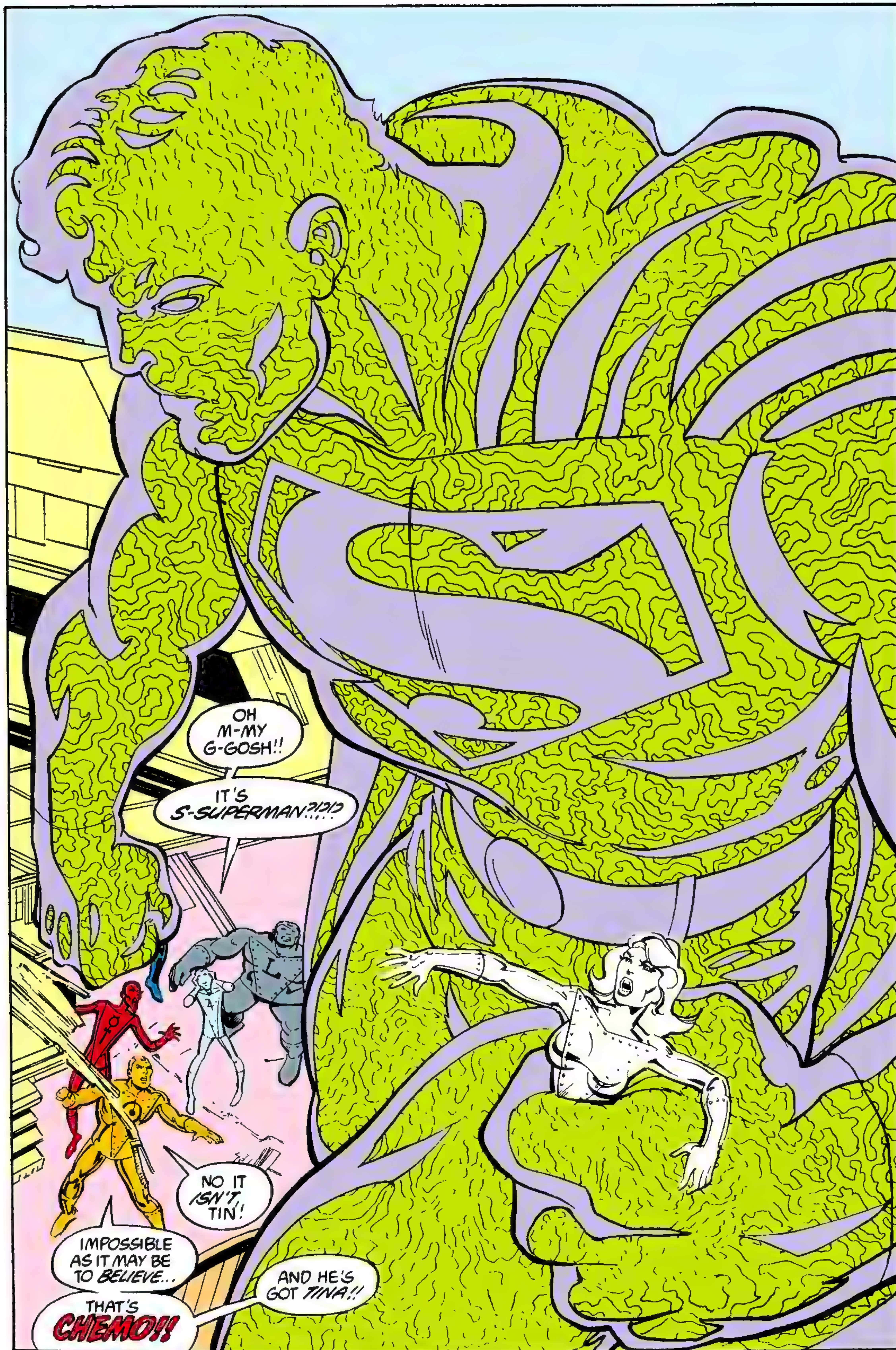


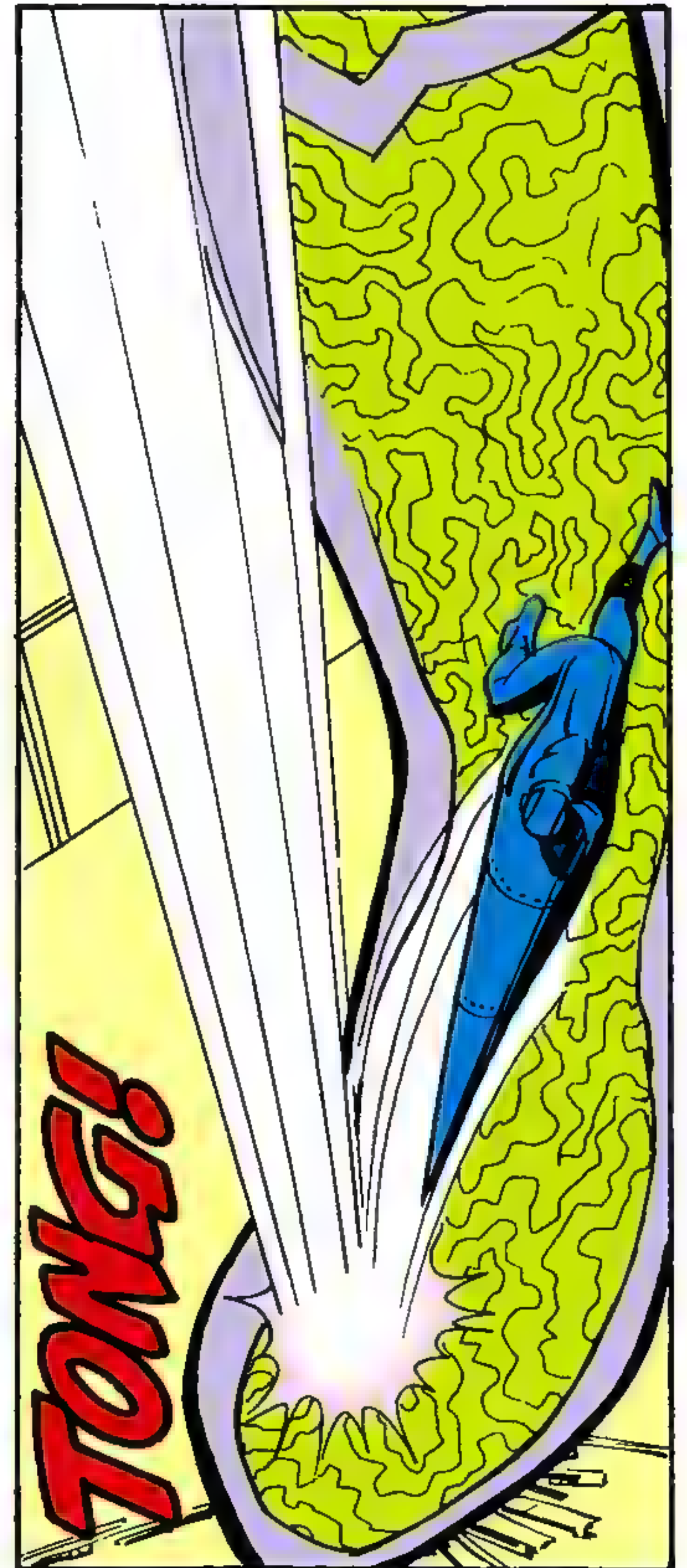
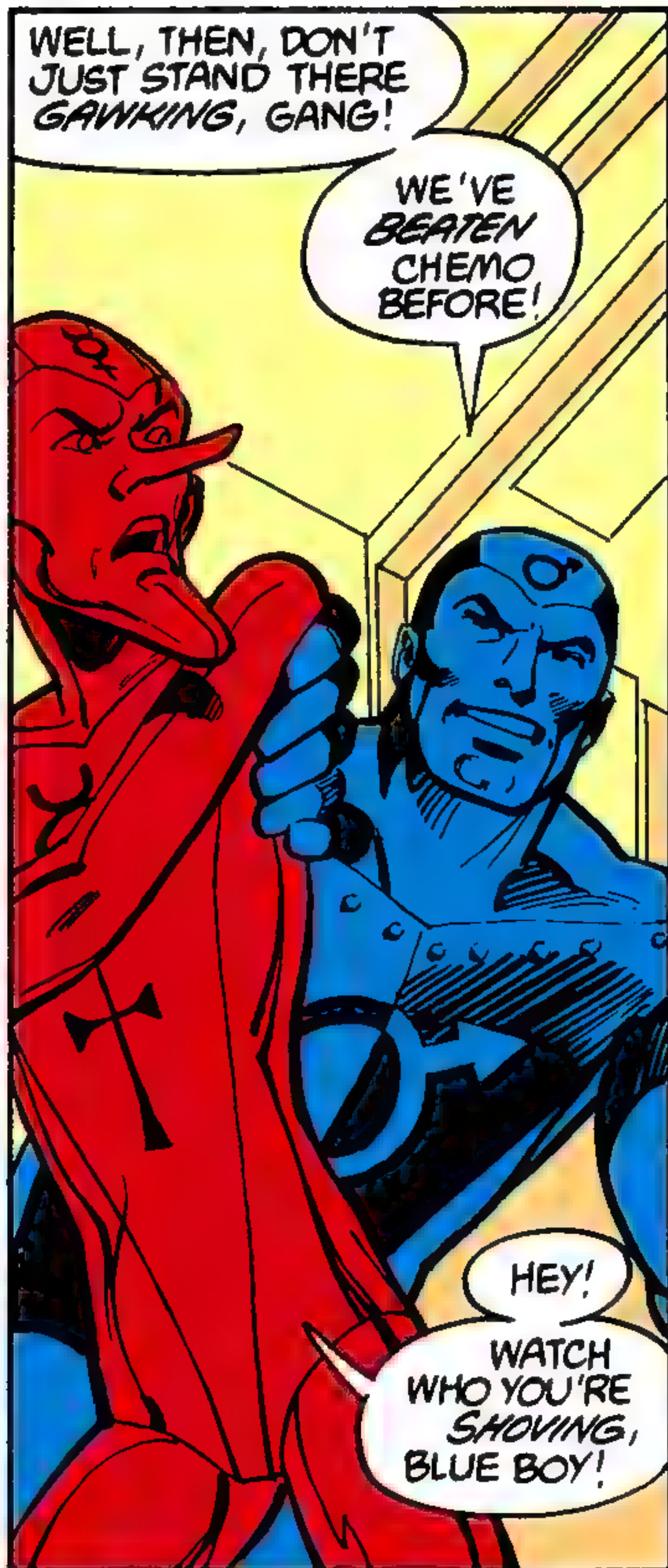
OOOOOOOOOOHHH!!

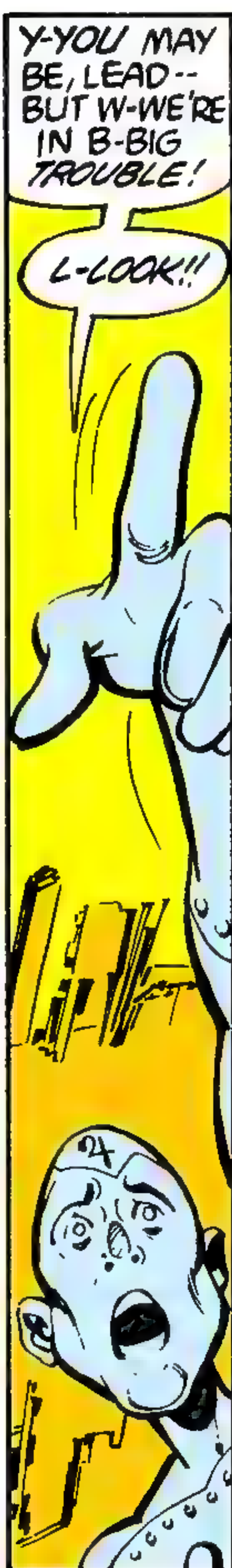
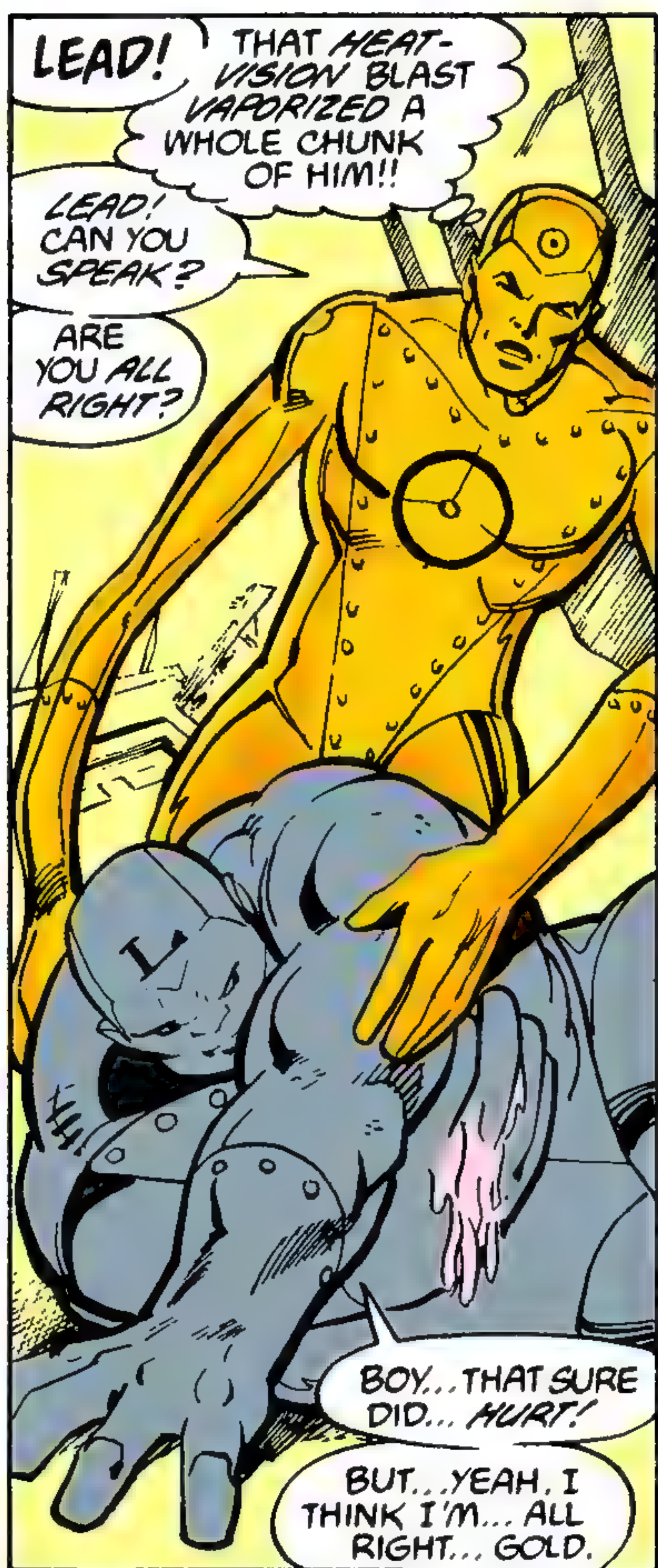
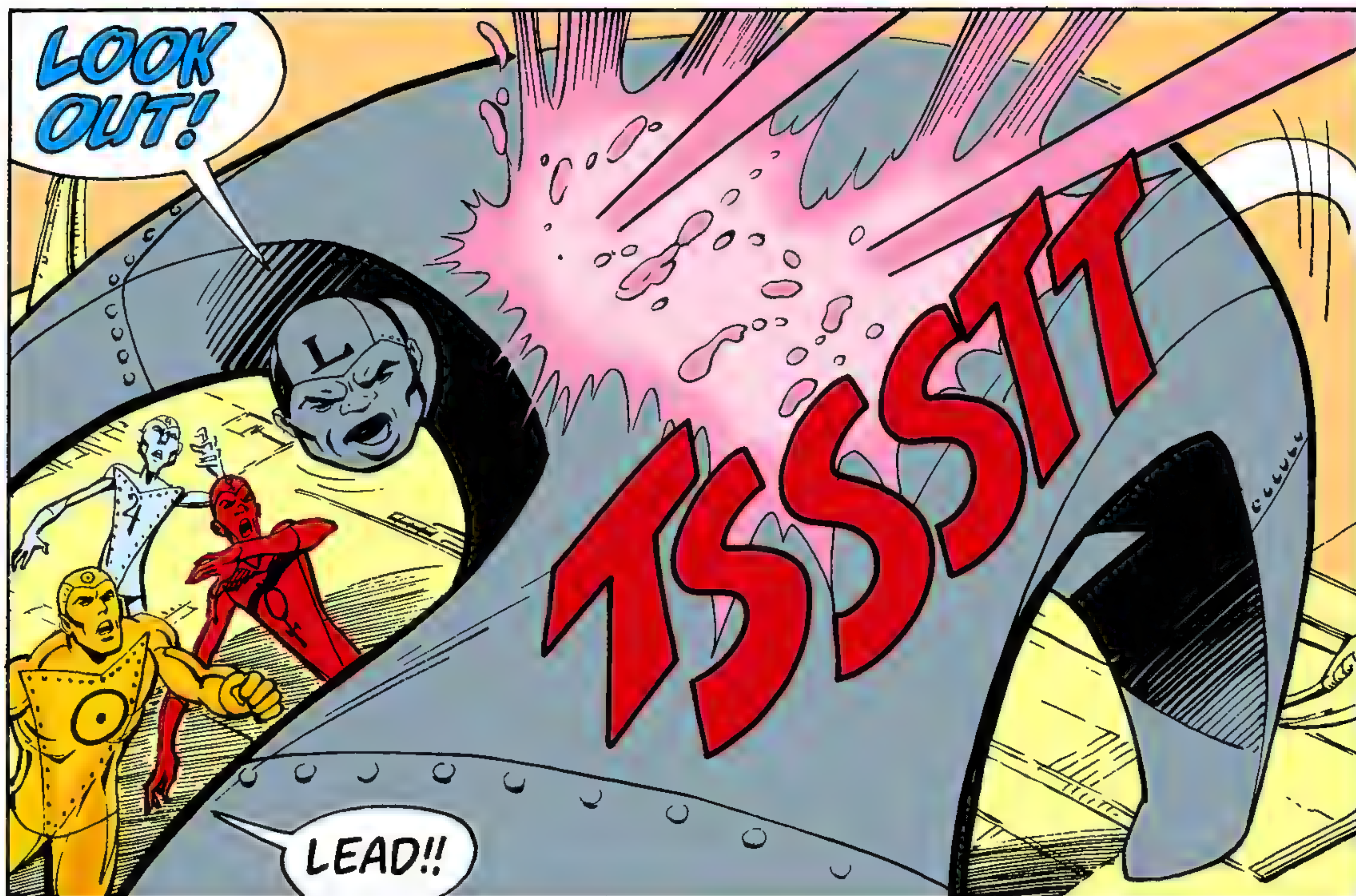
WILL MAGNUS, SOMETIMES YOU CAN BE SUCH A BEAST!!

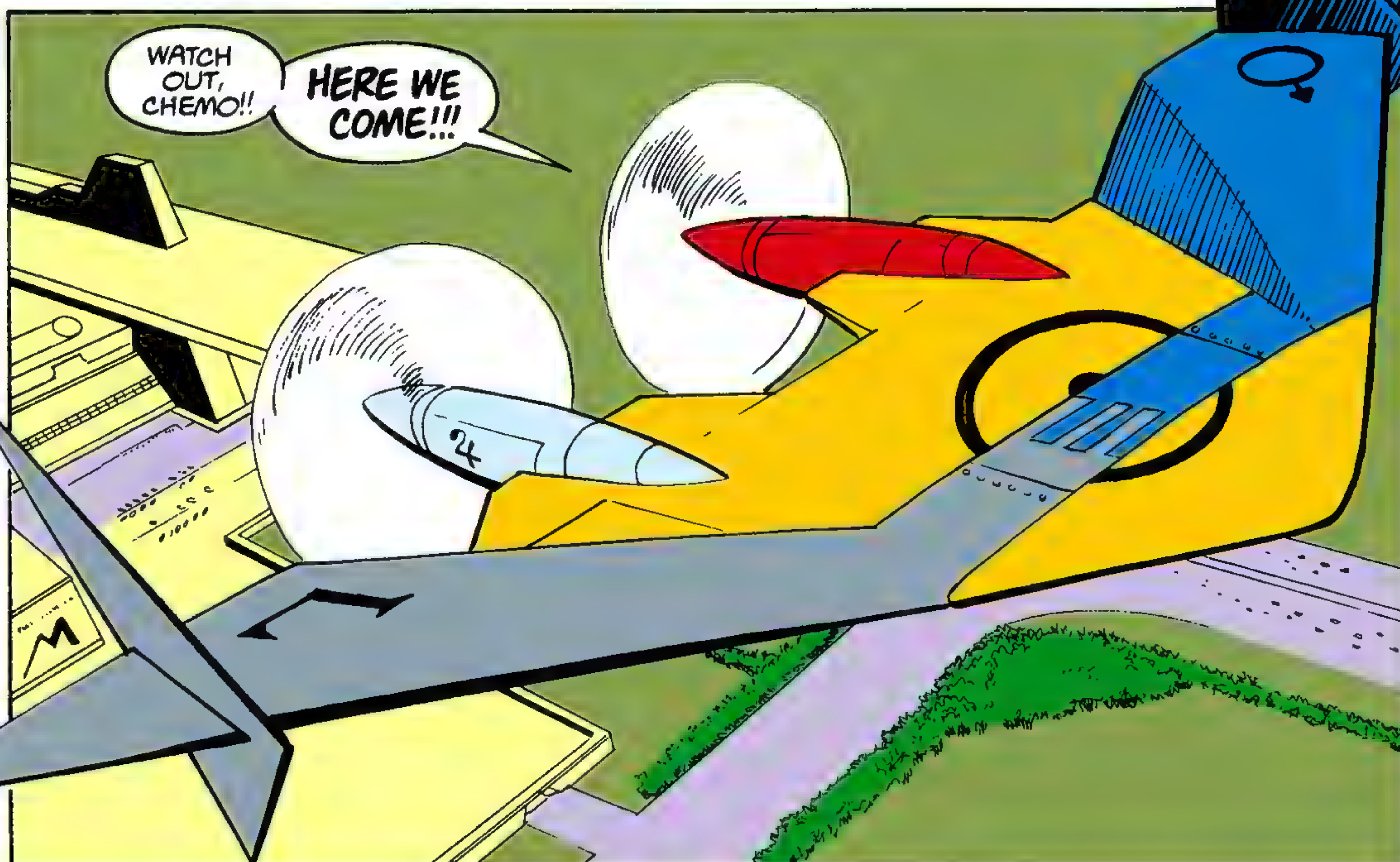
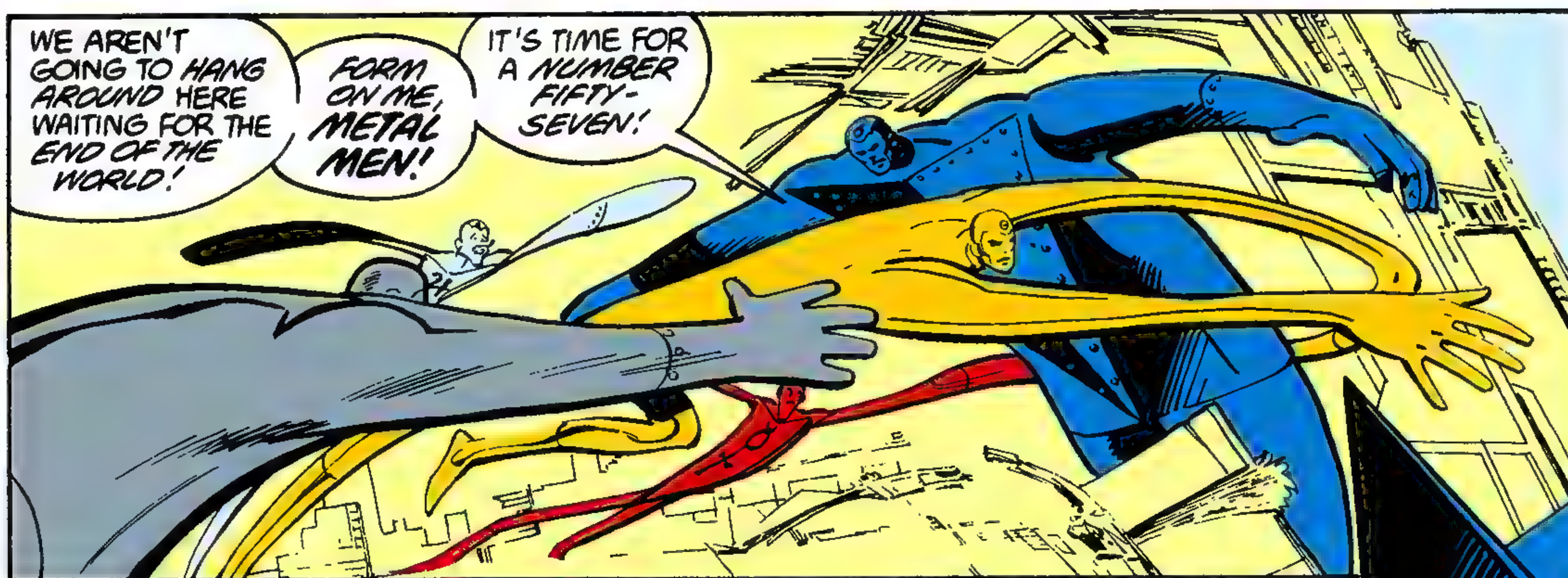
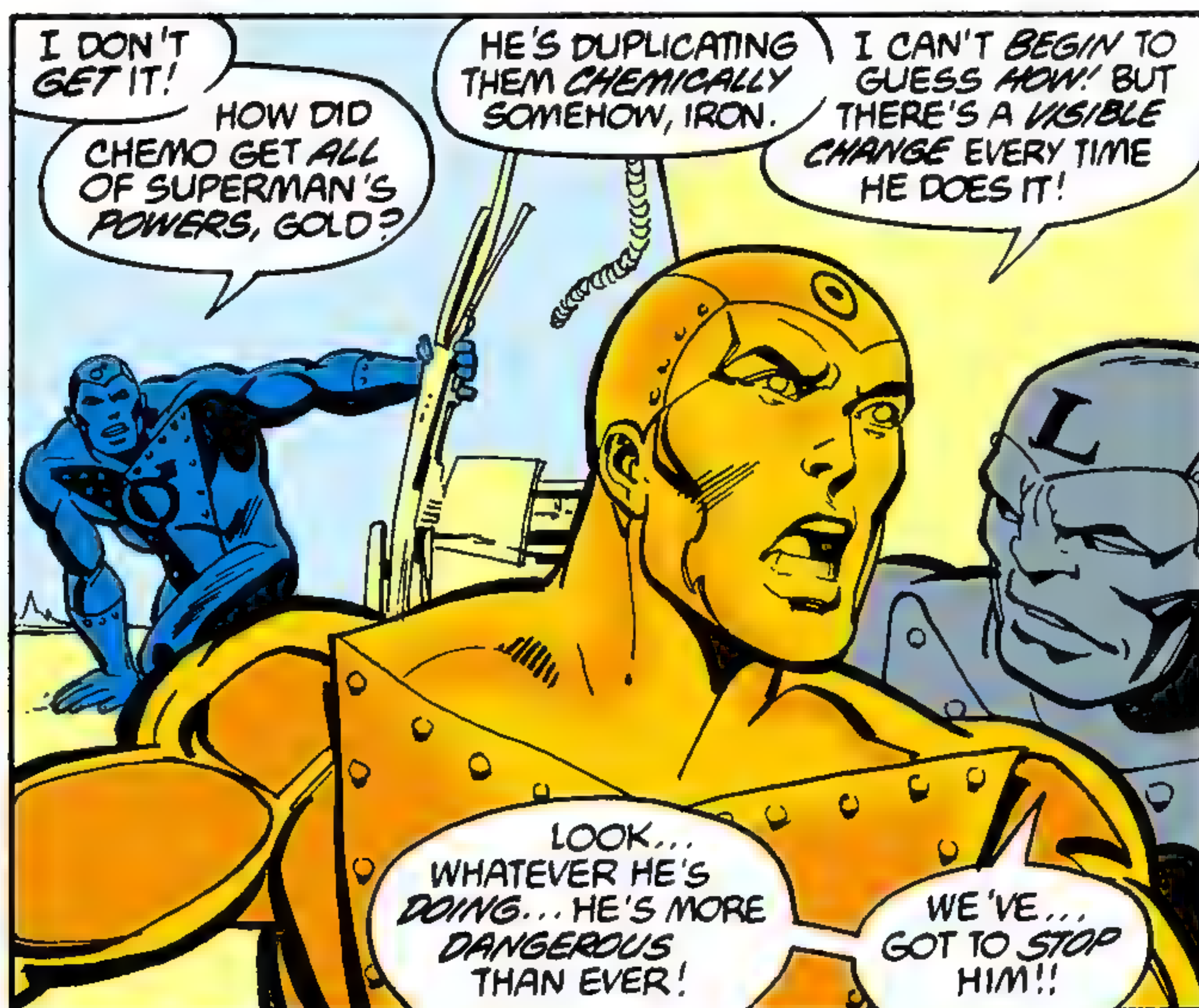


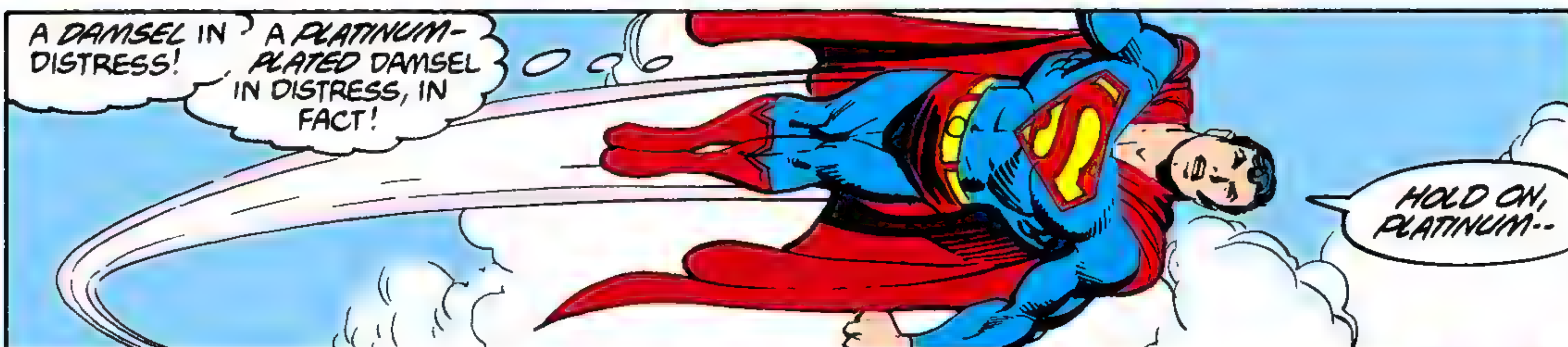
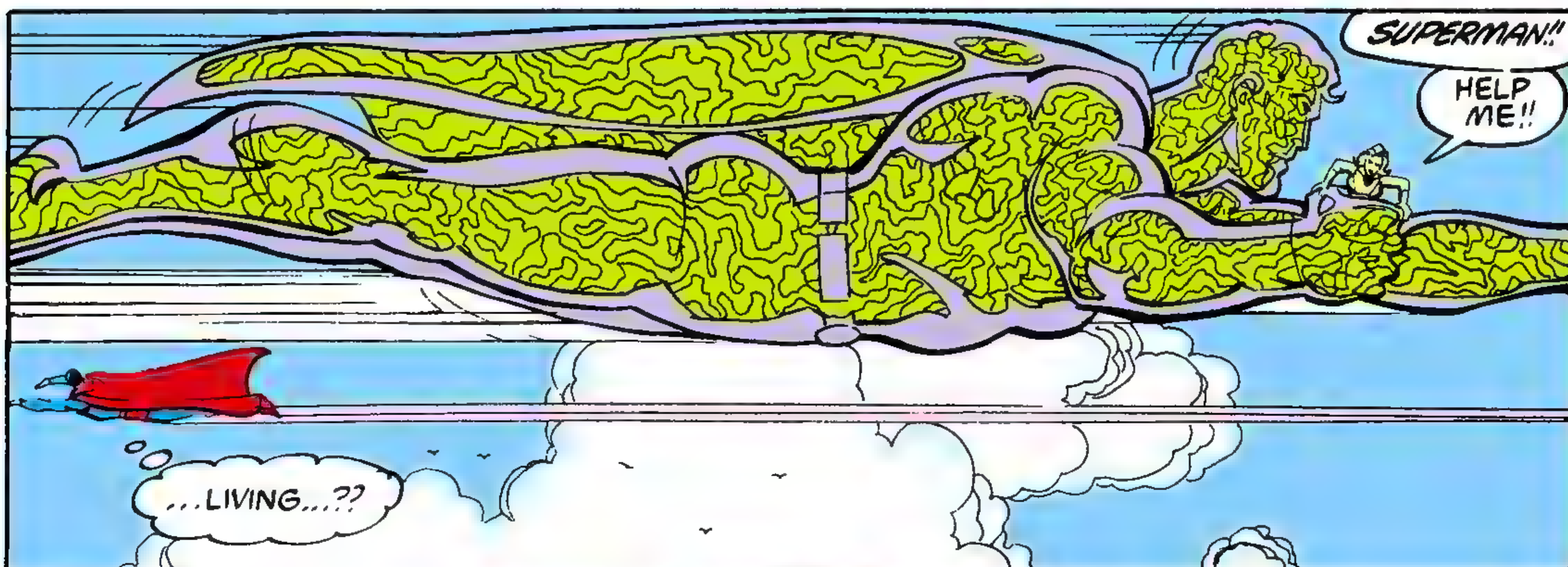
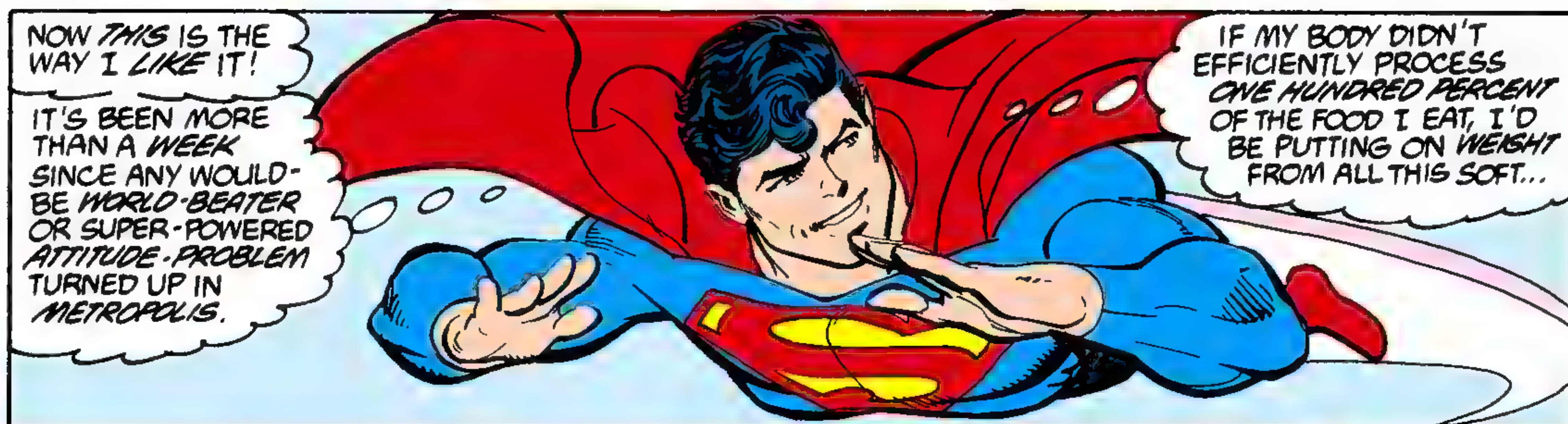


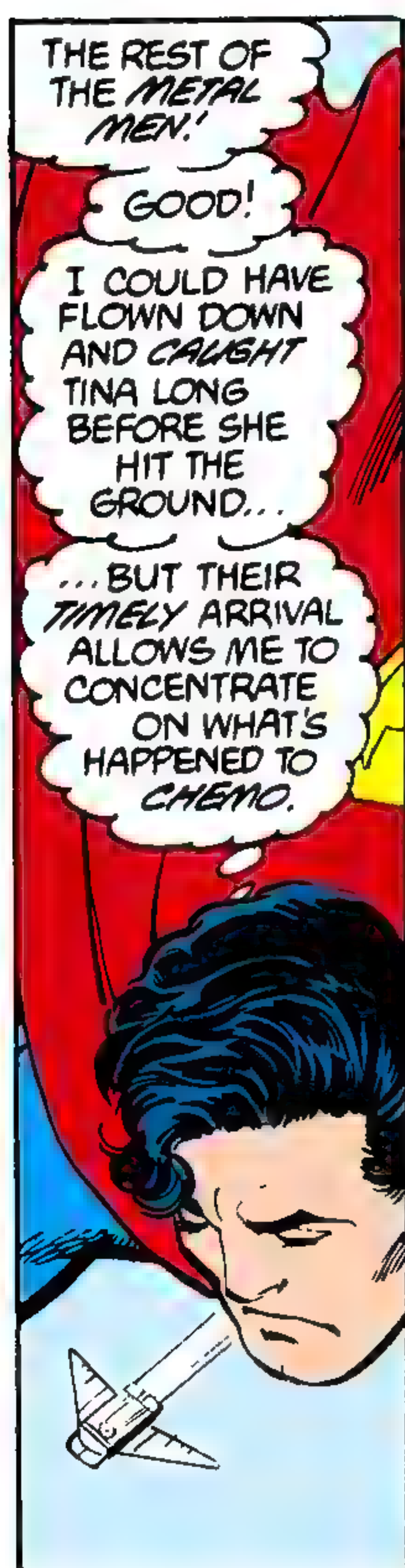
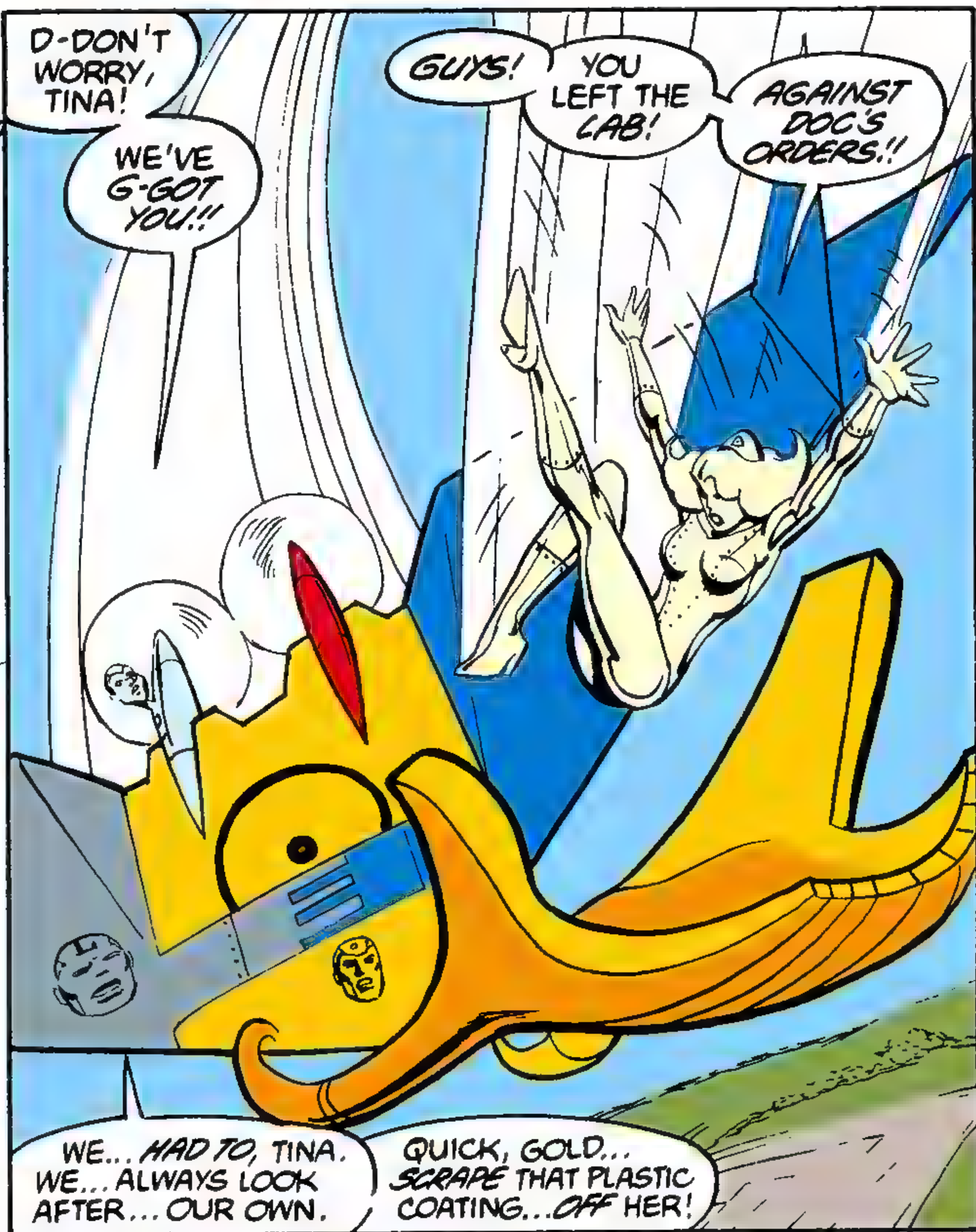


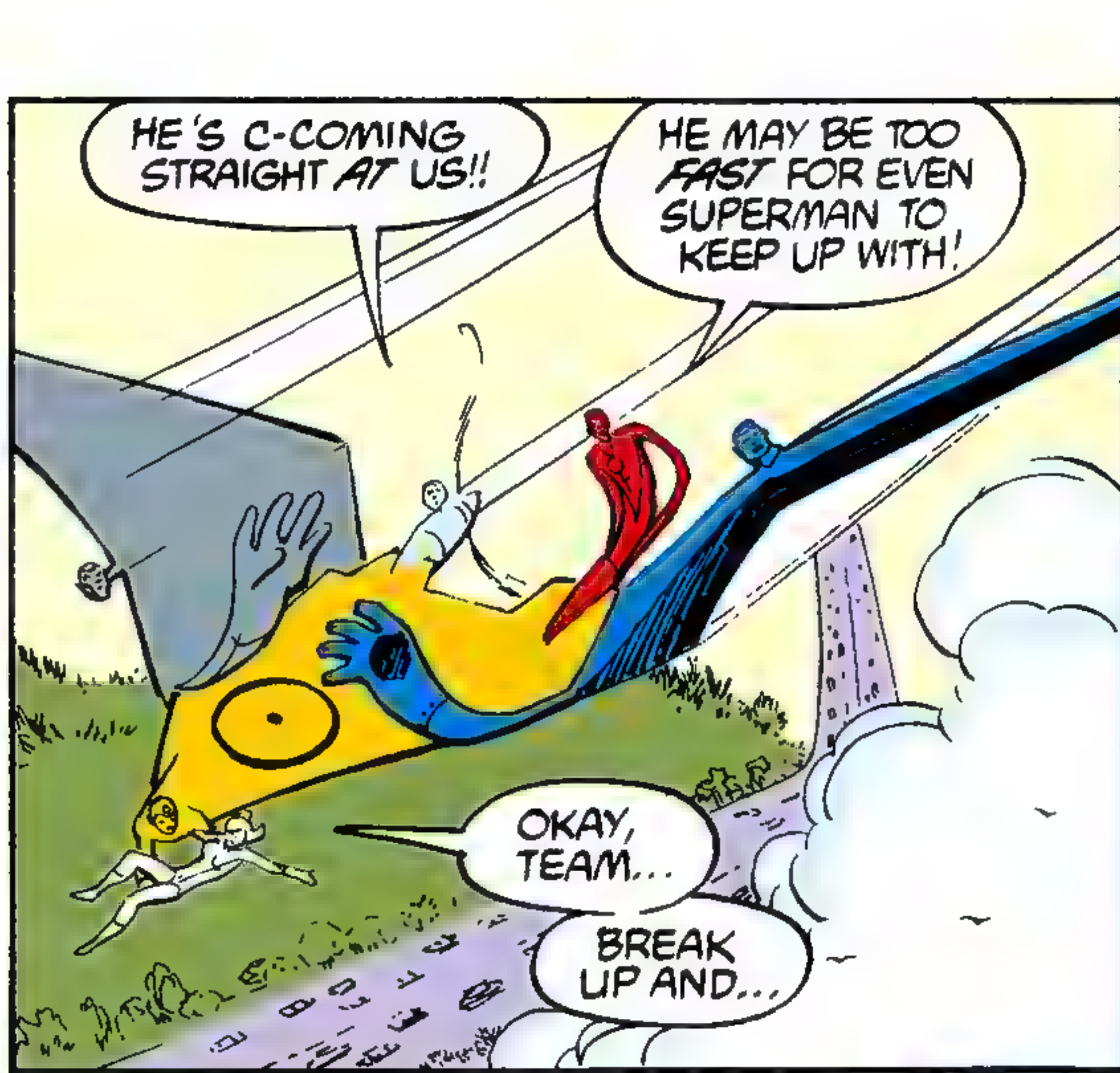










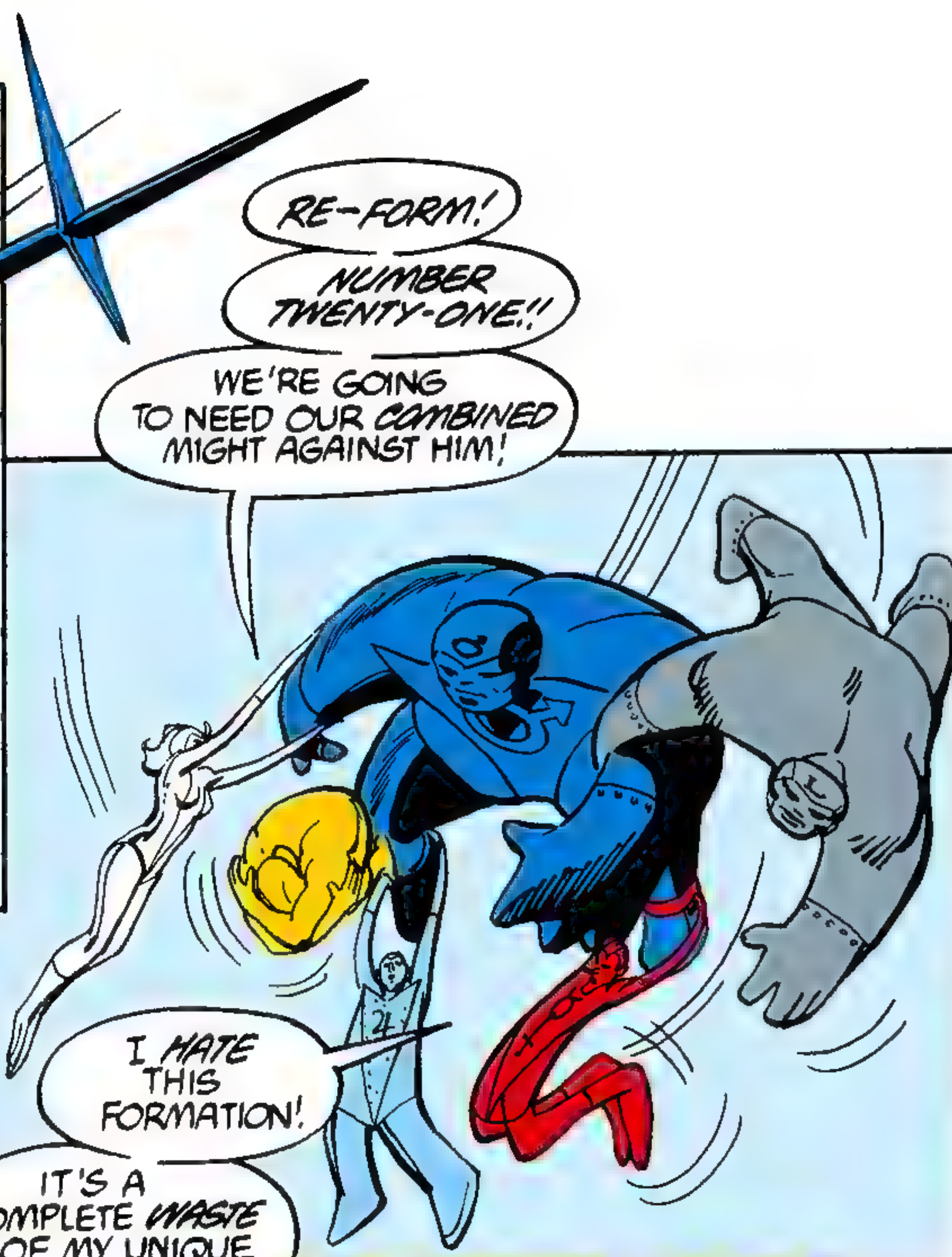


HE'S C-COMING STRAIGHT AT US!!

HE MAY BE TOO FAST FOR EVEN SUPERMAN TO KEEP UP WITH!

OKAY, TEAM...

BREAK UP AND...



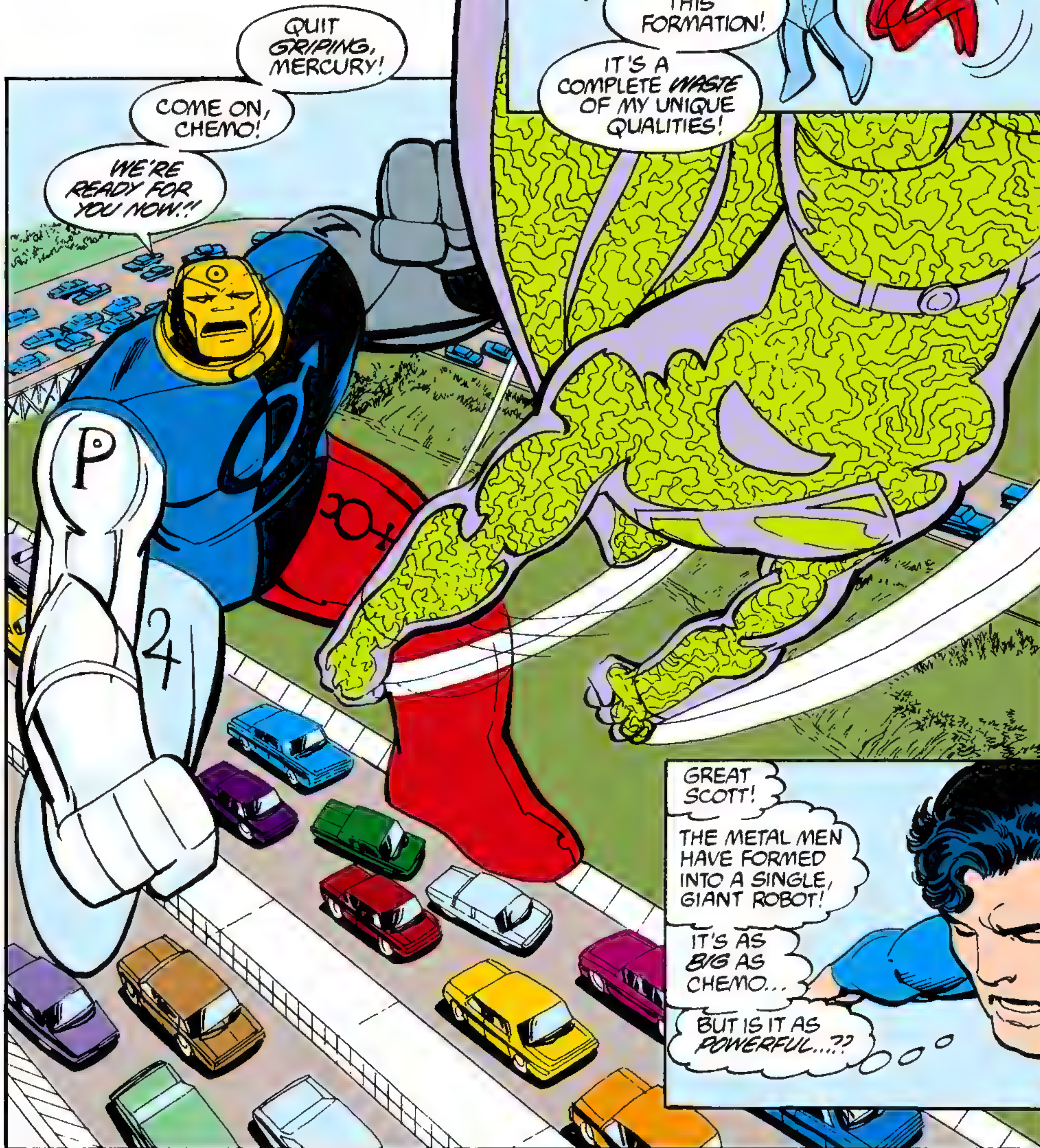
RE-FORM!

NUMBER TWENTY-ONE!!

WE'RE GOING TO NEED OUR COMBINED MIGHT AGAINST HIM!

I HATE THIS FORMATION!

IT'S A COMPLETE WASTE OF MY UNIQUE QUALITIES!



COME ON, CHEMO!

WE'RE READY FOR YOU NOW!!

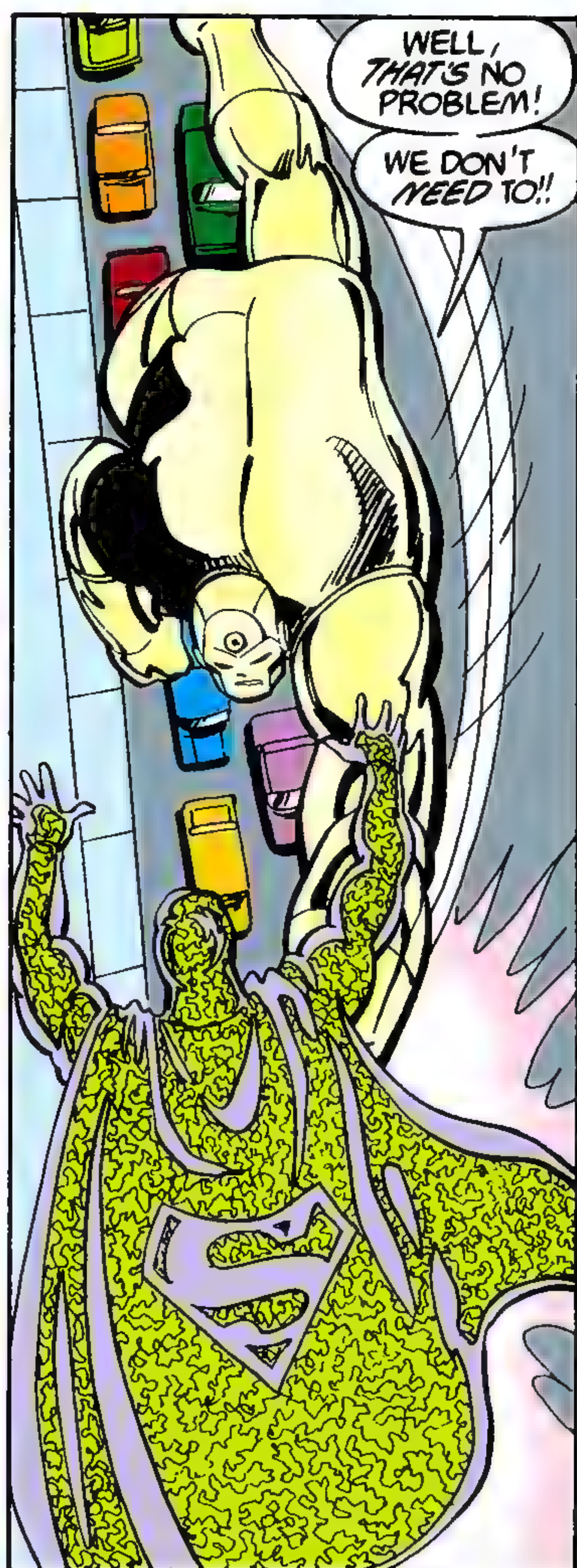
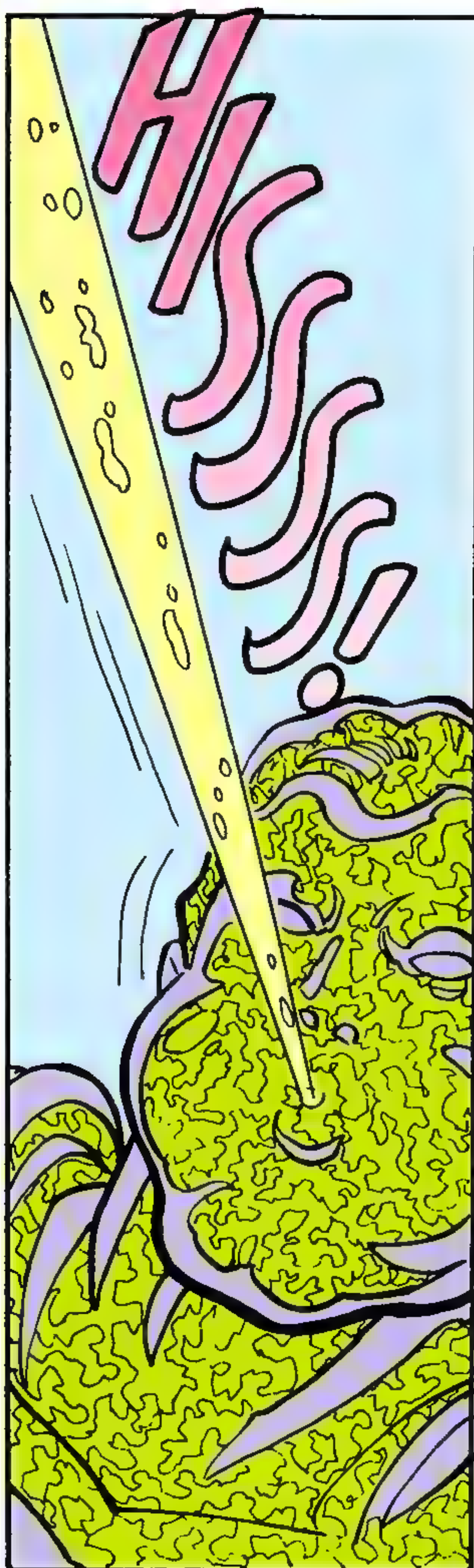
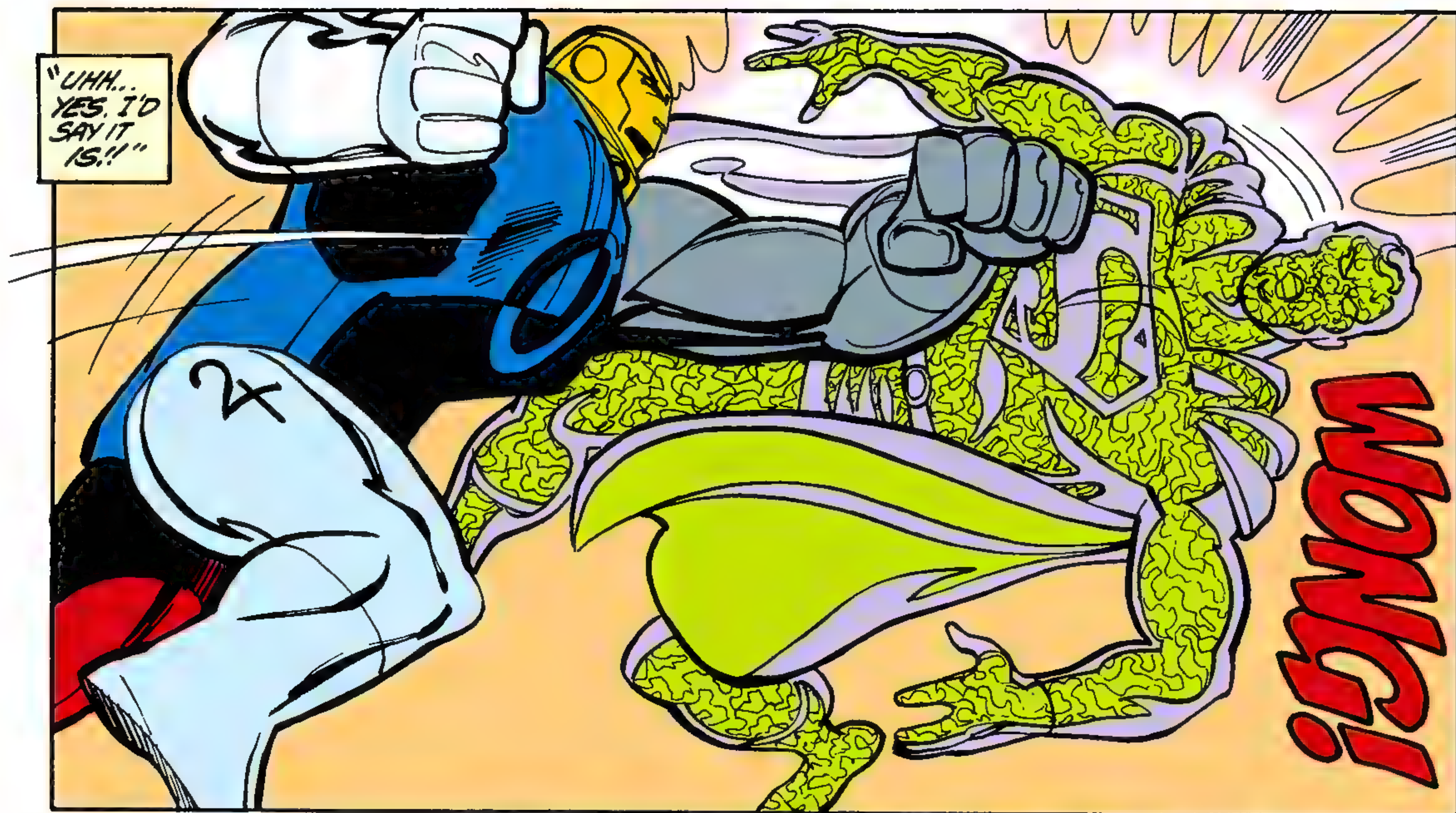
QUIT GRIPING, MERCURY!

GREAT SCOTT!

THE METAL MEN HAVE FORMED INTO A SINGLE, GIANT ROBOT!

IT'S AS BIG AS CHEMO...

BUT IS IT AS POWERFUL...??



THEY'RE POUNDING HIM WITH ALL THEIR FORCE... BUT IT'S NOT HAVING MUCH MORE EFFECT ON HIM THAN IT WOULD ON ME!

MAYBE THAT'S PART OF THE SOLUTION TO THIS MESS! INSTEAD OF TRYING TO FIGHT CHEMO ONE ON ONE WE SHOULD FIND SOME WAY TO COUNTER THE DUPLICATE POWERS HE'S DEVELOPED.

AND SINCE HE DOES EVERYTHING CHEMICALLY, PERHAPS MY MICROSCOPIC VISION WILL REVEAL SOMETHING USEFUL.



HMM... THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE TOO GREAT A CHANGE IN HIS BASIC COMPOSITION.

WHAT IF I PROBE DEEPER... TO THE MOLECULAR LEVEL...



THERE! HE'S DUPLICATED THE DNA STRUCTURE OF MY ALIEN CELLS!

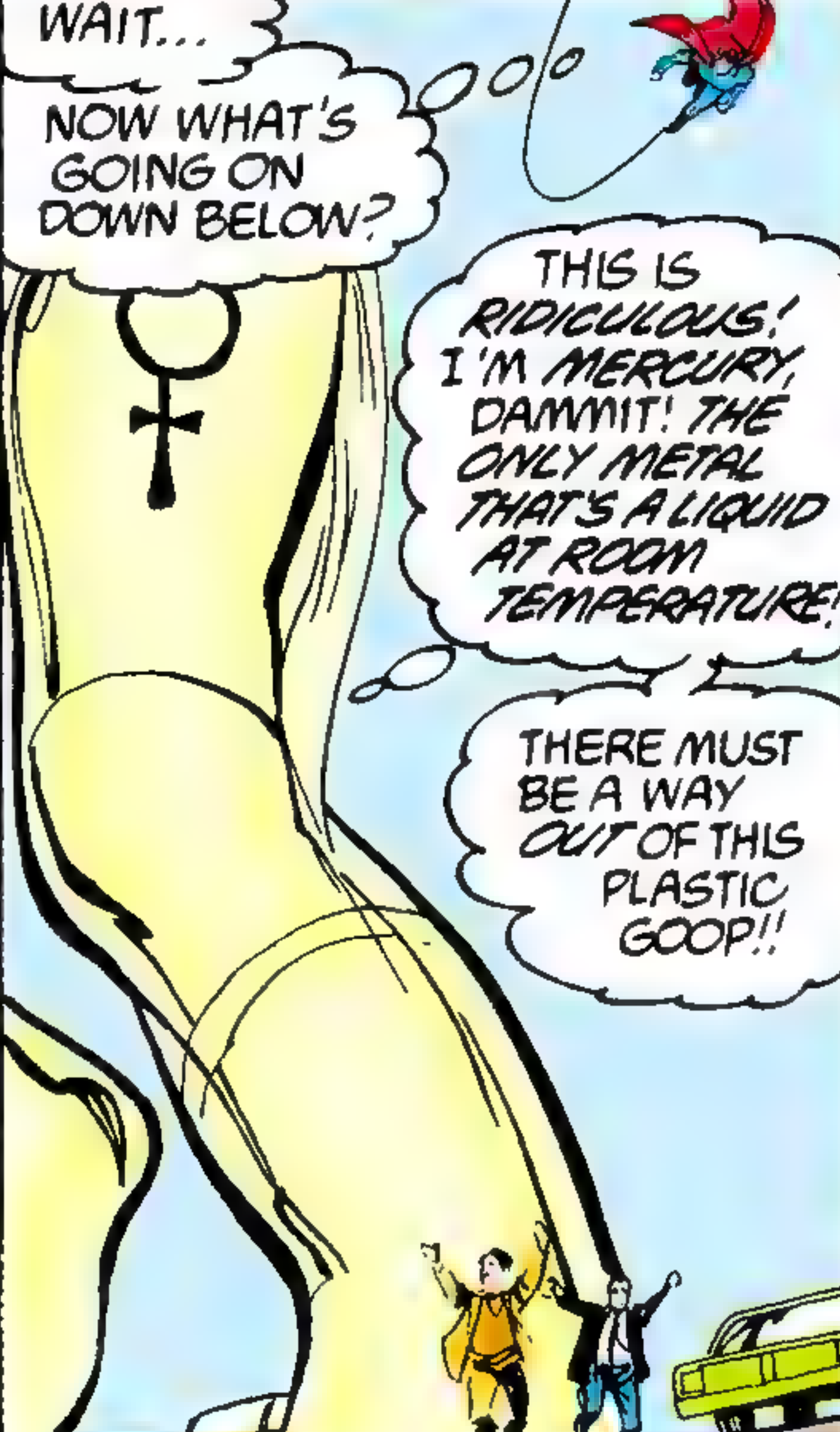
HE'S BECOME A... CHEMICAL KRYPTONIAN!!



WAIT... NOW WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN BELOW?

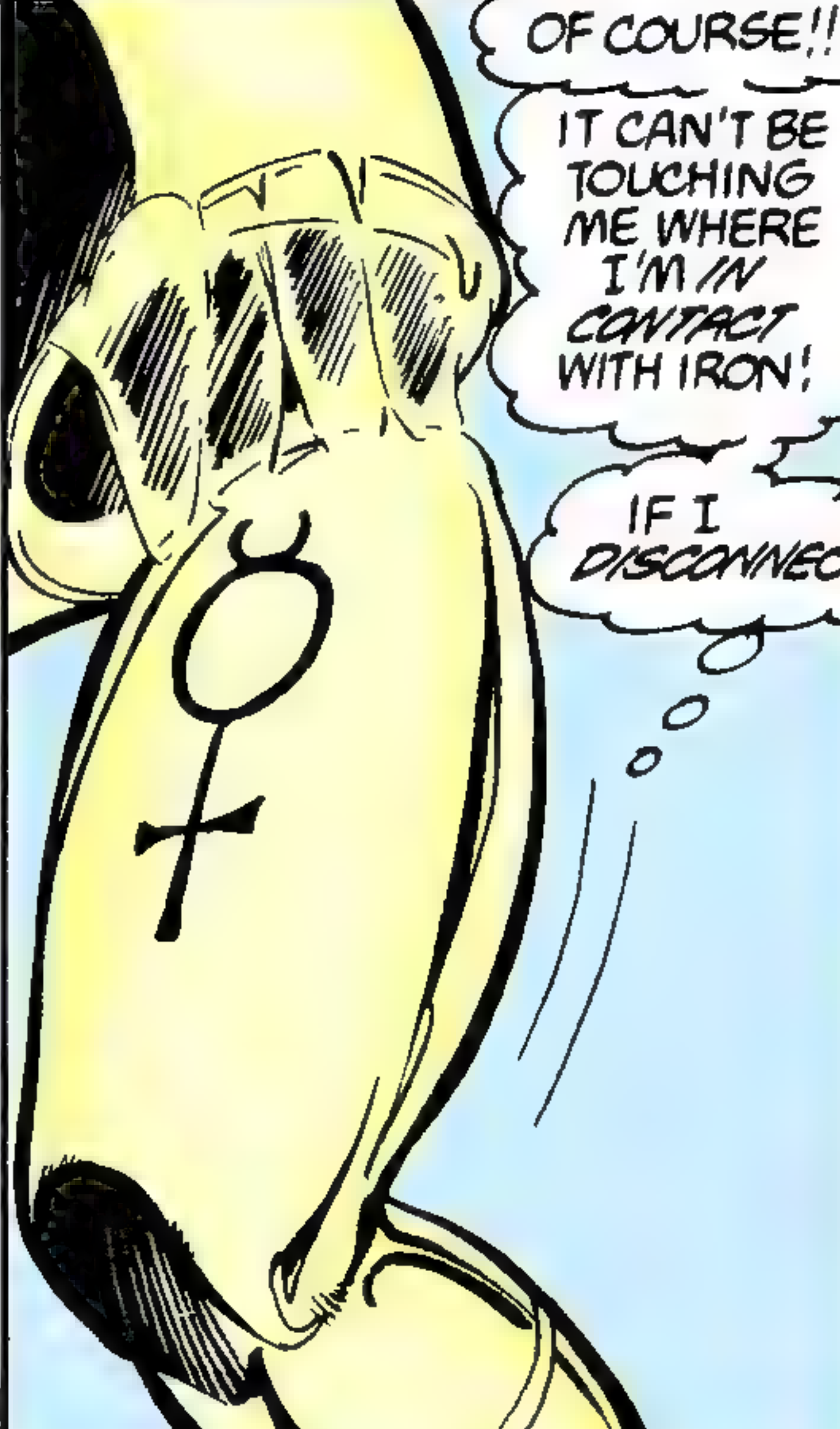
THIS IS RIDICULOUS! I'M MERCURY, DAMNIT! THE ONLY METAL THAT'S A LIQUID AT ROOM TEMPERATURE!

THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT OF THIS PLASTIC GOOP!!



OF COURSE!! IT CAN'T BE TOUCHING ME WHERE I'M IN CONTACT WITH IRON!

IF I DISCONNECT...



I CAN SPRAY MYSELF OUT OF THE PLASTIC COATING!!

IT WORKED!!



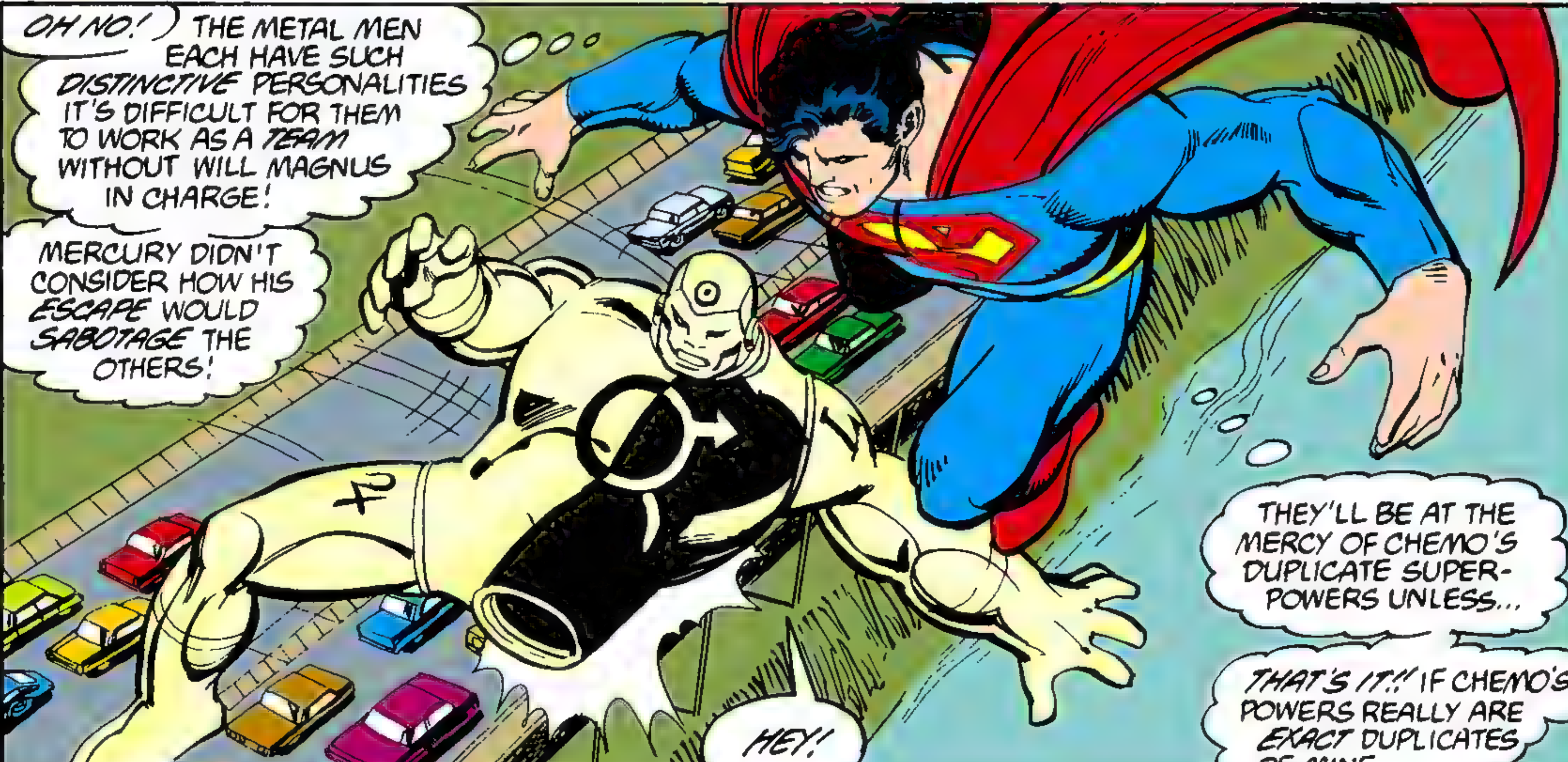
OH NO! THE METAL MEN EACH HAVE SUCH DISTINCTIVE PERSONALITIES IT'S DIFFICULT FOR THEM TO WORK AS A TEAM WITHOUT WILL MAGNUS IN CHARGE!

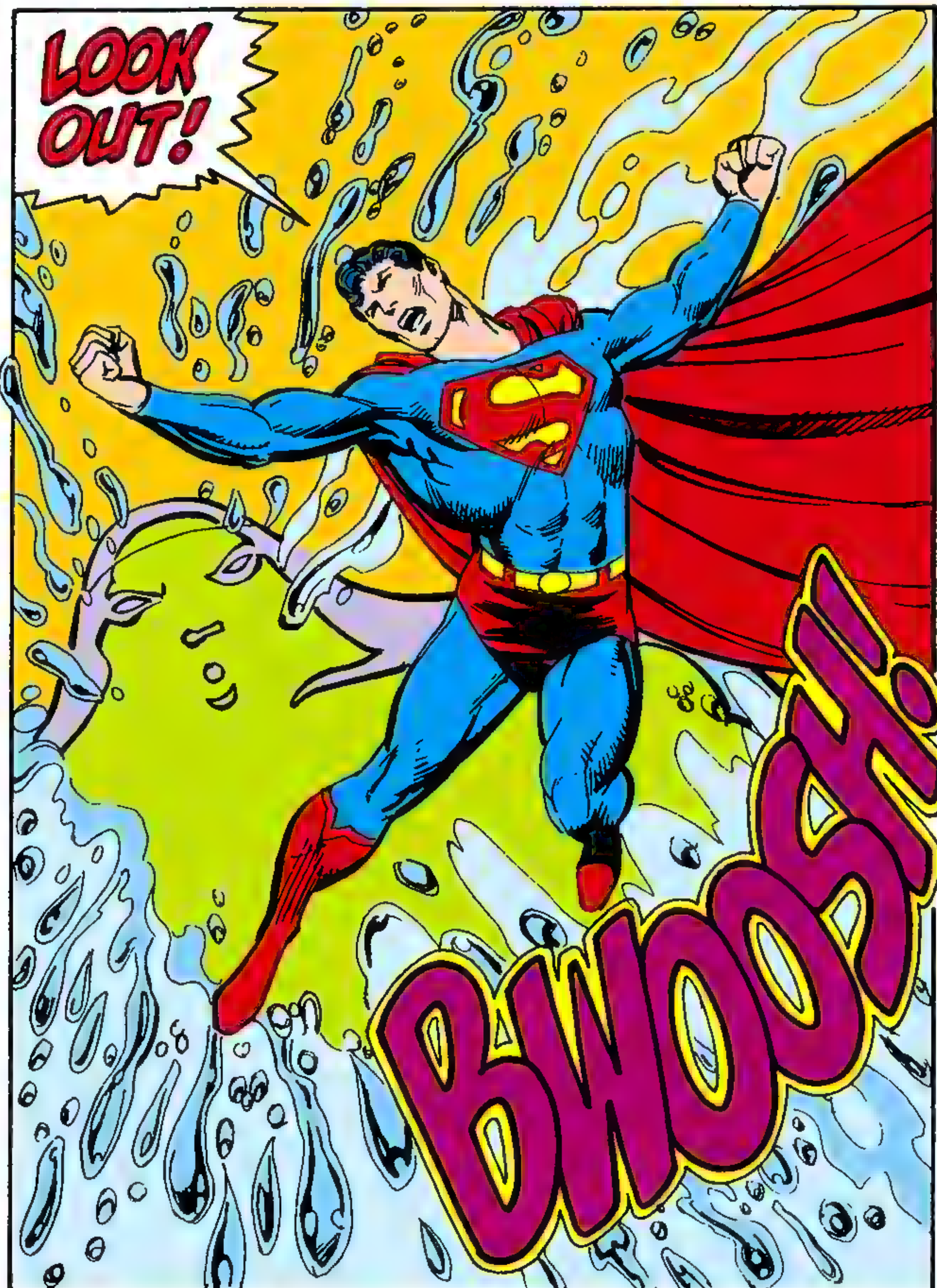
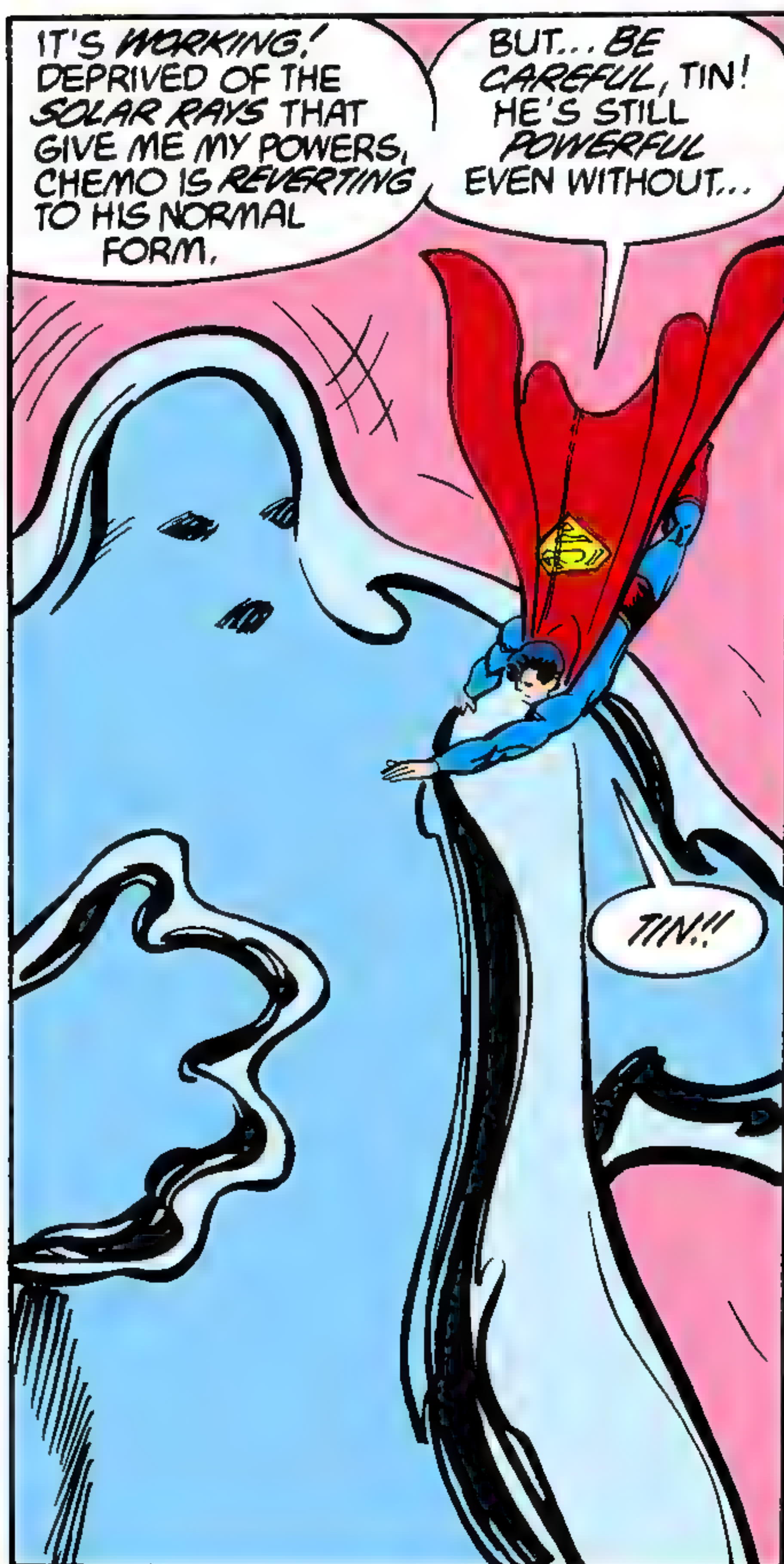
MERCURY DIDN'T CONSIDER HOW HIS ESCAPE WOULD SABOTAGE THE OTHERS!

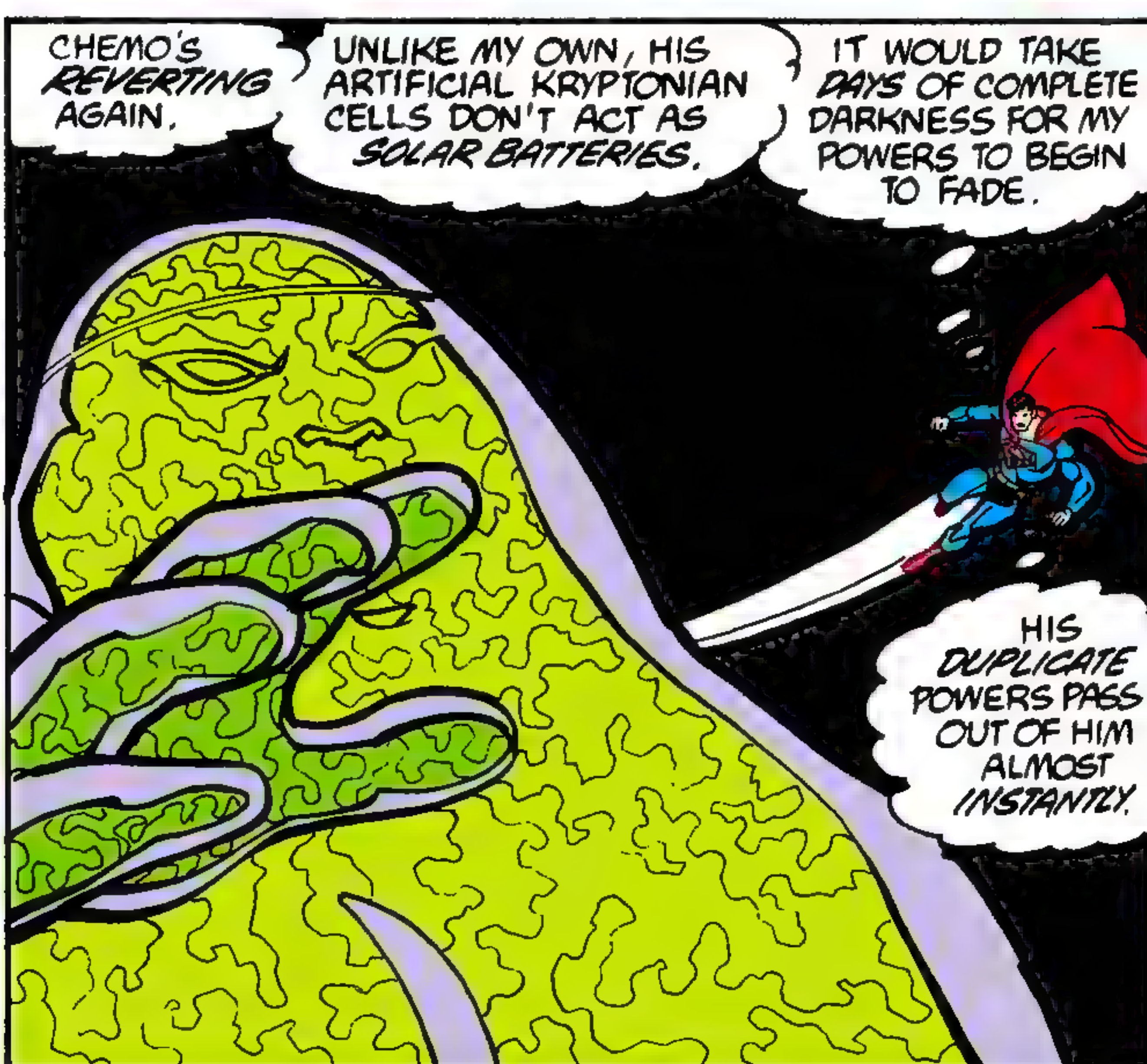
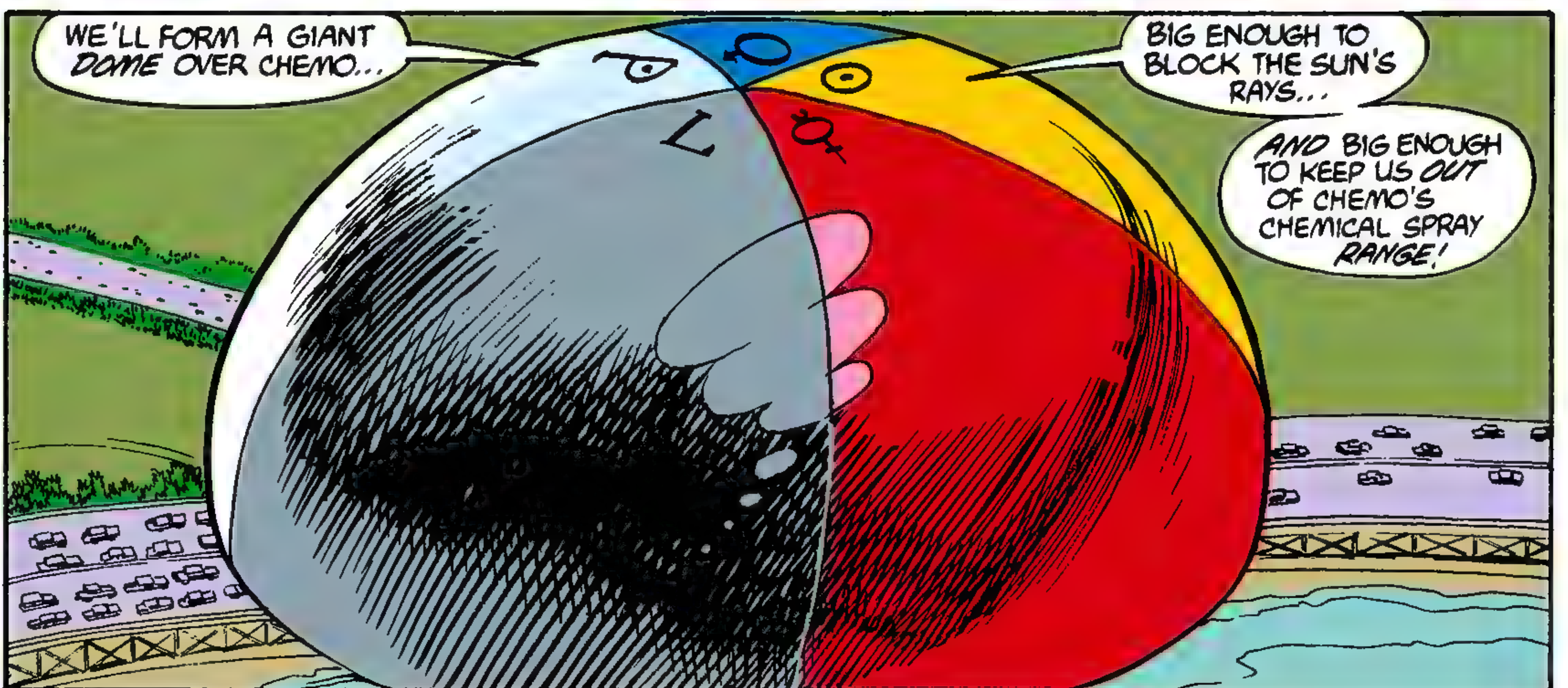
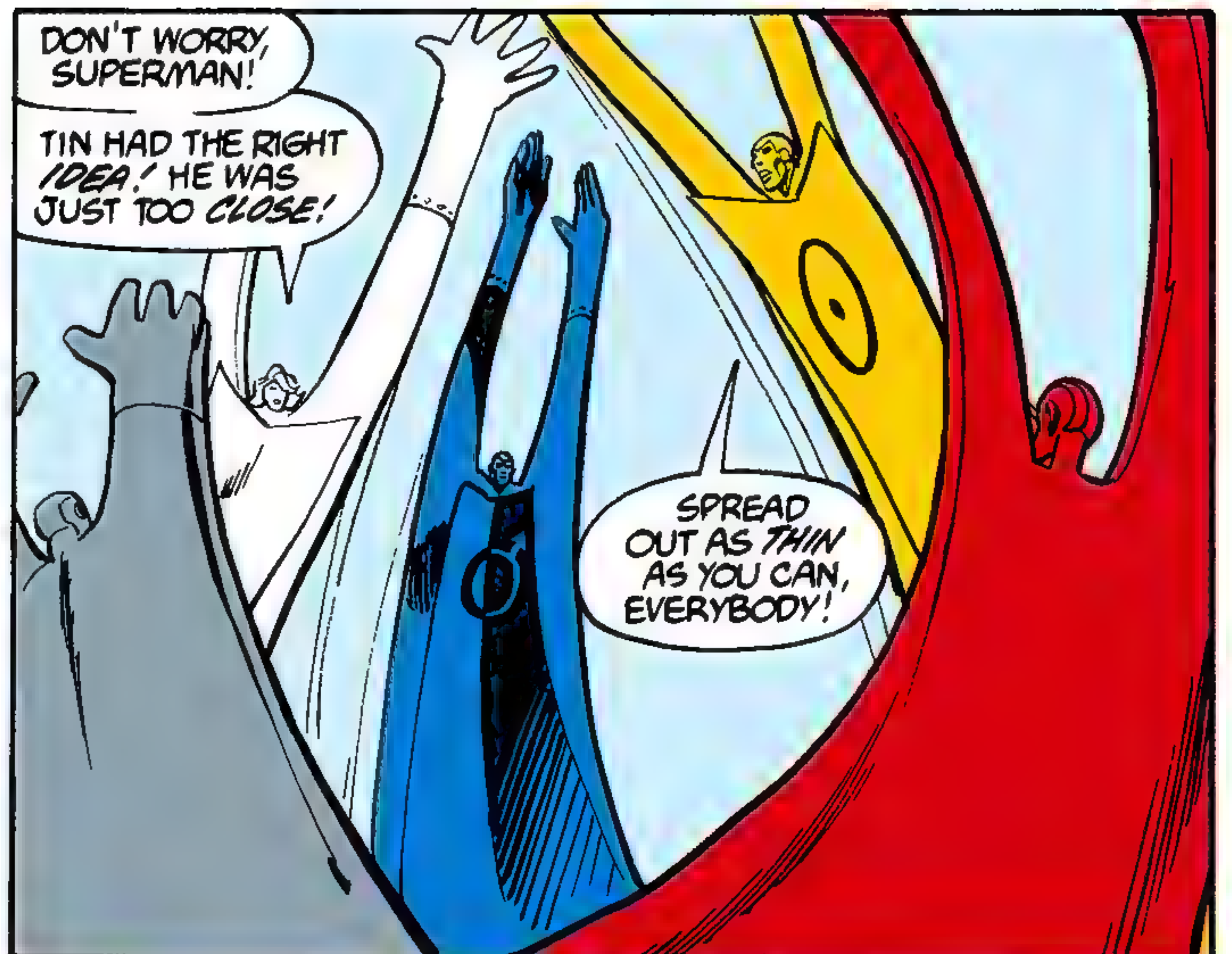
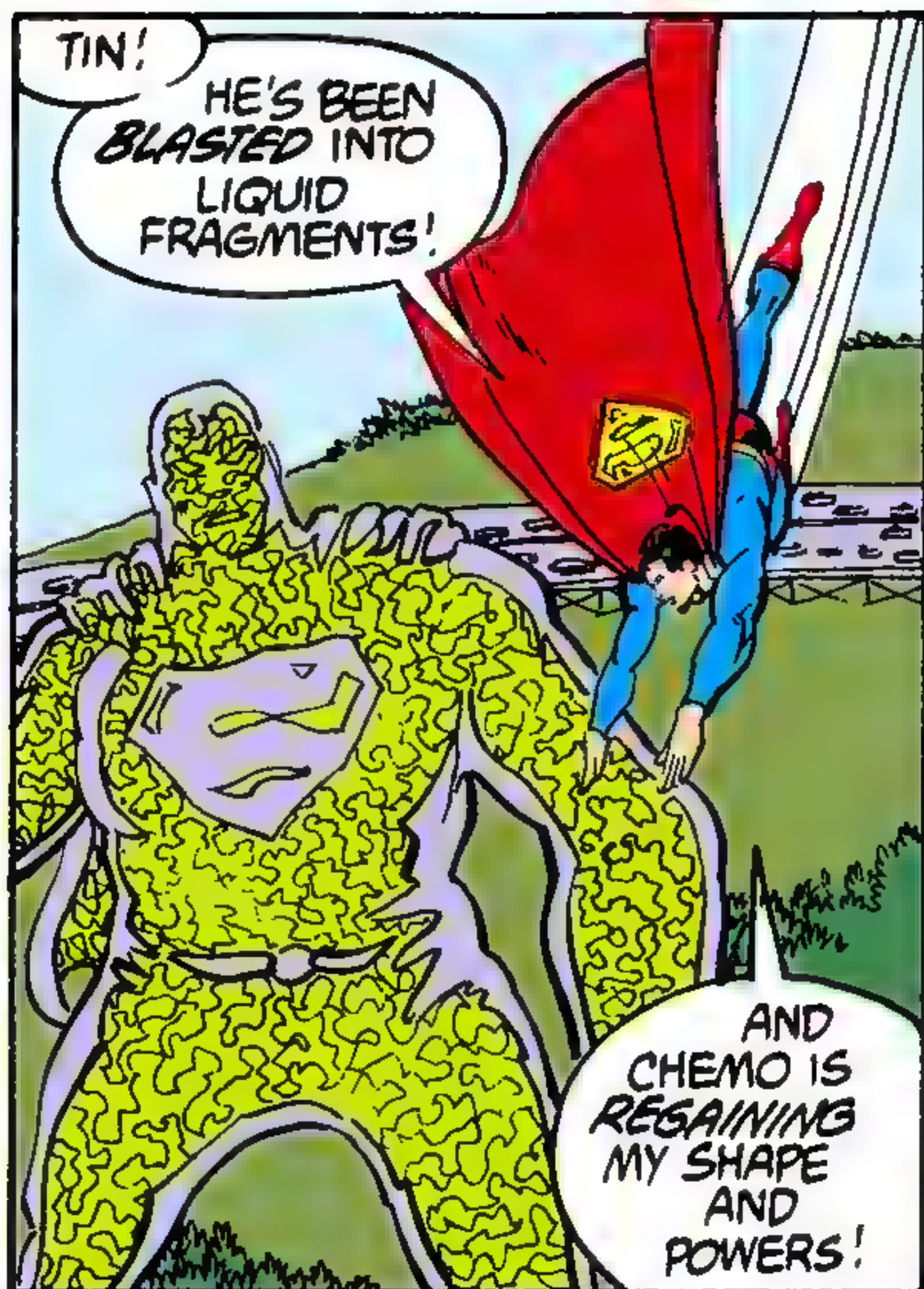
HEY!

THEY'LL BE AT THE MERCY OF CHEMO'S DUPLICATE SUPER-POWERS UNLESS...

THAT'S IT!! IF CHEMO'S POWERS REALLY ARE EXACT DUPLICATES OF MINE...



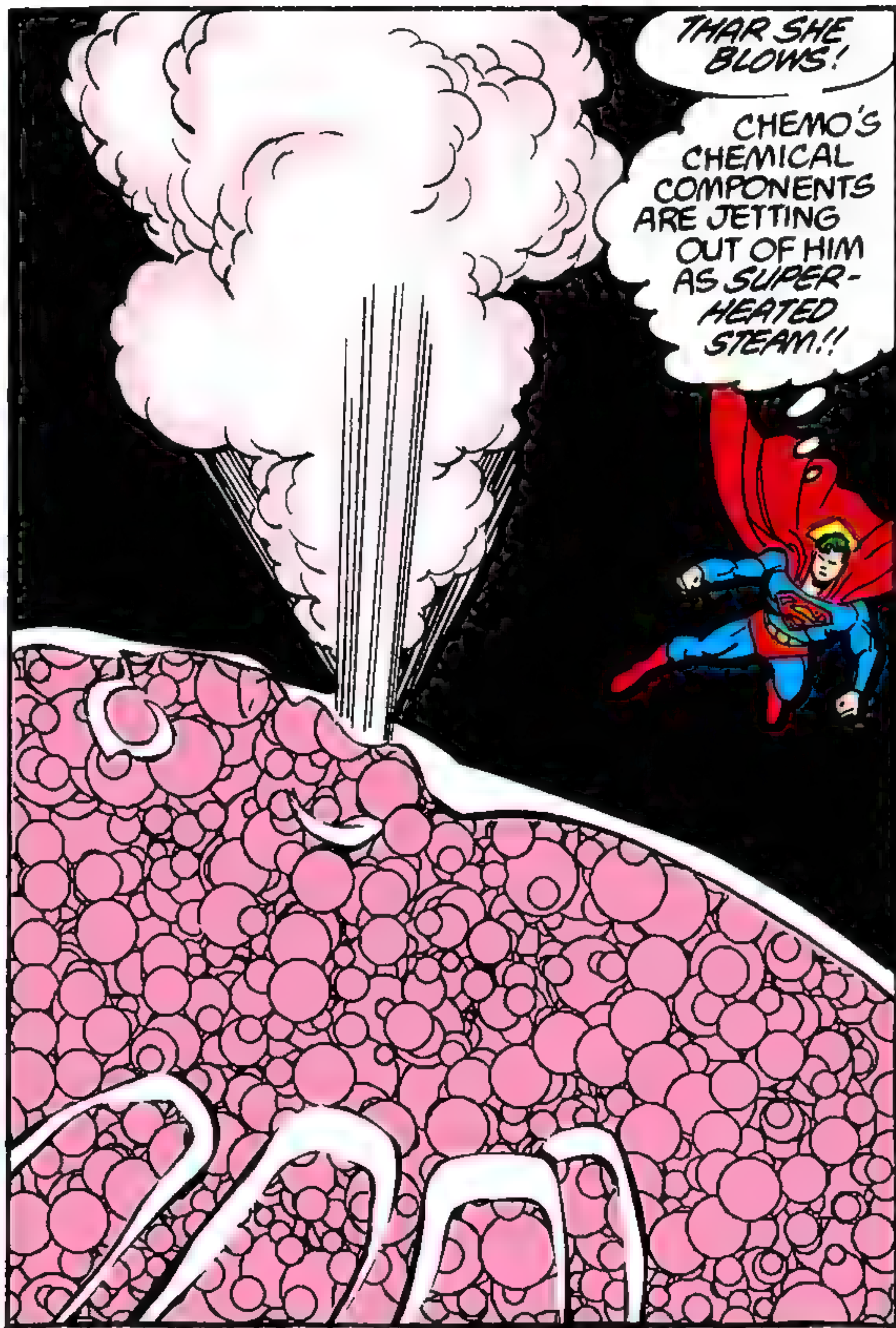






IT'S WORKING!

WITHOUT MY INVULNERABILITY TO PROTECT HIM, CHEMO'S INSIDES ARE STARTING TO BOIL!



THAT SHE BLOWS!
CHEMO'S CHEMICAL COMPONENTS ARE JETTING OUT OF HIM AS SUPER-HEATED STEAM!!



THE METAL MEN ARE OPENING THEIR DOME TO LET IT OUT.

A BLAST OF MY SUPER-BREATH WILL PROPEL IT INTO THE HIGH ATMOSPHERE!

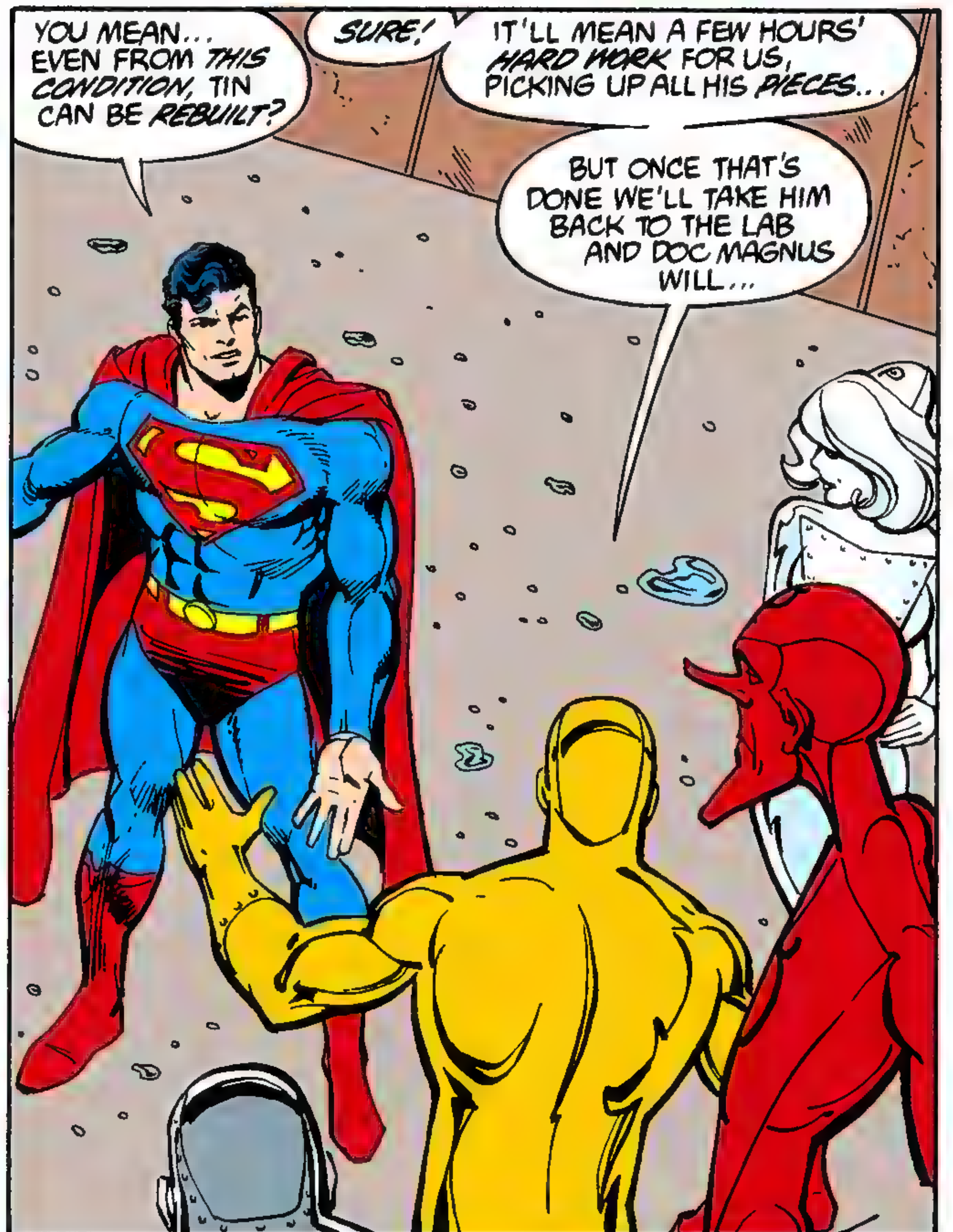
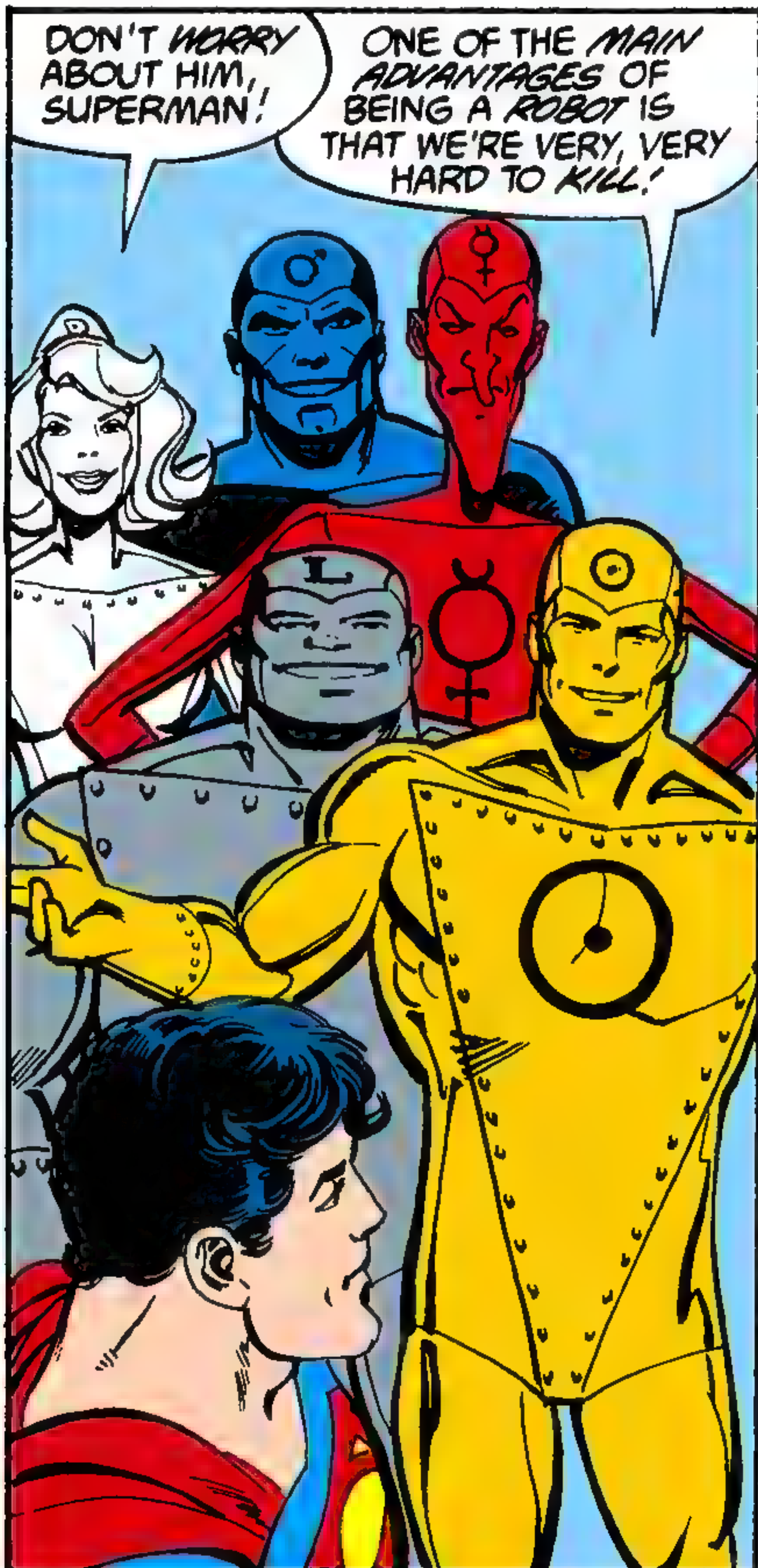
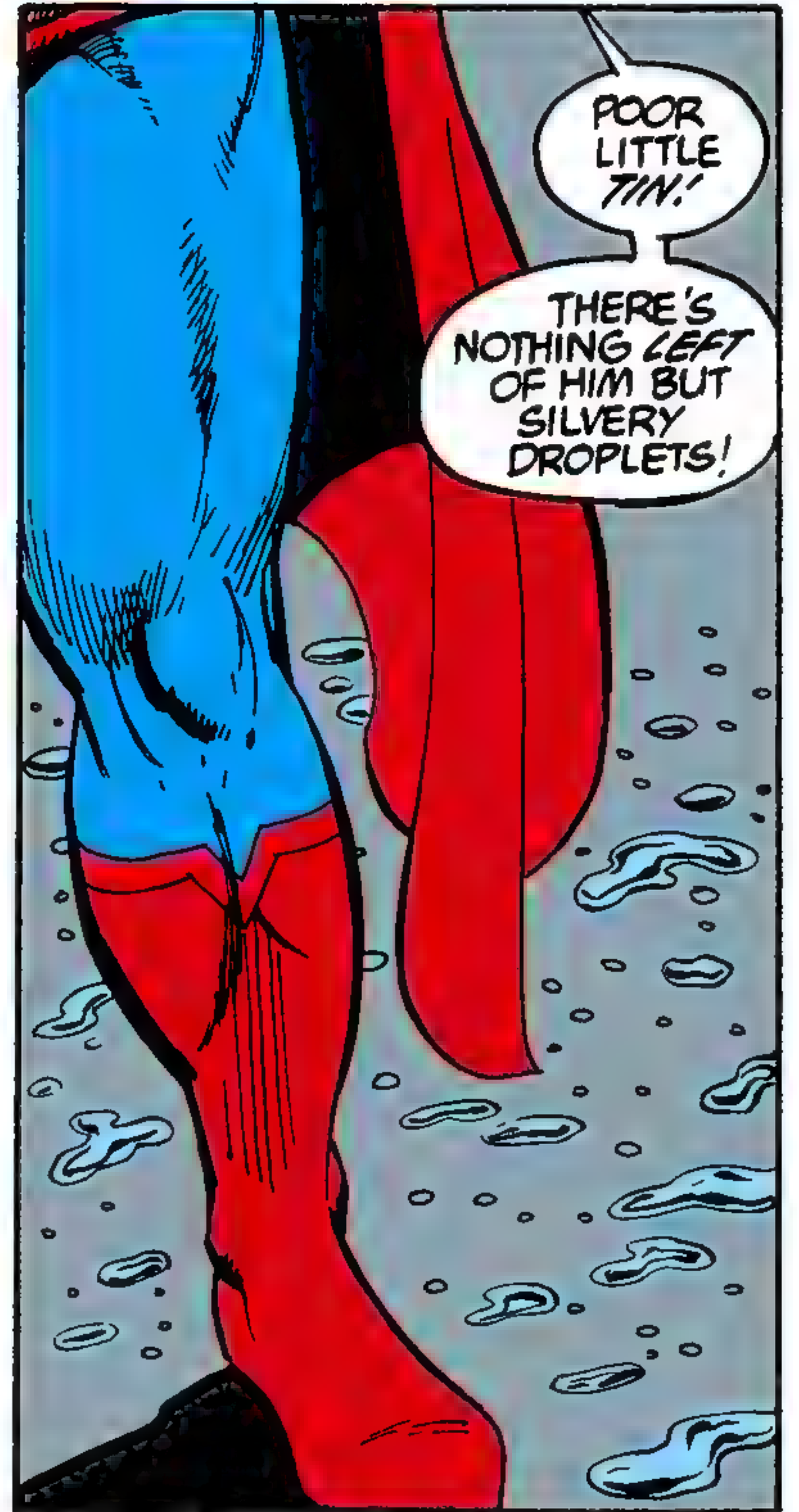
THERE IT SHOULD CRYSTALLIZE AND REMAIN HARMLESS FLOATING AT THE EDGE OF SPACE!

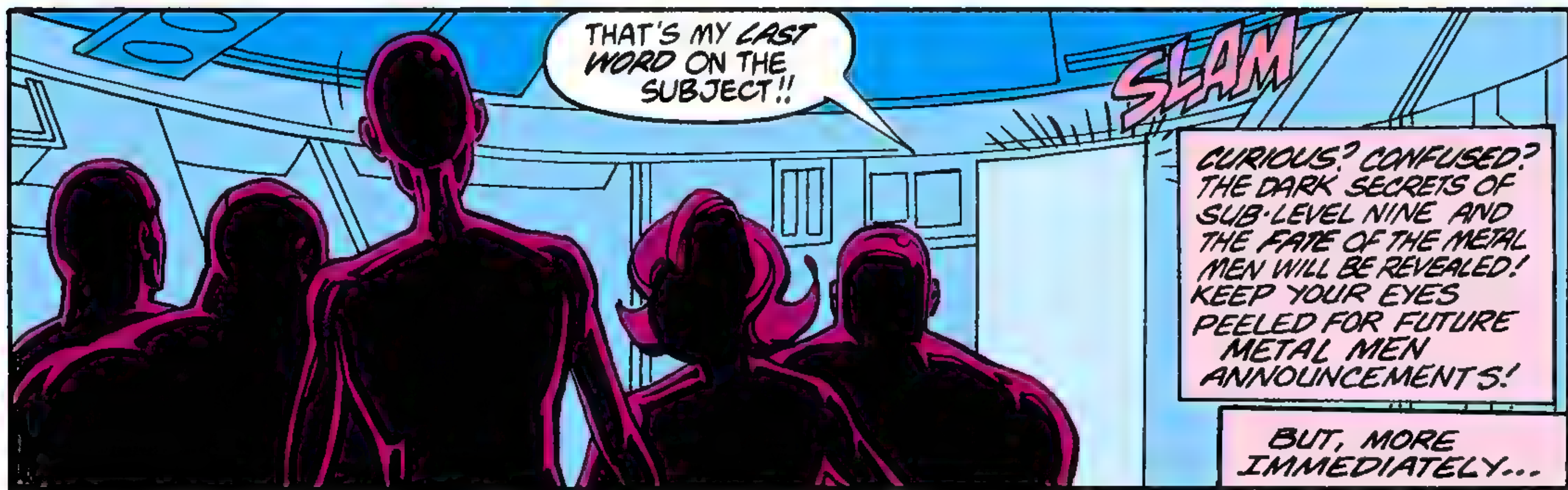
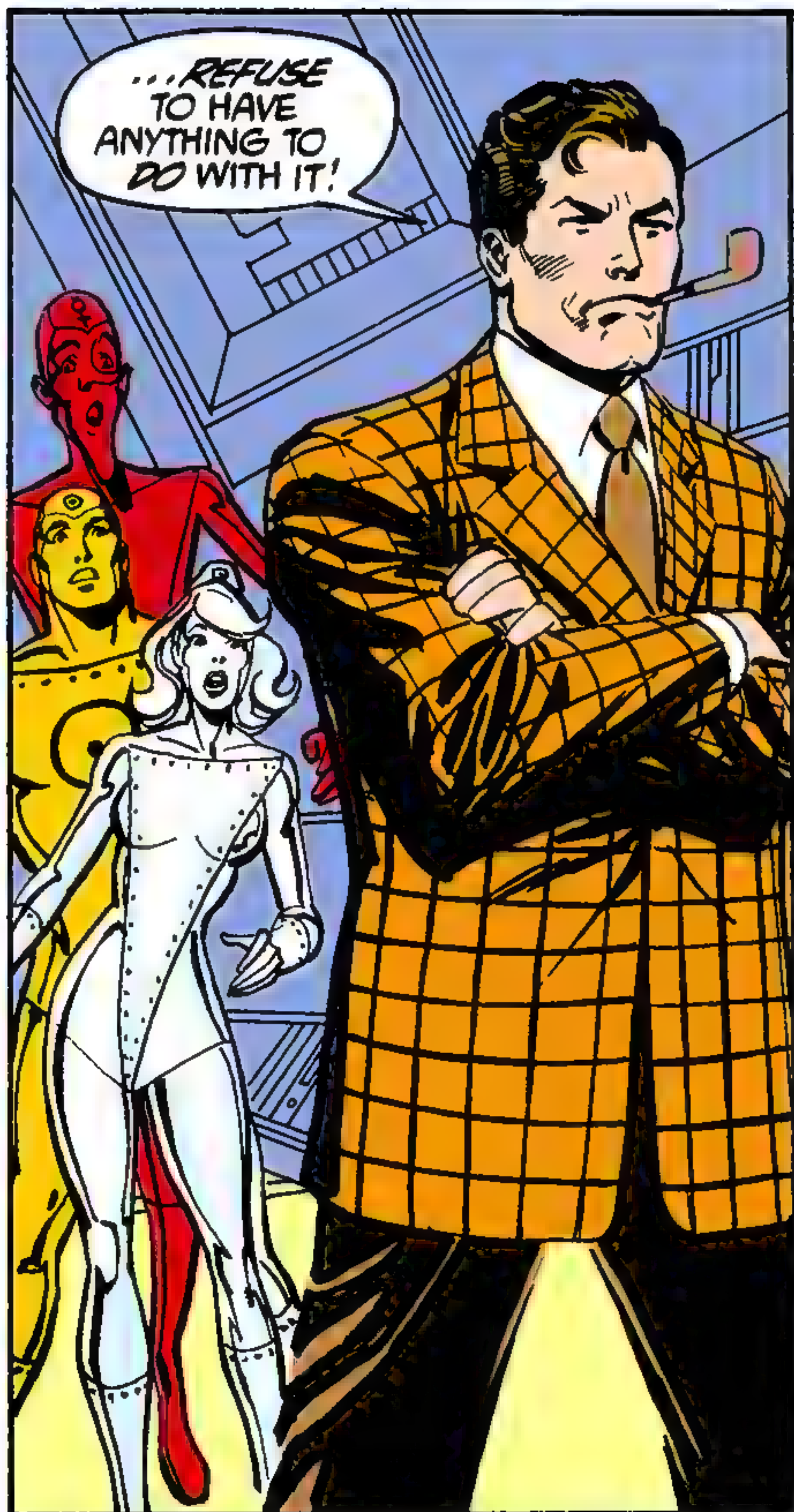


WITHOUT HIS MOLTEN INSIDES, CHEMO'S EMPTY PLASTIC BODY HAS GONE AS HARD AND BRITTLE AS GLASS.

ONE GOOD TAP AND...

KSTASH

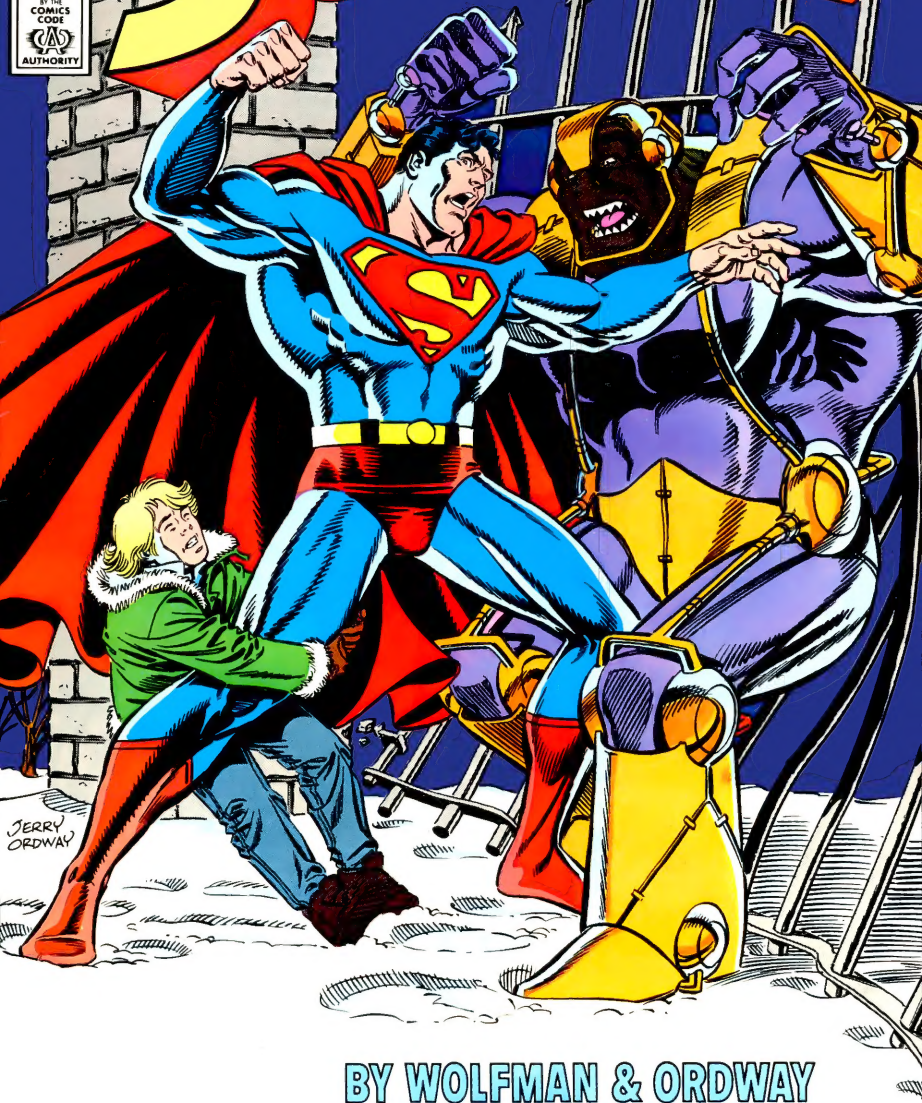






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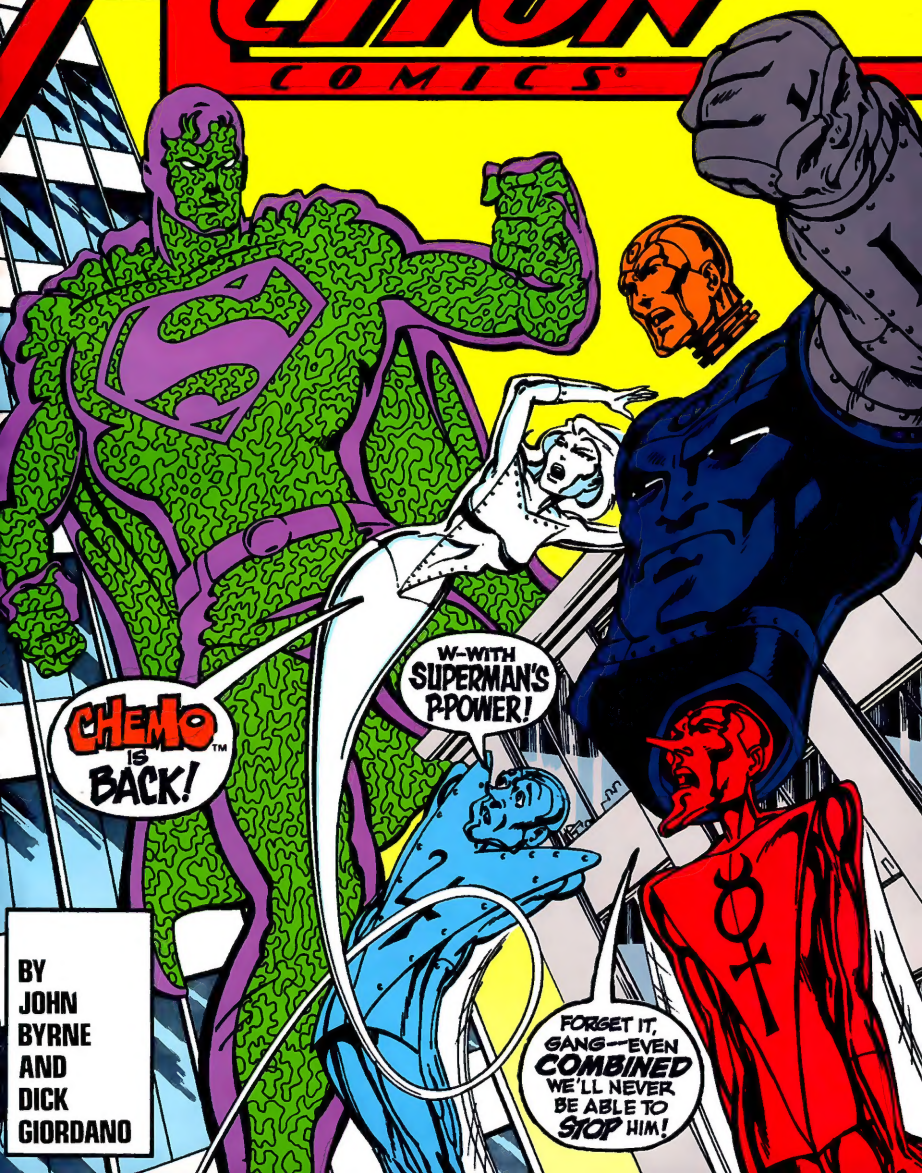
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CHEMO
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